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 Most count their golden Age; but t'was not thine.
 Thine was thy later yeares, so much refined
 From youth's Droesse, Mirth, & wit; as thy pure mind
 Thought (like the Angels) nothing but the Praise
 Of thy Creator, in those last, best Dayes.*

*Witness this Booke, (thy Embleme) which begins
 With Love; but ends, with Sighes, & Teares for sin.*

Will: Marshall sculpsit.

12:WA:



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POEMS,

By J.D.

WITH

ELEGIES

ON THE

AUTHORS DEATH.

TO WHICH

*Is added divers Copies under his own hand
never before in Print.*

L O N D O N,

Printed by J. Flesher, and are to be sold
by John Sweeting, at the Angel in
Popeshead-Alley. 1654.

POEMS

BY
WILLIAM
ELLIS

ON THE

ART OF POETRY

TO WHICH

IS ADDED, A HISTORY OF THE
POETRY OF THE ANCIENTS

LONDON

Printed by J. Johnson, in Pall-mall
by J. Johnson, in Pall-mall
for A. Millar, in Pall-mall



To the Right Honourable

William Lord Craven Baron of

Hamsted-Marsham.

My Lord,

MAny of these Poems have, for severall impressions, wandred up and down trusting (as well they might) upon the Authors reputation; neither do they now complain of any injury but what may proceed either from the kindnesse of the Printer, or the curtesie of the Reader; the one by adding something too much, lest any spark of this sacred fire might perish undiscerned, the other by putting such an estimation upon the wit & fancy they find here, that they are content to use it as their own: as if a man should dig out the stones of a royall Amphitheatre to build a stage for a

The Epistle

countrey show. Amongst all the monsters
this unlucky age has teemed with, I finde
none so prodigious, as the Poets of these
later times, wherein men as if they would
level understandings too as well as estates,
acknowledging no inequality of parts and
Judgements, pretend as indifferently to the
chaire of wit as to the Pulpit, & conceive
themselves no lesse inspired with the spi-
rit of Poetry then with that of Religion: so
it is not onely the noise of Drums and
Trumpets which have drowned the Muses
harmony, or the feare that the Churches
ruine will destroy their Priests likewise, that
now frights them from this Countrey,
where they have been so ingenuously re-
ceived, but these rude pretenders to ex-
cellencies they unjustly own who pro-
fanely rushing into *Minervaes* Temple,
with noysome Ayres blast the lawrell w^{ch}
thunder cannot hurt. In this sad condi-
tion these learned sisters are fled over to
beg your *Lps.* protection, who have been
so certain a patron both to arts and armes,
and

Dedicatory.

and who in this generall confusion have
so intirely preserved your Honour, that in
your Lordship we may still read a most
perfect character of what *England* was in
all her pompe and greatnesse, so that al-
though these poems were formerly writ-
ten upon severall occasions, and to severall
persons, they now unite themselves, and
are become one pyramid to set your Lord-
ships statue upon, where you may stand
like Armed *Apollo* the defendor of the
Muses, encouraging the Poets now alive
to celebrate your great Acts by affording
your countenance to his poems that wan-
ted onely so noble a subject.

My Lord,

Your most humble servant

JOHN DONNE.

Hexast.

Hexastichon Bibliopolæ.

I See in his last preach't, and printed Booke,
His Picture in a sheet; in Pauls I looke,
And see his Statue in a sheet of stone,
And sure his body in the grave hath one:
Those sheets present him dead, these if you buy,
You have him living to Eternity.

JO. MAR.

Hexastichon ad Bibliopolam. Incerti.

IN thy Impression of Donnes Poems rare,
For his Eternity thou hast ta'ne care:
'Twas well, and pious; And for ever may
He live: Yet shew Ibes a better way;
Print but his Sermons, and if those we buy,
He, we, and Thou shall live to Eternity.

TO JOHN DONNE.

Donne, the delight of Phœbus, and each Muse,
Who, to thy one, all other braines refuse;
Whose every work, of thy most early wit,
Came forth example, and remaines so, yet:
Longer a knowing, than most wits doe live;
And which no n affection praise enough can give!
To it, thy language, letters, arts, best life,
Which might with balfe mankind maintain a strife;
All which I mean to praise, and, yet, I would;
But leave, because I cannot as I should!

B. JONS.

Song

SONGS

AND

SONETS.

The Flea.

MArke but this flea, and marke in this,
How little that which thou deny'st me is;
It suck'd me first, and now sucks thee,
And in this flea, our two blouds mingled be,
Thou know'st that this cannot be said
A sinne, nor shame, nor losse of Maidenhead,
Yet this enjoys before it wooe,
And pamper'd swells with one bloud made of two,
And this, alas, is more then we would doe.

Oh stay, three lives in one flea spare,
Where we almost, yea more then marryed are,
This flea is you and I, and this
Our marriage bed, and marriage temple is;
Though Parents grudge, and you, w^e are met,
And cloysterd in these living walls of Jet.

Though life make you apt to kill me,
Let not to that, selfe-murder added be,
And sacriledge, three sins in killing three.

B

Cruell

Cruell and sedaine, hast thou since
 Purpled thy Nape, in blood of innocence?
 Wherein could this flea guilty be,
 Except in that drop which it suck'd from thee?
 Yet thou triumph'st and, saist that thou
 Find'st not thy selfe, nor me the weaker now;
 'Tis true, then learne how false, feares be;
 Iust so much honour, when thou yeeldst to me,
 Will wast, as this flea's death tooke life from thee.

The good-morrow.

I Wonder by my troth, what thou, and I
 Did, till we lov'd? were we not wean'd till then?
 But suck'd on countrey pleasures, childishly?
 Or snorted we in the seven-sleepers den?
 'Twas so; But this, all pleasures fancies be,
 If ever any beauty I did see,
 Which I desir'd, and got, 'twas but a dreame of thee.

And now good-morrow to our waking soules,
 Which watch not one another out of feare;
 For love, all love of other sights controules,
 And makes one little roome, an every where.
 Let sea-discoverers to new worlds have gone,
 Let Maps to other, worlds on worlds have shown,
 Let us possesse one world, each hath one, and is one.

My face in thine eye, thine in mine appeares,
 And true plaine hearts doe in the faces rest,
 Where can we finde two firmer hemispheares.

Without

Without sharp North, without declining West?
 What ever dies was not mixt equally;
 If our two loves be one, both thou and I
 Love just alike in all, none of these loves can die.

Song.

GOe and catch a falling starre,
 Get with child a mandrake root,
 Tell me where all past yeares are,
 Or who clef the devils foot,
 Teach me to heare Mermaids singing,
 Or to keep off ennies singing.

And finde

What winde

Serves to advance an honest minde.

If thou be'st borne to strange sights,
 Things invisable to see,
 Ride ten thousand dayes and nights,
 Till age show white haire on thee,
 Thou, when thou return'st, wilt tell me
 All strange wonders that befell thee,

And sweare

No where

Lives a woman true, and faire.

If thou find'st one, let me know,
 Such a Pilgrimage were sweet,
 Yet doe not, I would not goe,
 Though at next doore we might meet,

Though she were true when you met her,
And last, till you write your letters;

Yet she
Will be
False, ere I come, to two or three.

Womans constancy.

NOW thou hast lov'd me one whole day, (say,
To morrow when thou leav'st, what wilt thou
Wilt thou then Antedate some new made vow?

Or say that now

We are not just those persons which we were
Or, that oaths made in reverentiall feare
Of love, and his wrath, any may forswear?
(For, as true deaths, true marriages unie,
So lovers contracts, images of those,
Binde but till sleepe, deaths image, them unloose?)

Or, your owne end to justifie,
For having purpos'd change, and falsehood; you
Can have no way but falsehood to be true.
Vaine lunatique, against these scapes I could
Dispute, and conquer, if I would,
Which I abstaine to doe,
For by to morrow, I may thinke so too.

The undertaking.

I Have done one braver thing
Than all the Worthies did;

And

Songs and Sonets.

5

And yet a braver thence doth spring,
Which is, to keep that hid.

It were but madnesse now to impart
The skill of specular stone,
When he which can have learn'd the art,
To cut it can finde none.

So, if I now should utter this,
Others (because no more
Such stuffe to worke upon, there is,)
Would love but as before :

But he who lovelinesse within
Hath found, all outward loathes,
For he who colour loves, and skin,
Loves but their oldest clothes,

If, as I have, you also doe
Vertue in woman see,
And dare love that, and say so too,
And forget the Hee and Shee ;

And if this love, though placed so,
From profane men you hide,
Which will no faith on this bestow,
Or, if they doe, deride :

Then you have done a braver thing
Then all the *Worthies* did,
And a braver thence will spring,
Which is, to keep that hid.

The Sunne Rising.

Busie old foole, unruly Sunne,
 Why dost thou thus,
 Through windows, and through curtains call on us?
 Must to thy motions Lovers seasons runne?
 Sawcy pedantique wretch, goe chide
 Late Schoole-boyes, and sower-prentices,
 Goe tell Court-huntsmen, that the King will ride,
 Call Countrey Ants to harvest offices;
 Love, all alike, no season knowes nor clime,
 Nor hours, daies, months, which are the rags of time.

Thy beames so reverend, and strong
 Dost thou not thinke
 I could eclipse and cloud them with a winke,
 But that I would not lose her sight so long?
 If her eyes have not blinded thine,
 Looke, and to morrow late, tell me,
 Whether both th'India's of space and Myne
 Be where thou left them, or lie here with me,
 Aske for those Kings whom thou saw'st yesterday,
 And thou shalt heare, All here in one bed lay,

She's all States, and all Princes, I,
 Nothing else is.
 Princes doe but play us; compar'd to this,
 All honour's minique; All wealth alchymy;
 Thou Sunne art halfe as happy as we,
 In that the world's contracted thus.

Thine

Thine age asks ease, and since thy duties be
 To warme the world, that's done in warming us.
 Shine here to us, and thou art every where,
 This bed thy center is, these wals, thy spheare,

The indifferent.

I Can love both faire and browne, (betrayes,
 Her whom aboundance melts, & her whom want
 Her who loves lonenesbest, her who masks & plaies;
 Her whom the country form'd, & whom the town,
 Her who beleeves, and her who tries;
 Her who still weeps with spungie cies,
 And her who is dry Corke, and never cries;
 I can love her, and her, and you and you,
 I can love any, so she be not true,

Will no other vice content you ?
 Wil it not serve your turn to do, as did your mothers?
 Or have you al old vices spēt, & now would find out
 Or doth a feare, that men are true, tor- (others?
 Oh we are not, be not you so, (ment you?
 Let me ; and doe you, twenty know.
 Rob me, but bind me not, and let me goe,
 Must I, who came to travell thorow you,
 Grow your fixt subject, because you are true?

Venus heard me sigh this song,
 And by Loves sweetest Part, Variety, she swore,
 She heard not this till now; it should be so no more.
 She went, examin'd, and return'd ere long,

And said, alas, Some two or three
 Poore Heretiques in love there be,
 Which thinke to stablish dangerous constancy,
 But I have told them, since you will be true,
 You shall be true to them who are false to you.

Looves Vsfury.

FOR every houre that thou wilt spare me now,
 I will allow,
 Usurious God of Love, twenty to thee,
 When with my browne, my gray haire, equall be;
 Till then, Love, let my body range, and let
 Me travell, sojourn, match, plot, have, forget,
 Resume my last yeares relic: thinke that yet
 We had never met.

Let me thinke any rivals letter mine,
 And at next nine
 Keep midnights promise; mistake by the way
 The maid, and tell the Lady of that delay;
 Onely let me love none, no not the sport
 From countrey grasse, to comfitures of Court,
 Or cities Quelque choses, let not report
 My minde transport.

This bargain's good; if when I'm old, I bee
 Inflam'd by thee,
 If thine owne honour, or my shame and paine,
 Thou covet most at that age thou shalt gaine,
 Doe thy will then, then subject and degree.

And

And fruit of love, Love I submit to thee,
Spare me till then, I'le beare it, though she be,
One that love me,

Canonization.

FOR Godsake hold your tongue, and let me love,
Or chide my pallie, or my gout,
My true gray haire, or ruin'd fortune flout, (prove,
Witchwealth your state, your minde with Arts im-
Take you a course get you a place,
Observe his honour, or his grace,
Or the Kings reall, or his stamped face
Contemplate, what you will, approve,
So you will let me love.

Alas, alas, who's injur'd by my love;
What Merchants ships have my sighs drown'd?
Who saies my teares have overflow'd his ground?
When did my colds a forward spring remove?
When did the heats which my veines fill
Adde one more to the plague Bill?
Soldiers find warres, and Lawyers find out fall
Litigious men, which quarrels move,
Though she and I doe love.

Call us what you will, we are made such by love;
Call her one, me another flie,
We're Tapers too, and at our owne cost die,
And we in us find th'Eagle and the Dove,
The Phoenix riddle hath more wit

By

By us, we two being one, are it.
 So to one neutrall thing both sexes fit,
 We dye and rise the same, and prove
 Mystericus by this love.

We can dye by it, if not live by love,
 And if unfit for tombes and hearse
 Our legend be, it will be fit for verse;
 And if no peece of Chronicle we prove,
 Wee'll build in sonets pretty roomes;
 As well a well wrought urne becomes
 The greatest ashes, as halfe-acre tombes,
 And by those hymnes all shall approve
 Vs *Canoniz'd* for love:

And thus invoke us; You whom reverend love
 Made oue anothers hermitage;
 You to whom love was peace, that now is rage,
 Who did the whole worlds soul contract, & drove
 Into the glasses of your eyes
 So made such mirrours, and such spies,
 That they did all to you epitomize,
 Countries, Townes, Courts: Beg from above
 A patterne of our love.

The triple Foole.

I Am two fooles, I know,
 For loving and for saying so
 In whining Poetry,
 But where's that wise man, that would not be I,

If

If she would not deny?

Then as th'earths inward narrow crooked lanes
Doe purge sea waters fretfull salt away,
I thought, if I could draw my paines,
Through Rimes vexation, I should them allay.
Griefe brought to numbers cannot be so fierce,
For, He tames it, that fetters it in verse.

But when I have done so,
Some man his art and voice to show,
Doth Set and sing my paine,
And, by delighting many, frees againe
Griefe, which Verse did restraine.
To love, and griefe tribute of Verse belongs,
But not of such as pleases when'tis read,
Both are increased by such songs:
For both their triumphs so are published,
And I, which was two fooles, doe so grow three,
Who are a little wise, the best fooles be.

Lovers infinitnesse.

If yet I have not all thy love,
Deare, I shall never have it all,
I cannot breathe one other sigh to move;
Nor can intreat one other teare to fall;
And all my treasure, which should purchase thee,
Sighs, teares, and oathes, and letters I have spent,
Yet no more can be due to me,
That at the bargain made was ment:
If then thy gift of love were partiall,

That

That some to me, some should to others fall,
Deare, I shall never have It All.

Or if then thou gavest me All,
All was but All, which thou hadst then;
But if in thy heart, since, there be or shall,
New love created be by other men,
Which have their stocks intire, and can in teares,
In sighs, in oathes, in lewens outbid me,
This new love may beget new teares,
For this love was not vowed by thee,
And yet it was thy gift being generall,
The ground, thy heart was mine what ever shall,
Grow there, deare, I should have it all.

Yet I would not have all yet,
He that hath all can have no more,
And since my love doth every day admit
New growth, thou shouldst have new rewards in
Thou canst not every day give me thy heart, (fore;
If thou canst give it, then thou never gavest it:
Loves riddles are, that though thy heart depart,
It stayes at home, and thou with losing savest it:
But we will have a way more liberall,
Then changing hearts, to joyne them, so we shall
Be one, and one anothers All.

Song.

Sweetest Love, I doe not goe,
For wearinesse of thee,
Nor in hope the world can show

A fitter Love for me;
 But since that I
 At the last must part, 'tis best,
 Thus to use my selfe in jest
 By fained deaths to dye,

Yesternight the Sunne went hence,
 And yet is here to day,
 He hath no desire nor sence,
 Nor halfe so short a way:

Then feare not me,
 But beleve that I shall make
 Speedier journeyes, since I take
 More wings and spurres than he,

O how feeble is mans power,
 That if good fortune fall,
 Cannot adde another hower,
 Nor a lost houre recall:

But come bad chance,
 And we joine to it our strength,
 And we teach it art and length,
 It selfe o'r us r'advance,

When thou sigh'st, thou sigh'st no wind,
 But sigh'st my soule away,
 When thou weep'st, unkindly kind,
 My lifes blood doth decay.

It cannot be
 That thou lov'st me as thou say'st,
 If in thine my life thou waste,
 That art the best of me.

Let

Let not thy divining heart,
 Forethinke me any ill,
 Destiny may take thy part,
 And make thy feares fulfill,
 But thinke that we
 Are but turn'd aside to sleepe:
 They who one another keepe
 Alive, ne'r parted be.

The Legacy.

When I dyed last, and, Deare, I die
 As often as from thee I goe,
 Though it be but an houre agoe,
 And lovers houres be full eternitie,
 I can remember yet, that I
 Something did say, and something did bestow,
 Though I be dead, which meant me, I should be
 Mine owne executor, and legaty.

I heard me say, Tell her anon,
 That my selfe, that is you, not I,
 Did kill me, and when I felt me die,
 I bid me send my heart, when I was gone,
 But I alas could there finde none,
 When I had ripped, & search'd where hearts should
 It kill'd me againe, that I who still was true
 In life, in my last Will should cozen you.

Yet I found something like a heart,
 For colours it and corners had,

It was not good, it was not bad,
It was intire to none, and few had part :
As good as could be made by art
It seem'd, and therefore for our losses sad,
I meant to send that heart in stead of mine,
But oh, no man could hold it, for 'twas thine.

A Feaver.

OH doe not die, for I shall hate
All women so, when thou art gone,
That thee I shall not celebrate,
When I remember thou wast one.

But yet thou canst not die, I know,
To leave this world behinde, is death,
But when thou from this world wilt goe,
The whole world vapours with thy breath.

Or if, when thou, the worlds soule, goest,
It stay, 'tis but thy Carcasse then,
The fairest woman, but thy ghost,
But corrupt wormes, the worthiest men.

O wrangling schooles, that search what fire
Shall burne this world, had none the wit
Unso this knowledge to aspire,
That this her feaver might be it !

And yet she cannot wast by this
Nor long beare this torturing wrong,

For

For more corruption needfull is
To fuch such a feaver long.

These burning fits but meteors be,
Whose matter in thee is soone spent.
Thy beauty, and all parts, which are thee,
Are unchangeable firmament,

Yet 'twas of my minde, seiling thee,
Though it in thee cannot persever.
For I had rather owner bee
Of thee one houre, then all else ever.

Aire and Angels.

TWice or thrice had I loved thee;
Before I knew thy face or name;
So in a voice, so in a shapelesse flame,
Angels affect us oft, and worship'd be,
Still when, to where thou wert, I came,
Some lovely glorious nothing I did see,
But since, my soule, whose child love is,
Takes limbes of flesh, and else could nothing doe;
More subtile than the parent is,
Love must not be, but take a body too,
And therefore what thou wert, and who
I bid love aske, and now,
That it assume thy body, I allow,
And fixe it selfe in thy lip, eye, and brow.

Whilst thus to ballast love, I thought,
And so more fledfully to have gone,

With

With wares which would sink admirations;
I saw, I had loves pinnace overfraught,

Thy Every haire for love to worke upon
Is much too much, some fitter must be sought;

For, nor in nothing, nor in things
Extreame, and scattering bright, can love inherè;

Then as an Angell, face, and wings
Of aire, not pure as it, yet pure doth weare,

So thy love may be my loves spheare;
Iust such disparitie

As is 'twixt Aire and Angels puritie,
'Twixt womens love, and mens will ever be.

Breake of day.

Tis true, 'tis day; what though it be?
O wilt thou therefore rise from me?
Why should we rise, because 'tis light?
Did we lie downe, because 'twas night?
Love which in dispight of darknes brought us hither,
Should in dispight of light keep us together.

Light hath no tongue, but is all eye;
If it could speake as well as spie,
If his were the worst that it could say,
That being well, I faine would stay,
And that I lov'd my heart and honour so,
That I would not from him, that had them, goe.

Must businesse thee from hence remove?
Oh, that's the worst disease of love,

The poore, the foule, the false love can
Admit, but not the busied man,
He which hath businesse, and makes love, doth doe
Such wrong, as when a married man should woode.

The Anniversary.

ALL Kings, and all their Favorites,
All glory of honours, beauties, wits,
The Sun it selfe, which makes times, as these passe,
Is elder by a yeare now, then it was
When thou and I first one another saw:
All other things to their destruction draw;
Onely our love hath no decay:
This no to-morrow hath, nor yesterday;
Running it never runs from us away,
But truly keeps his first, last, everlasting day.

Two graves must hide thine and my coarfe;
If one might, death were no divorce,
Alas, as well as other Princes, we,
(Who Prince enough in one another be,)
Must leave at last in death, these eyes, and cares,
Oft fed with true oathes, and with sweet salt teares:
But soules where nothing dwels but love;
(All other thoughts, being inmates) then shal prove
This or a love increased there above,
When bodies to their graves, souls from their graves
(remove,

And then we shall be throughly blest;
But now no more than all the rest.

Here

Here upon earth, we are Kings, and none but we
 Can be such Kings, nor of such subjects be ;
 Who is so safe as we ? where none can doe
 Treason to us, except one of us two.

True and false feares let us refraine,
 Let us love nobly, and live, and adde againe
 Yeares and yeares unto yeares, till we attain
 To write threescore, this is the second of our reign.

A Valediction of my name, in the window.

I.

MY name ingrav'd herein,
 Doth contribute my firmnesse to this glasse,
 Which ever since that charme, hath been
 As hard as that which grav'd it, was,
 Thine eye will give it price enough, to mock
 The diamonds of either rock.

II.

'Tis much that Glasse should bee
 As all confessing, and through-shine as I,
 'Tis more that it shewes thee to thee,
 And cleare reflects thee to thine eye.
 But all such rules, loves magique can undoe,
 Here you see mee, and I am you.

III.

As no one point, nor dash,
Which are but accessories to this name,
The showers and tempest can outwash,
So shall all times finde me the same;
You this intirenesse better may fulfill,
Who have the patterne with you still.

III.

Or if too hard and deep
This learning be, for a scratch'd name to teach,
It as a given deaths-head keep,
Lovers mortality to preach,
Or thinke this ragged bony name to be
My ruinous Anatomy.

V.

Then as all my soules bee,
Emparadis'd in you (in whom alone
I understand, and grow, and see,)
The rafters of my body, bone,
Being still with you, the Muscle, Sinew, and Veine,
Which tile this house, will come againe.

VI.

Till my returne, repaire
And recompact my scattered body so,

As

As all the vertuous powers which are
Fix'd in the starres, are said to flow
Into such characters as graved be
When those starres have supremacie.

VII.

So since this name was cut,
When love and grieve their exaltation had,
No doore 'gainst this names influence shut,
As much more loving, as more sad,
'Twill make thee ; and thou shouldst, till I returne,
Since I die daily, daily mourne.

VIII.

When thy inconsiderate hand
Flings ope this casement, with my trembling name,
To looke on one, whose wit or land,
New battery to thy heart may frame,
Then thinke this name alive, and that thou thus
In it offendst my Genius,

IX.

And when thy melted maid,
Corrupted by thy lovers gold, and page,
His letter at thy pillow hath laid,
Disputed it, and tam'd thy rage,
And thou begin'st to thaw towards him, for this,
May my name step in, and hide his.

X.

And if this treason goe
To an overt act, and that thou write againe :
In superscribing, this name flow
Into thy fancy from the Pen,
So, in forgetting thou remembrest right,
And unaware to me shalt write.

XI.

But glasse, and lines must be.
No meanes our firme substantiall love to keep;
Neare death inflicts this lethargie,
And thus I murmur in my sleep;
Impute this idle talke, to that I goe,
For dying men talke often so.

Twickenham Garden.

BLasted with sighs, and surrounded with teares,
Hither I come to seeke the spring,
And at mine eyes, and at mine eares.
Receive such balme as else cures every thing :
But O, selfe-traitor, I doe bring
The spider love, which transubstantiates all,
And can convert Manna to gall,
And that this place may throughly be thought
True Paradise, I have the Serpent brought.

'Twere

Twere wholsomer for me, that winter did
 Benight the glory of this place,
 And that a grave frost did forbid
 These trees to laugh, and mock me to my face;
 But that I may not this disgrace
 Indure nor leave this garden, Love let me
 Some senseless peece of this place bee;
 Make me a mandrake, so I may grow here,
 Or a stone fountaine weeping out the yeare,

Hither with Crystall vials, lovers come,
 And take my teares, which are loves wine,
 And try your Mistresse Teares at home,
 For all are false, that taste not just like mine;
 Alas, hearts doe not in eyes shine,
 Nor can you more judg womens thoughts by tears,
 Then by her shadow, what she wears.
 O perverse sexe, where none is true but she,
 Who's therefore true because her truth kills me.

Valediction to his Booke.

I'LL tell thee now (deare Love) what thou shalt doe,
 To anger Destiny, as she doth us.
 How I shall stay, though she effoigne me thus,
 And how posterity shall know it too;
 How thine may out-endure
 Sibyls glory, and obscure
 Her who from Pindar could allure,
 And her, through whose help Lucan is not lame,
 And her, whose book (they say) Homer did find, &c.

(name.
 Study

Study our manuscripts, those Myriades
 Of letters, which have past twixt thee and me,
 Thence write our Annals, and in them will bee
 To all whom loves subliming fire invades,
 Rule and example found;
 There, the faith of any ground
 No scismaticke will dare to wound,
 That sees, how Love this grace to us affords,
 To make, to keep, to use, to be these his Records.

This Booke, as long-liv'd as the elements,
 Or as the worlds forme, this all-graved to me
 In cypher writ, or new made Idiomē;
 We for Loves clergy, onely are instruments,
 When this book is made thus,
 Should againe the ravenous
 Vandals and the Goths invade us.
 Learning were safe in this our Universe,
 Schooles might learne Sciences, Spheares Musick,
 (Angels Verse.

Here Loves Divines, (since all Divinitie
 Is love or wonder) may finde all they seeke,
 Whether abstracted spirituall love they like,
 Their soules exhal'd, with what they doe not see,
 Or loath to amuze,
 Faiths infirmities, they chuse
 Something which they may see and use;
 For though Mind be the heaven, where love doth
 Beauty a convenient type may be to figure it. (fit,
 Here more than in their bookes may Lawyers find,
 Both by what titles Mistresses are ours,

And

And how prerogative these states devours,
Transferr'd from Love himselfe, to womankinde,
Who though from heart, and eyes,
They exact great subsidies,
Forfake him who on them relies ;
And for the cause, honour, or conscience give ;
Chimeraes, vaine as they, or their prerogative.

Here Statesmen, (or of them, they which can read,)
May of their occupation find the grounds,
Love and their art alike it deadly wounds,
If to consider what 'tis, one proceed,
In both they doe excell
Who the present governe well,
Whose weaknesse none doth, or dares tell ;
In this thy booke, such will their nothing see,
As in the Bible some can finde out Alchymie.

Thus went thy thoughts : abroad I'll study thee,
As he removes farre off, that great heights takes ;
How great love is, presence best triall makes,
But absence tries how long this love will be ;
To take a latitude
Sunne or starres, are fitliest view'd
At their brightest, but to conclude
Of longitudes, what other way have we,
But to marke when, & where the dark eclipses be?

Community.

GOOD we must love, and must hate ill,
For ill is ill, and good good still,

But

But there are things indifferent,
Which we may neither hate, nor love;
But one, and then another prove,
As we shall finde our fancy bent;

If then at first wise Nature had
Made women either good or bad;
Then some we might hate, and some chuse,
But since she did them so create,
That we may neither love, nor hate,
Onely this rests; All, all may use,

If they were good, it would be seen,
Good is as visible as green,
And, to all eyes it selfe betrayes;
If they were bad, they could not last;
Bad doth it selfe, and others waste,
So they deserve nor blame, nor praise.

But they are ours as fruits are ours,
Hee that but tastes, he that devours,
And he that leaves all, doth as well;
Chang'd loves are but chang'd sorts of meate;
And when he hath the kernell eate,
Who doth not sling away the shell?

Loves growth.

I Scarce beleeve my love to be so pure
As I had thought it was,
Because it doth endure

Vicissitude,

Vicissitude, and season, as the grasse ;
 Me thinks I lied all winter, when I swore,
 My love was infinite, if spring make it more.

But if this medicine, love, which cures all sorrow
 With more, not onely be no quintessence,
 But mixt of all stufes, vexing soule, or sense,
 And of the Sunne his active vigour borrow,
 Love's not so pure, and abstract, as they use
 To say, which have no Mistresse but their Muse,
 But as all else being elemented too,
 Love sometimes would contemplate, sometimes do.

And yet no greater, but more eminent,
 Love by the spring is growne ;
 As in the firmament,
 Starres by the Sunne are not enlarg'd, but shewne,
 Gentle love deeds, as blossomes on a bough,
 From loves awakened root doe bud out now.
 If, as in water stirr'd more circles be
 Produc'd by one, love such additions take,
 Those like so many spheares, but one heaven make,
 For, they are all concentricque, unto thee,
 And though each spring doe adde to love new heat,
 As Princes doe in times of action get
 New taxes, and remit them not in peace,
 No winter shall abate this springs encrease.

Loves exchange.

Love, any devill else but you,
 Would for a given Soule give something too,

At

At Court your fellowes every day,
 Give th'art of Riming. Huntsmanthip or play,
 For them which were their owne before;
 Onely I have nothing, which gave more,
 But am, alas, by being lowly, lower.

I aske no dispensation now
 To falsifie a teare, or sigh, or vow,
 I doe not sue from thee to draw
 A *Non obstante* on natures law,
 These are prerogatives, they inhere
 In thee and thine; none should forswear
 Except that he *Loves* minion were.

Give mee thy weakenesse, make me blinde,
 Both wayes, as thou and thine; in eyes and minde;
 Love, let me never know that this
 Is love, or that love childish is.
 Let me not know that others know
 That she knowes my paines, lest that so
 A tender shame make me mine owne new woe.

If thou give nothing, yet thou art just,
 Because I would not thy first motions trust:
 Small townes which stand stiffe, till great shor
 Enforce them, by warres law, *condition* not,
 Such in loves warfare is my case,
 I may not article for grace,
 Having put love at last to shew this face,

This face, by which he could command
 And change the Idolatry of any Land,

This

This face, which, whereſoe'r it comes,
Can cal vow'd men frō cloyſters, dead from tombes,
And melt both Poles at once, and ſtore
Deſerts with Cities, and make more
Mynes in the earth, than Quarries were before.

For, this love is inrag'd with mee,
Yet kils not : if I muſt example be
To future Rebels : If th'unborne
Muſt learne, by my being cut up, and torne :
Kill and diſſect me, Love : for this
Torture againſt thine owne end is,
Rack't carcaſſes make ill Anatomies.

Confined Love.

SOME man unworthy to be poſſeſſor
Of old or new love, himſelfe being falſe or weake,
Thought his paine and ſhame would be leſſer
If on womankinde he might his anger wreake,
And thence a law did grow,
One might but one man know;
But are other creatures ſo ?

Are Sunne, Moone, or Starres by law forbidden
To ſmile where they liſt, or lend away their light ?
Are birds divorc'd, or are they chidden
If they leave their meate, or lie abroad a night ?
Beaſts doe no joyntures loſe
Though they new lovers chooſe,
But we are made worſe than thoſe.

Who

Who e'r rigg'd faire ship to lie in harbours,
 And not to seek lands, or not to deale with all?
 Or build faire houses, set trees, and arbors,
 Onely to lock up, or else to let them fall?
 Good is not good unlesse
 A thousand it possesse,
 But doth waste with greedinesse,

The Dreame.

DEare love, for nothing lesse then thee
 Would I have broke this happy dreame,
 It was a theame
 For reason, much too strong for phantasie,
 Therefore thou wak'dst me wisely; yet
 My dreame thou brok'st not, but continued'st it,
 Thou art so true that thoughts of thee suffice
 To make dreames truths; and fables histories;
 Enter these armes, for since thou thought'st it best,
 Not to dreame all my dreame, let's act the rest.

As lightning, or a Tapers light,
 Thine eyes, and not thy noyse wak'd me;
 Yet I thought thee
 (For thou lov'st truth) an Angell, at first sight,
 But when I saw thou sawst my heart,
 And knew'st my thoughts, beyond an Angels art,
 Whē thou knew'st what I dreamt, whē thou knew'st
 Excesse of joy would wake me, & cam'st then, (when
 I must confesse, it could not chuse but be
 Prophane, to thinke thee any thing but thee.

Comming

Comming and staying shew'd thee, thee,
 But rising makes me doubt, that now,
 Thou art not thou.

That love is weake, where feare's as strong as he;
 'Tis not all spirit, pure, and brave,
 If mixture it of *Fear*, *Shame*, *Honour* have;
 Perchance as torches which must ready be,
 Men light and put out, so thou deal'st with me,
 Thou cam'st to kindle, goest to come: Then I
 Will dreame that hope againe, but else would die.

A Valediction of weeping.

Let me powre forth
 My teares before thy face, whil'st I stay here,
 For thy face coynes them, & thy stampe they beare;
 And by this Mintage they are something worth,
 For thus they bee
 Pregnant of thee,
 Fruits of much grieve they are, emblems of more,
 When a teare fals, that thou fal'st which it bore,
 So thou and I are nothing then, when on a divers
 (shore.

On a round ball
 A workman that hath copies by can lay
 An Europe, Afrique, and an Asia,
 And quickly make that, which was nothing, *All*:
 So doe each teare,
 Which thee doth weare,
 A globe, yea world by that impression grow;

Till

Till thy teares mixt with mine doe overflow
 This world, by waters sent from thee, my heaven
 (dissolved so.

O more then Moone,
 Draw not up seas to drowne me in thy speare,
 Weep me not dead, in thine armes, but forbear
 To teach the sea, what it may doe too soone,

Let not the winde
 Example finde,
 To doe me more harme, then it purposeth,
 Since thou and I sigh one anothers breath, (death.
 Who e'r sighs most, is cruellest, and hasts the others

Loves Alchymie.

SOME that have deeper digg'd Loves Mine than I,
 Say, where his centrique happinesse doth lie:

I have lov'd, and got, and told,
 But should I love, get, tell till I were old;
 I should not finde that hidden mysterie;

Oh, 'tis imposture all:

And as no chymique yet th'Elixir got,

But glorifies his pregnant pot,

If by the way to him befall

Some odoriferous thing, or medicinall,

So, lovers dreame a rich and long delight;

But get a winter-seeming summers night.

Our ease, our thrift, our honour, and our day,
 Shall we, for this vaine Bubbles shadow pay?

Ends love in this, that my man

Can

Can be as happy as I can; if he can
 Endure the short scorne of a Bridegroomes play?
 That loving wretch that sweares,
 'Tis not the bodies marry, but the mindes,
 Which he in her Angelique findes,
 Would sweare as justly, that he heares,
 In that dayes rude hoarse minstrelsey, the spheares.
 Hope not for minde in women; at their best,
 Sweetnesse, & wit they are, but, *Mummy*, posselt.

The Curse.

WHo ever guesles, thinks, or dreams, he knows
 Who is my Mistris, wither by this curse;
 His onely, and onely his purse
 May some dull heart to love dispose,
 And she yeild then to all that are his foes;
 May he be scorn'd by one whom all else scorne,
 Forswear to others, what to her he hath sworn,
 With feare of missing, shame of getting torn;

Madnesse his sorrow, gout his cramp, may he
 Make, by but thinking who hath made him such:
 And may he feel no touch
 Of conscience, but of fame, and be
 Anguish'd, not that 'twas sin, but that 'twas she:
 Or may he for her vertue reverence
 One that hates him only for impotence,
 And equall Traitors be she and his sense.

May he dreame Treason, and beleewe, that he
 Meant to performe it, and confesse, and die,

And

And no record tell why :
 His sonnes, which none of his may be,
 Inherit nothing but his infamy :
 Or may he so long Parasites have fed,
 That he would faine be theirs, whom he hath
 And at the last be circumcis'd for bread. (bred,

The venome of all stepdames, gamesters gall,
 What tyrants, and their subjects interwish,
 What Plants, Myne, Beasts, Fowle, Fish,
 Can contribute, all ill, which all
 Prophets, or Poets spake ; And all which shall
 Be annex'd in schedules unto this by mee,
 Fall on that man ; For if it be a thee,
 Nature before-hand hath out-cursed me.

The Message.

Send home my long straid eyes to me,
 Which (oh) too long have dwelt on thee,
 Yet since there they have learn'd such ill,
 Such forc'd fashions,
 And false passions,
 That they bee
 Made by thee
 Fit for no good sight, keep them still.

Send home my harmelesse heart againe,
 Which no unworthy thought could staine,
 But if it be taught by thine
 To make jestings

Of

Of protestings,
 And breake both
 Word and oath,
 Keep it, for then 'tis none of mine.
 Yet send me back my heart and eyes,
 That I may know, and see thy lies,
 And may laugh and joy, when thou
 Art in anguish,
 And dost languish
 For some one
 That will none,
 Or prove as false as thou art now.

*A Nocturnall upon S. LUCIES day,
 being the shortest day.*

• **T**Is the yeares midnight, and it is the dayes,
Lucies, who scarce seven hours her self unmaskes,
 The Sunne is spent, and now his flasks
 Send forth light squibs, no constant rayes;
 The worlds whole sap is sunk;
 The general balme th'hydropique earth hath drunk;
 Whither, as to the beds, feet life is shrunk,
 Dead and enter'd; yet all these seem to laugh,
 Compar'd with me, who am their Epitaph.

Study me then, you who shall lovers be
 At the next world, that is, at the next Spring:

For I am a very dead thing,

B 2

In

In whom love wrought new Alchymie.
 For his art did expresse
 A quintessence even from nothingnesse,
 From dull privations, and leane emptinesse
 He ruin'd me, and I am re-begot
 Of absence, darknesse, death; things which are not.

All others, from all things, draw all that's good,
 Life, soule, forme, spirit, whence they being have,
 I, by loves limbeck, am the grave
 Of all that's nothing, Of a flood
 Have we two wept, and so
 Drown'd the whole world, us two; oft did we grow,
 To be two Chaosses, when we did show
 Care to ought else; and often absences
 Withdrew our soules, and made us carcasses.

But I am by her death, (which word wrongs her)
 Of the first nothing, the Elixer growne;
 Were I a man, that I were one,
 I needs must know; I should preferre,
 If I were any Beast, (test,
 Some ends, some meanes; Yea plants, yea stones de-
 And love, all, all some properties invest.
 If I an ordinary nothing were,
 As shadow, a light, and body must be here.

But I am None; nor will my Sunne renew,
 You lovers, for whose sake, the lesser Sunne
 At this time to the Goat is runne
 To fetch new lust, and give it you,
 Enjoy your Summer all,

Since

Since she enjoys her long nights festivall,
Let me prepare towards her, and let me call
This houre her Vigill, and her Eve, since this
Both the yeares, and the dayes deep midnight is.

Witchcraft by a picture:

I Fixe mine eye on thine, and there
Pity my picture burning in thine eye,
My picture drown'd in a transparent teare,
When I looke lower I espie,

Hadst thou the wicked skill
By pictures made and mard, to kill ;
How many waies mightst thou performe thy will ?

But now I have drunk thy sweet salt teares,
And though thou powre more, I'll depart :
My picture vanished, vanish all feares,
That I can be endammag'd by that art :

Though thou retaine of me
One picture more, yet that will be,
Being in thine owne heart, from all malice free.

The Baite.

Come live with me, and be my love,
And we will some new pleasures prove
Of golden sands, and crystall brookes :
With silken lipes and silver hookes.

D 3

There

There will the river whisper runne
 Warm'd by thy eyes, more than the Sunne.
 And there th' enamour'd fish will stay,
 Begging themselves they may betray.

When thou wilt swimme in that live bath,
 Each fish, which every channell hath,
 Will amorously to thee swim,
 Gladder to catch thee, than thou him.

If thou, to be so seene, beest loth,
 By Sunne, or Moone, thoir darknest both,
 And if my selfe have leave to see,
 I need not their light, having thee.

Let others freez with angling reeds,
 And cut their legs, with shels and weeds,
 Or treacherously poore fish be set,
 With strangling snare, or window net.

Let coarse bold hands, from slimy nests
 The bedded fish in banks out wrest;
 Or curious traitors, leave like flies
 Bewitch poore fishes wandring eyes.

For thee, thou needst no such deceit.
 For thou thy selfe art thine owne bait,
 That fish, that is not catch'd thereby,
 Alas, is wiser farre than I.

The

The Apparition.

When by thy scorne, O murtheresse, I am dead,
And that thou think'st thee free

From al solicitation from mee,

Then shall my ghost come to thy bed,

And thee fain'd Vestall in worse armes shall see;

Then thy sicke taper will begin to winke,

And he, whose thou art then, being tyr'd before,

Will if thou stirre, or pinch to wake him, thinke

Thou call'st for more;

And in false sleep from thee shrinke,

And then poore Aspen wretch, neglected thou

Bath'd in a cold quicksilver sweat wilt lie

A verier ghost than I;

What I will say, I will not tell thee now,

Left that preserve thee: and since my love is spent,

I had rather thou shouldst painfully repent,

Than by my threatnings rest still innocent.

The broken heart.

His starke mad, who ever sayes,

That he hath been in love an houre,

Yet not that love so soone decayes,

But that it can ten in lesse space devour;

Who will beleeeve me, if I sweare

That I have had the Plague a yeare?

D 4

Who

Who would not laugh at me if I should say,
I saw a flash of *Powder burne a day?*

Ah, what a trifle is a heart,
If once into loves hands it come?
All other griefes allow a part
To other griefes, and aske themselves but some,
They come to us, but us love drawes,
He swallows us and never chawes:
By him, as by chain'd shot, whole ranks doe die,
He is the tyran Pike, our hearts the Frie.

If 'twere not so, what did become
Of my heart, when I first saw thee?
I brought a heart into the roome,
But from the roome I carried none with me:
If it had gone to thee, I know
Mine would have taught thine heart to show
More pity unto me: but Love, alas,
At one first blow did shiver it as glasse.

Yet nothing can to nothing fall,
Nor any place be empty quite,
Therefore I thinke my brest hath all
Those peeces still, though they be not unite:
And now as broken glasses show
A hundred lesser faces, so
My ragges of heart can like, wish, and adore,
But after one such love, can love no more.

A Valediction forbidding mourning.

AS vertuous men passe mildly away,
And whisper to their soules, to goe,
Whilst some of their sad friends doe say,
The breath goes now, and some say, no.

So let us melt, and make no noyse,
No teare-floods, nor sigh-tempests more,
Twere prophanation of our joyes
To tell the layitie our love.

Moving of th'earth brings harmes and feares,
Men reckon what it did, and meant,
But trepidation of the spheares,
Though greater farre, is innocent.

Dull sublunary lovers love
(Whose soule is sense) cannot admit
Absence, because it doth remove
Those things which elemented it.

But we by a love so much refin'd,
That our selves know not what it is,
Inter-assured of the mind,
Carelesse, eyes, lips, hands to misse.

Our two soules therefore, which are one,
Though I must goe, indure not yet
A breach, but an expansion,
Like gold to aery thinnesse beat.

If

If they be two, they are two so
 As stiffe twin Compasses are two,
 Thy soule the fixt foot, makes no show
 To move, but doth, if th'other doe.

And though it in the center sit,
 Yet when the other farre doth come,
 It leanes, and hearkens after it,
 And growes erect, as that comes home.

Such wilt thou be to me, who must
 Like th'other foot, obliquely runne.
 Thy firmnesse makes my circles just,
 And makes me end where I begun.

The Extasie.

WHere, like a pillow on a bed,
 A pregnant banke swell'd up, to rest
 The violets reclining head,
 Sat we two, one anothers best;
 Our hands were firmly cimented
 By a fast Balme, which thence did spring;
 Our eye-beames twisted, and did thred
 Our eyes upon one double string,
 So to engraft our hands, as yet
 Was all the meanes to make us one,
 And pictures in our eyes to get
 Was all our propagation.
 As 'twixt two equall Armies, Fate
 Suspends uncertaine victory,

Our

Our foules, (which to advance our state,
 Were gone out) hung 'twixt her and me,
 And whil'st our foules negotiate there,
 We like sepulchrell statues lay,
 All day, the same our postures were,
 And we said nothing, all the day.
 If any, so by love refin'd,
 That he foules language understood,
 And by good love were growne all minde,
 Within convenient distance stood,
 He (though he knew not which soule spake,
 Because both meant, both spake the same)
 Might thence a new concoction take,
 And part farre purer than he came.
 This extasie doth unperplex
 (We said) and tell us what we love,
 We see by this, it was not sex
 We see, we saw not what did move:
 But as all severall foules containe
 Mixture of things they know not what,
 Love, these mixt foules, doth mixe againe,
 And makes both one, each this and that,
 A single violet transplant,
 The strength, the colour, and the size
 (All which before was poore, and scant,)
 Redoubles still, and multiplies,
 When love, with one another so
 Interanimates two foules,
 That abler soule, which silence doth flow,
 Defects of loneliness controules.
 We then, who are this new soule, know,
 Of what we are compos'd and made:

For,

For, the'Atomies of which we grow,
 Are soule, whom no change can invade,
 But O Alas, so long, so farre
 Our bodies why doe we forbear?
 They are ours, though not we, We are
 The Intelligences, they the spheares,
 We owe them thanks, because they thus
 Did us, to us, at first convey,
 Yeclded their senses force to us,
 Nor are drosse to us, but allay.
 On man heavens influence workes not so,
 But that it first imprints the ayre,
 For soule into the soule may flow,
 Though it to body first repaire.
 As our bloud labours to beget
 Spirits, as like soules as it can,
 Because such fingers need to knit
 That subtle knot, which makes us man:
 So must pure lovers soules descend
 T'affections, and to faculties,
 Which sense may reach and apprehend,
 Else a great Prince in prison lies,
 To'our bodies turne we then, that so
 Weake men on love reveal'd may looke;
 Loves mysteries in soules doe grow,
 But yet the body is his booke,
 And if some lover, such as wee,
 Have heard this dialogue of one,
 Let him still marke us, he shall see
 Small change when we are to bodies growne.

Loves

Loves Deities.

I Long to talke with some old lovers ghost,
Who dyed before the god of Love was borne :
I cannot thinke that he, who then lov'd most,
Sunke so low, as to love one which did scorne.
But since this god produc'd a destiny,
And that vice-nature, custome, lets it be ;
I must love her that loves not me,

Sure, they which made him god, meant not so much,
Nor he, in his young godhead practis'd it.
But when an even flame two hearts did touch,
His office was indulgently to fit
Actives to Passives. Correspondency
Onely his subject was ; it cannot be
Love, if I love, who loves not me.

But every moderne god will now extend
His vaste prerogative as farre as *Jove*,
To rage, to lust, to write to, to commend,
All is the purlew of the God of Love.
Oh were we wak'ned by this Tyranny
To ungod this childe againe, it could not be
I should love her, who loves not me.

Rebell and Atheist too, why murmure I,
As though I felt the worst that love could doe ?
Love may make me leave loving, or might trie
A deeper plague, to make her love me too,
Which

Which, since she loves before, I'm loth to see;
 Falshood is worse then hate; and that must be,
 If she whom I love, should love me.

Loves diet.

TO what a comber some unwieldinesse
 And burdenous corpulence my love had grown,
 But that I did, to make it lesse,
 And keepe it in proportion,
 Give it a diet, made it feed upon
 That which love worst indures, *discretion.*

Above one sigh a day I allow'd him not,
 Of which my fortune, and my faults had part;
 And if sometimes by stealth he got
 A sigh from my mistress heart,
 And thought to feast on that, I let him see
 'Twas neither very sound, nor meant to me:

If he wrung from me a teare, I brin'd it so
 With scorne or shame, that him it nourish'd nor;
 If he suck'd hers, I let him know
 'Twas not a teare, which he had got.
 His drinke was counterfeit, as was his meat; (Sweet,
 For, eyes which rowle towards all, weep not, but

What e'r might him distast I still writ that,
 But burnt her letters when she writ to me;
 And if that favour made him sit,
 I said, if any title be

Con-

Convey'd by this, Ah, what doth it availe,
To be the fortieth name in an entaile?

Thus I reclaim'd my buzard love, to flie
At what, and when, and how, and where I chuse;
Now negligent of sport I lie,
And now as other Fawknrs use,
I spring a mistresse, sweare, write, sigh and weep
And the game kill'd, or lost, goe talke or sleepe.

The Will.

BEfore I sigh my last gaspe, let me breath,
Great Love, some Legacies; Here I bequeath
Mine eyes to *Argus*, if mine eyes can see,
If they be blind, then Love, I give them thee;
My tongue to Fame; to' Embassadours mine eares;
To women or the sea, my teares;
Thou, Love, hast taught me heretofore
By making me serve her who had twenty more,
That I should give to none, but such, as had too
much before.
My constancy I to the Planets give,
My truth to them, who at the Court doe live;
Mine ingenuitie and opennesse,
To Jesuits; to Buffones my pensiveness;
My silence to' any, who abroad hath been;
My money to a Capuchin.
Thou Love taught'st me, by appointing me
To love there, where no love receiv'd can be,
Onely to give to such as have an incapacitie.

My

My faith I give to Roman Catholiques;
 All my good workes unto the Schismatics
 Of Amsterdam; my best civilitie
 And Courtship, to an Universitie:
 My modestie I give to Souldiers bare:
 My patience let gamesters share.
 Thou Love taughtst me, by making me
 Love her that holds my love disparitie,
 Onely to give to those that count my gifts indignity,

I give my reputation to those
 Which were my friends: Mine industry to foes:
 To Schoolemen I bequeath my doubtfulnesse:
 My sicknesse to Physitians, or excesse:
 To Nature, all that I in Ryme have writ:
 And to my company my wit:
 Thou Love, by making me adore
 Her who begot this love in me before, (restore.
 Taughtst me to make, as though I gave, whē I do but

To him for whom the passing-bell next tolls,
 I give my physick bookes: my written rolls
 Of Morall counsels, I to Bedlam give:
 My Brazen medals, unto them which live
 In want of bread: To them which passe among
 All forainers, mine English tongue.
 Thou, Love, by making me love one
 Who thinkes her friendship a fit portion
 For yonger lovers, dost my gift thus disproportion.

Therefore I'll give no more, but I'll undoe
 The world by dying: because love dies too.

Then

Then all your beauties will be no more worth
The gold in Mines, where none doth draw it forth
And all your graces no more use shall have,

Then a Sun dyall in a grave,

Thou Lover taughtst me, by making me
Love her who doth neglect both me & thee, (three
To invent and practise this one way, to annihilate al.

The Funerall.

WHO ever comes to shroud me, do not harme
Nor question much

That subtle wreath of hair, which crowns my armes
The mystrie, the signe you must not touch,

For 'tis my outward Soule,
Viceroy to that, which unto heaven being gone,
Will leave this to controule,

And keep these limbes, her Provinces, from dissolu-

For if the sinewie thred my braine lets fall

Through every part,

Can tye those parts, and make me one of all;

Those haire which upward grow, & strength & art

Have from a better braine,

Can better do't : except she meant that I

By this should know my pain, / demnd to die.

As prisoners then are manacled, when they are con-

What ere she meant by it burie it with me,

For since I am

Loves martyr, it might breed Idolatry,

E

If

If into others hands these Reliques came ;
 As 'twas humility
 To afford to it all that a soule can doe,
 So 'tis some bravery, (of you.
 That since you would have none of me, I bury some

The Blossome.

Little think'st thou, poore flower,
 Whom I have watch'd sixe or seven dayes,
 And seen thy birth, and seen what every hower
 Gave to thy growth, thee to this height to raise,
 And now dost laugh and triumph on this bough,

Little think'st thou
 That it will freeze anon, and that I shall
 To morrow finde thee false, or not at all.

Little think'st thou (poore Heart
 That labourest yet to nettle thee,
 And think'st by hovering here to get a part
 In a forbidden or forbidding tree,
 And hop'st her stiffness by long sicke to bow :)

Little think'st thou,
 That thou to morrow, ere the Sunne doth wake,
 Must with this Sunne, and me a journey take,

But thou which lov'st to be
 Subtle to plague thy selfe, wilt say,
 Alas, if you must goe, what's that to me?
 Here lies my businesse, and here I will stay :
 You goe to friends, whose love and meanes present

Various

Various content

To your eyes, eares, and taste, and every part,
If then your body goe, what need your heart?

Well then, stay here : but know,
When thou hast staid and done thy most ;
A naked thinking heart, that makes no show,
Is to a woman but a kind of Ghost:
How shall she know my heart : or having none,
Know thee for one?
Practise may make her know some other part,
But take my word, she doth not know a Heart.

Meet me at *London*, then,
Twenty dayes hence and thou shalt see
Me fresher, and more fat, by being with men,
Then if I had staid still with her and thee,
For Gods sake, if you can, be you so too :
I will give you
There, to another friend, whom we shall finde
As glad to have my body, as my minde.

*The Primrose, being at Montgomery Castle,
upon the hill, on which it is situate.*

U Pon this Primrose hill,
Where, if Heaven would distill
A showre of raine, each severall drop might goe
To his owne Primrose, and grow Manna so :
And where their form, and their infinitie
Make a terrestriall Galaxie,

As the small starres doe in the skie :
I walke to find a true Love ; and I see
That 'tis not a meer woman, that is shee,
But must or more or lesse than woman bee.

Yet know I not, which flower
I wish, a fixe, or foure ;
For should my true-Love lesse than woman be,
She were scarce any thing ; and then, should she
Be more than woman, she would get above
All thought of sexe ; and thinke to move
My heart to study her and not to love ;
Both these were monsters ; Since there must reside
Falshood in woman, I could more abide,
She were by art, than Nature falsify'd.

Live Primrose then, and thrive
With thy true number five ;
And women, whom this flower doth represent,
With this mysterious number be content ;
Ten is the farthest number, if halfe ten
Belongs unto each woman, then
Each woman may take halfe us men :
Or if this will not serve the turne, Since all
Numbers are odde, or even, since they fall
First into five, women may take us all.

The Relique,

VVhen my grave is broke up againe
Some second ghest to entertaine,
(For graves have learn'd that woman-head

T.

To be to more than one a Bed)

And he that digs it, spies

A bracelet of bright haire about the bone,

Will he not let us alone,

And thinke that there a loving couple lies,

Who thought that this device might be some way

To make their soules at the last busie day,

Meet at this grave, and make a little stay ?

If this fall in a time, or land,

Where mis-devotion doth command,

Then, he that digs us up, will bring

Us to the Bishop, and the King,

To make us Reliques, then

Thou shalt be a Mary Magdalen, and I

A something else thereby ;

All women shall adore us, and some men ;

And since at such time, miracles are sought,

I would have that age by this paper taught

What miracles we harmlesse Lovers wrought.

First we lov'd well and faithfully,

Yet knew not what we lov'd, nor why,

Difference of Sex we never knew,

No more than Gardian Angels doe,

Comming and going we,

Perchance might kisse, but not between those meales

Our hands ne'r toucht the seats,

Which nature injur'd by late law, sets free :

These miracles we did ; but now alas,

All measure, and all language, I should passe,

Should I tell what a miracle she was.

The Dampe.

When I am dead, and Doctors know not why,
 And my friends curiosity
 Will have me cut up to survey each part,
 When they shall finde your Picture in mine heart,
 You thinke a sodaine dampe of love
 Will through all their senses move,
 And worke on them as me, and so preferre
 Your murder, to the name of Massacre,

Poore victories ! but if you dare be brave,
 And pleasure in your conquest have,
 First kill th' enormous Gyant, your *Disdaine*,
 And let the enchantresse *Honor*, next be flaine;
 And like a Goth and Vandall rife;
 Deface Records, and Histories

Of your own arts and triumphs over men,
 And without such advantage kill me then.

For I could muster up as well as you
 My Gyants, and my Witches too,
 Which are vast *Constancy*, and *Secretnesse*,
 But these I neither looke for nor professe,
 Kill me as Woman, let me die
 As a meere man; doe you but try

Your passive valour, and you shall finde than,
 Naked you have odds enough of any man,

The

The Dissolution.

SHee's, dead ; And all which die
To their first Elements resolve ;
And we were mutuall Elements to us,
And made of one another.

My body then doth hersinvolve,
And those things whereof I consist, hereby
In me abundant grow, and burdenous,
And nourish not, but smother.

My fire of Passion, sighes of ayre,
Water of teares, and earthy sad despaire,
Which my materials be,

But neere worne out by loves securitie,
She, to my losse, doth by her death repaire,
And I might live long wretched so
But that my fire doth with my fuell grow.

Now as those Active Kings
Whose foraine conquest treasure brings,
Receive more, and spend more, and soonest break.
This (which I am amaz'd that I can speak)

This death, hath with my store
My use encreas'd.

And so my soule more earnestly releas'd,
Will outstrip hers ; As bullets flowne before
A latter bullet may o'rtake, the powder being more.

A Jeat Ring sent.

THou art not so black, as my heart,
Nor halfe so brittle, as her heart, thou art ;

What wouldst thou say? shall both our properties by
Nothing more endlesse, nothing (thee be spoke,
(sooner broke?

Marriage rings are not of this stuffe;
Oh, why should ought lesse precious, or lesse rough
Figure our loves? except in thy name thou have bid it
I'm cheap, & nought but fashio, sling me away. (say

Yet stay with me, since thou art come,
Circle this fingers top, which didst her thombe.
Be justly proud, and gladly safe, that thou dost dwell
She that, oh, broke her faith, would soon (with me
(breake thee.

Negative love.

I Never stoop'd so low, as they
Which on an eye, cheek, lip, can prey,
Seldome to them which soare so higher
Then vertue, or the minde to admire;
For sense, and understanding may
Know what gives fuell to their fire:
My love, though silly, is more brave,
For may I misse, when ere I crave,
If I know yet what I would have.

If that be simply perfectest
Which can by no way be exprest
But *Negatives*, my love is so.

To All, which all love, I say no,
If any who decipher best,

What

What we know not, (our selves) can know,
 Let him teach me that nothing. This
 As yet my ease, and comfort is,
 Though I speed not, I cannot misse.

The prohibition:

TAke heed of loving me,
 At least remember, I forbade it thee;
 Not that I shall repaire my unthrifty wast,
 Of-Breath and Bloud, upon thy fighes, and teares:
 By being to thee then what to me thou wast,
 But, so great Joy, our life at once outweares:
 Then, lest thy love, by my death frustrate be,
 If thou love me, take heed of loving me.

Take heed of hating me,
 Or too much triumph in the Victory,
 Not that I shall be mine owne officer,
 And hate with hate againe retaliate:
 But thou wilt lose the stile of conquerour,
 If I, thy conquest, perish by thy hate:
 Then, lest my being nothing lessen thee,
 If thou hate me, take heed of hating me.

Yet, love and hate me too,
 So, these extreames shall ne'r their office doe:
 Love me, that I may dye the gentler way:
 Hate me, because thy love is too great for me:
 Or let these two, themselves, not me decay:
 So shall I live thy Stage, not triumph be:

Then

Then left thou thy love hate, and me thou undoe,
O let me live, yet love and hate me too.

The Expiration.

SO, so, breake off this last lamenting kisse,
Which sucks two soules, and vapors both away,
Turne thou ghost that way, and let me turne this,
And let our selves benight our happiest day,
We aske none leave to love; nor will we owe
Any, so cheape a death, as saying, Goe;

Goe; and if that word have not quite kill'd thee,
Ease me with death, by bidding me goe too.
Or, if it have, let my word worke on me,
And a just office on a murderer doe.
Except it be too late, to kill me so,
Being double dead, going, and bidding, goe.

The Computation.

FOR my first twenty yeares, since yesterday,
I scarce beleev'd, thou couldst be gone away,
For forty more I fed on favours past, (last,
And forty on hopes, that thou wouldst they might
Tears drown'd one hundred, & sighs blew out two,
A thousand, I did neither thinke, nor doe,
Or not deem'd, all being one thought of you:
Or in a thousand more, forgot that too.
Yet call not this long life; But thinke that I
Am, by being dead, Immortall; Can ghosts die?

The

The Paradox.

NO Lover faith, I love, nor any other
 Can judge a perfect Lover;
 He thinks that else none can or will agree,
 That any loves but hee:
 I cannot say I lov'd, for who can say
 He was kill'd yesterday?
 Love with excess of heat, more young than old,
 Death kills with too much cold;
 We die but once, and who lov'd last did die,
 He that faith twice, doth lie:
 For though he seem to move, and stirre a while,
 It doth the sense beguile.
 Such life is like the light which bideth yet
 When the lifes light is set,
 Or like the heat, which, fire in solid matter
 Leaves behinde, two houres after.
 Once I love and dyed; and am now become
 Mine Epitaph and Tombe.
 Here dead men speake their last, and so doe I;
 Love-slaine, loe, here I die.

Song.

VV

Soules joy, now I am gone,
 And you alone,
 (Which cannot be,

Sine

Since I must leave my selfe with thee,
And carry thee with me)

Yet when unto our eyes
Absence denyes

Each others sight,

And makes to us a constant night,
When others change to light:

"O give no way to griefe,

"But let beliefe

"Of mutuall love,

"This wonder to the vulgar prove

"Our Bodies, not we move,

Let not thy wit beweepe

Words but sense deep,

For when we misse

By distance our hopes joyning blisse,

Even then our soules shall kisse:

Foolles have no meanes to meet,

But by their feet,

Why should our clay,

Over our spirits so much sway,

To tie us to that way?

"O give no way to griefe, &c.

Farewell to Love,

VV

Hilst yet to prove

I thought there was some Deitie in love,

So did I reverence, and gave

Worship, as Atheists at their dying houre

Call,

Call, what they cannot name, an unknown power,
As ignorantly did I crave :

Thus when
Things not yet known are coveted by men,
Our desires give them fashion, and so
As they waxe lesser, fall, as they life grow.

But, from late Faire
His highnesse (sitting in a golden Chaire,)
Is not lesse cared for after three dayes
By children, then the thing which lovers so
Blindly admire, and with such worship wooc :

Being had, enjoying it decays :
And thence,
What before pleas'd them all, takes but one sense,
And that so lamely, as it leaves behinde
A kinde of sorrowing dulnesse to the minde.

Ah cannot we,
As well as Cocks and Lyons jocund be,
After such pleasures, unlesse wise
Nature decreed (since each such Act, they say,
Diminisheth the length of life a day)

This; as she would man should despise
The sport,
Because that other curse of being short,
And onely for a minute made to be
Eager, desires to raise posterity.

Since so, my minde
Shall not desire what no man else can finde,
I'll no more dote and runne

To

To pursue things which had indammag'd me.
 And when I come where moving beauties be,
 As men doe when the summer Sunne
 Growes great,
 Though I admire their greatnesse, shun their heat;
 Each place can afford shadowes. If all faile,
 'Tis but applying worme-seed to the Taile.

Song.

DEARE Love continue nice and chaste,
 For, if you yeeld, you doe me wrong,
 Let duller wits to loves end haste,
 I have enough to wooe thee long.

All paine and joy is in their way;
 The things we feare bring lesse annoy
 Then feare; and hope brings greater joy:
 But in themselves they cannot stay.

Small favours will my prayers increase:
 Granting my suite you give me all,
 And then my prayers must needs surcease,
 For, I have made your Godhead fall.

Beasts cannot will, nor beauty see,
 They, mans affections onely move:
 Beasts other sports of love doe prove,
 With better feeling farre then wee.

Then Love prolong my suite, for thus
 By losing sport, I sports doe win:

And

And that doth vertue prove in us,
Which ever yet hath been a sin.

My comming neare may spie some ill,
And now the world is given to scoffe:
To keep my Love, (then) keep me off,
And so I shall admire thee still.

Say I have made a perfect choice,
Satiety our selves may kill:
Then give me but thy face and voice,
Mine eye and eare thou canst not fill.

To make me rich (oh) be not poore,
Give me not all, yet something lend,
So I shall still my suite commend,
And you at will doe lesse or more.

But, if to all you condescend,
My love, our sport, your Godhead end.

A Lecture upon the shadowes.

STand still, and I will read to thee
A Lecture, Love, in loves philosophy.
These three houres that we have spent,
Walking here : Two shadowes went
Along with us, which we our selves produc'd.
But now the Sunne is just above our head,
We doe those shadowes tread :
And to brave clearnesse all things are reduc'd.
So whilst our infant loves did grow,

Disguises

Disguises did, and shadowes; flow,
From us, and our cares : but, now 'tis not so,

That love hath not attain'd the high'st degree,
Which is still diligent lest others see.

Except our loves at this noone stay,
We shall new shadowes make the other way.

As the first were made to blinde

Others; these which come behinde

Will worke upon our selves, and blinde our eyes.

If our loves faint, and westwardly decline ;

To me thou, falsely, thine,

And I to thee mine actions shall disguise.

The morning shadowes weare away;

But these grow longer all the day,

But oh, loves day is short, if love decay.

Love is a growing, or full constant light :

And his short minute, after noone, is night.

The end of the Songs and Sonets.

EPIGRAMS.

EPIGRAMS.

Hero and Leander.

Both rob'd of ayre, we both lye in one ground,
Both who one fire had burnt, one water drown'd.

Pyramus and Thisbe.

Two, by themselves, each other love and feare
Slaine, cruell friends, by parting have joyn'd here.

Niobe.

By childrens births, and death, I am become
So dry, that I am now mine owne sad tombe.

A burnt ship.

Out of a fired ship, which by no way
But drowning, could be rescued from the flame,
Some men leap'd forth, and ever as they came
Neare the foes ships, did by their shor decay:
So all were lost, which in the ship were found.
They in the sea being burnt, they in the burnt
(ship drown'd.

Fall of a wall.

Under an undermin'd, and shot-bruis'd wall
 A too-bold Captaine perisht by the fall,
 Whose brave misfortune happiest men envi'd,
 That had a towre for tombe, his bones to hide,

A lame begger.

I am unable, yonder begger cries,
 To stand, or move; if he say true, he lies,

A self-accuser.

Your mistris, that you follow whores stil taxeth you;
 'Tis strange that she should thus confesse it, though 'it
 (be true,

A licentious person.

Thy finnes and haire may no man equall call,
 For, as thy finnes increafe, thy haire doe fall.

Antiquary.

If in his studie he hath so much care
 To hang all old strange things, let his wife beware.

Disinherited.

Thy father all from thee, by his last Will
 Gave to the poore; Thou hast good title still.

Phryne

Phryne.

The flattering Picture, *Phryne*, is like to thee,
Onely in this, that you both painted bee.

An obscure writer.

Philo, with twelve yeares study hath been griev'd,
To' be understood, when will he be beleev'd?

Klackius so deeply hath sworne, ne'r more to come
In bawdie house, that he dares not goe home.

Rodericus.

Why this man gelded *Marshall* I munde,
Except himselfe alone his tricks would unde,
As *Katherine*, for the Court sake, put downe showe?

Mercurius Gallo-Belgicus.

Like *Esops* fellow slaves, O *Mercurius*,
Which could doe all things, thy faith is, and
Like *Esops* selfe which nothing, I confesse
I should have had more faith, if thou hadst lesse,
Thy credit lost thy credit: tis time to doe,
In this case as thou wouldst be done unto,
To beleeeve all: Change thy name: thou wast like
Mercurie in stealing, but yett like a *Cyprian*.

Compassion in the world againe is bred,
Ralphus is sick, the Broker keeps his bed.

The end of the Epigrams.

ELEGIES.

ELEGIE I.

Jealousie.

Fond woman, which wouldst have thy husband die,
 And yet complain'st of his great jealousie:
 If swoln with poyson, he lay in his last bed,
 His body with a sere-barked covered,
 Drawing his breath, as thick and short, as can
 The nimblest crocheting Musitian,
 Ready with loathsome vomiting to spue
 His soule out of one hell into a new,
 Made deafe with his poore Kindreds howling cries,
 Begging with few feign'd teares, great legacies,
 Thou would'st not weep, but jolly, and frolick bee,
 As a slave, which to morrow should be free,
 Yet weepst thou, when thou seest him hungerly
 Swallow his own death, hearts-bane jealousie,
 O give him many thanks, he is courteous:
 That in suspecting kindly warneth us,
 We must not as we us'd, flout openly,
 In scoffing riddles his deformity:
 Nor at his boord together being sat,
 With words, nor touch, scarce lookes adulterate,
 Nor when he swoln, and pamper'd with great fare
 Sits down and snorts, cag'd in his basket chaire,
 Must

Must we usurpe his own bed any more,
 Nor kisse and play in his house as before;
 Now I see many dangers; for, it is
 His realme, his castle, and his diocesse,
 But if as envious men, which would revile
 Their Prince, or coyn his Gold, themselves exile
 Into another countrey and doe it there,
 We play in another house, what should we feare?
 There we will scorne his household policies,
 His seely plots, and pensionary spies,
 As the inhabitants of Thames right side;
 Doe Londons Major, or Germans, the Popes pride.

ELEG. II.

The Anagram.

Marry, and love thy *Elavia*, for, she
 Hath all things, whereby others beauteous be;
 For, though her eyes be small, her mouth is great,
 Though they be Ivory, yet her teeth be jeat,
 Though they be dimme, yet shee is light enough,
 And though her harsh haire fall, her skin is tough;
 What though her cheeks be yellow, her haire is red,
 Give her thine, and she hath a Maidenhead.
 These things are beauties elements, where these
 Meet in one, that one must, as perfect, please:
 If red and white, and each good qualitie
 Be in thy wench, ne'r aske where it doch lie.
 In buying things perfum'd, we aske, if there
 Be muske and amber in it, but not, where,

Though all her parts be met in th' usuall place,
 She hath yet an Anagram of a good face.
 If we might put the letters but one way,
 In that leane dearth of words what could we say?
 When by the Gamme some Musicians make
 A perfect song, others will undertake,
 By the same Gamme chang'd, to equall it,
 Things simply good, can never be unfit,
 Shee's faire as any, if she be like her,
 And if none be, then she is singular.
 All love is wonder, if we justly doe
 Account her wonderfull, why not lovely too?
 Love built on beauty, soone as beauty dies,
 Chuse this face, chang'd by no deformities.
 Women are all like Angels; the faire be
 Like those which fell to worse: but such as she,
 Like to good Angels nothing can impair:
 'Tis lesse grieve to be foule, then to have been faire,
 For one night shee was, still and good we chuse,
 But in long journeyes, eatch, and lecherous use,
 Beauty is barren of; best husbands sayd shee,
 There is best land, wherd there is foulest way.
 Oh, when a soveraign plaster will she be,
 If shee past fittes have taught thee jealousy,
 How needs no spies, nor eunuchs her to guard,
 Safe to thy selfe, shee is, as a Marmoset,
 When Heligates Citie the round about eyes draw,
 That duty should her guard, and honesty her law,
 So doth her selfe guard her, and so, for vertues sake,
 Which foule doth but offend, absents off most of all,
 She, whoe selfe, like clouds, turns the day to night,
 Who, mightier than the sun, makes Moone her light,
 Whom

Who, though seven years, she in the Stews had laid,
 A Nunnery durst receive, and thinke a Maid;
 And though in childbeds labour she did lie,
 Midwives would sweare, 'twere but a tympanie,
 Whom, if she accuse her selfe, I credit lesse
 Than witches, which impossibles confesse.
 One like none, and lik'd of none, fittest were,
 For, things in fashion every man will weare.

ELEG. III.

Change.

Althoough thy hand and faith, & good works too
 Have seal'd thy love which nothing should un-
 Yea though thou fall back, that Apostasie doe,
 Confirme thy love, yet much, much I feare thee.
 Women are like the Arts, forc'd unto none,
 Open to'all searchers, unpriz'd if unknowne.
 If I have caught a bird, and let him flie,
 Another Foulter using these meanes, as I,
 May catch the same bird; and, as these things be,
 Women are made for men, not him nor me.
 Foxes & goates: all beasts change when they please,
 Shall women, more hot, wily, wild than these,
 Be bound to one man, and bid Nature then
 Idly make them apter to endure than men?
 They are our clogges, not their owne; if a man be
 Chain'd to a galley, yet the galley is free.
 Who hath a plow-land, casts all his seed corn there,
 And yet allows his ground more corn should beare.

Though Danuby into the sea must flow,
 The sea receives the Rhene, Volga, and Po,
 By nature, which gave it, this libertie.
 Thou lov'st, but Oh! canst thou love it and me?
 Likenesse glues love: and if that thou so doe,
 To make us like and love, must I change too?
 More then thy hate, I hate it, rather let me
 Allow her change, then change as oft as she,
 And so not teach, but force my opinion,
 To love not any one, nor every one,
 To live in one land, is captivity,
 To ruine all countries, a wild rogerie;
 Waters stinke soone, if in one place they bide,
 And in the vast sea are more purifi'd:
 But when they kisse one banke, and leaving this
 Never looke backe but the next banke doe kisse,
 Then are they purest: Change is the nurserie
 Of musick, joy, life, and eternitie.

ELEG. IV.

The Perfume.

ONCE, and but once found in thy company,
 All thy suppos'd escapes are laid on me;
 And as a thiefe at barre, is question'd there
 By all the men that have been rob'd that yeare,
 So am I, (by this traiterous meanes surpriz'd)
 By thy Hydroptique father catechiz'd.
 Though he had wont to search with glazed eyes
 As though he came to kill a Cotatrice,

Though

Though he hath oft sworn, that he would remove
Thy beauties beauty, and food of our love,
Hope of his goods, if I with thee were seen,
Yet close and secret, as our soules, we have been,
Though thy immortall mother which doth lie
Still buried in her bed, yet will not die,
Takes this advantage to sleep our day light,
And watch thy entries, and returns all night,
And, when she takes thy hand, and would seem kind
Doth search what rings, and armelets she can find,
And kissing notes the colour of thy face,
And fearing lest thou art sworn, doth thee embrace;
And to trie if thou long, doth name strange meates,
And notes thy palenesse, lushing, sighs, and sweats;
And politiquely will to thee confesse
The finnes of her own youths ranke lustinesse;
Yet loye these sorceries did remove, and move
Thee to gull thine own mother for my love.
Thy little brethren, which like Fairy Sprights
Oft skipt into our chamber, those sweet nights,
And kist, and ingled on thy fathers knee,
Were brib'd next day, to tell what they did see:
The grim-eight-foot-high-iron-bound serving-man
That oft names God in oathes, and onely than,
He that to barre the first gate doth as wide
As the great Rhodian Colossus stride,
Which, if in hell no other paines there were,
Makes me feare hell, because he must be there:
Though by thy father he were hir'd to this,
Could never witnesse any touch or kisse.
But Oh, too common ill, I brought with me
That, which betray'd me to mine enemy:

A loud perfume, which at my entrance cryed
Even at thy fathers nose, so were we spied.
When, like a Tyran King, that in his bed
Smelt gunpowder, the pale wretch shivered;
Had it been some bad smell, he would have thought
That his own feet, or breath, that smell had wrought,
But as we in our Ile imprisoned,
Where cattell onely, and divers dogs are bred,
The precious Unicornes, strange monsters, call,
So thought he good, strange, that had none at all.
I taught my sikkes their whistling to forbear,
Even my opprest shooes, dumb & speechlesse were,
Onely, thou bitter-sweet, whom I had laid
Next me, me traiterously hast betraid,
And unsuspected hast invisibly
At once fled unto him, and staid with me.
Base excrement of earth, which dost confound
Sense, from distinguishing the sick from sound;
By thee the seely Amorous sucks his death
By drawing in a leprous harlots breath,
By thee the greatest staine to mans estate
Falls on us, to be call'd effeminate;
Though you be much lov'd in the Princes hall,
There, things that seem, exceed substantiall.
Gods, when yee sum'd on altars, were pleas'd well,
Because you were burnt, not that they lik'd your smell
You're loathsome all, being taken simply alone,
Shall we love ill things joynd, and hate each one?
If you were good, your good doth soone decay;
And you are rare, that, takes the good away.
All my perfumes, I give most willingly
To embalme thy fathers corse; What? will he die?

ELEG.

Poorly, as if I were with you, and you were with me.

Not to be in my hand, but in your hand.

As the Idolaters, who have no other gods.

Their idols are made of wood, and they are made of wood.

Which is the same as saying, that they are made of wood.

Such things I offer as shall pay.

Here take my Picture, though I bid farewell:

Thine, in my heart, where my soul dwells, shall

'Tis like as now, but I dead, 'twill be more (dwell)

When we are shadows both, than was before.

When weather-bewen I come backe: my hand;

Perhaps with rude cares torn; or Sun-beams stand,

My face and breast of haire-cloth, and my head

With cares harsh, so daine hoariness; or spread,

My body's sack of bones, broken within,

And powders blew flames scatter'd on my skinne:

If rivall-fooles taxe thee to have lov'd a man,

So foule, and coarse, as, Oh, I may seem than;

This shall say what I was: and thou shalt say,

Doe his hurts reach me: doth my worth decay?

Or doe they reach his judging minde, that he

Should now love less, what he did love to see?

That which in him was faire and delicate,

Was but the milk, which in his childish state

Did nurse it: who now is grown strong enough

To feed on that, which to weak calls seems tough.

Her from her native and her long captivity,

And roses, and dew, and the softest of

In Rattling eddies promising return

Oh, let me not serve by as those men serve

Whom hands steeke at once fasten & serve

Poorly

Poorely enrich't with great mens words or lookes:
 Nor so write my name in thy loving bookes
 As those Idolatrous flatterers, which still
 Their Princes stiles, which many Realmes fulfill
 Whence they no tribute have, and where no sway.
 Such services I offer as shall pay
 Themselves, I hate dead names: Oh then let me
 Favorite in Ordinary, or no favorite be.
 When my soule was in her own body sheath'd;
 Nor yet by oathes betroth'd, nor kisses breath'd
 Into my Purgatory, faithlesse thee,
 Thy heart seem'd waxe, and steale thy constancy:
 So carelesse flowers strow'd on the waters face,
 The curled whirlepooles suck, smack, and embrace,
 Yet drown them: so, the tapers beamy eye
 Amorously twinkling, beckens the giddie flie,
 Yet burnes his wings; and such the Devill is,
 Scarce visiting them who are intirely his.
 When I behold a streame, which, from the spring,
 Doth with doubtfull melodious murmuring,
 Or in a specklesse slumber calmly ride
 Her wedded channels bosome, and there chide
 And bend her browes, and swell if any bough,
 Doe but stoop down to kisse her utmost brow:
 Yet if her often gnawing kisses win
 The traiterous bankes to gape, and let her in
 She rusheth violently, and doth divorce
 Her from her native and her long-kept course,
 And roares, and braves it, and in gallant scorne,
 In flattering eddies promising return,
 She flouts her channel, which thenceforth is drie;
 Then say I, that is she, and this am I.

Yet

Yet let not thy deep bitterneſſe beget
 Careleſſe deſpaire in me, for that will whet
 My minde to ſcorn; and Oh, love dull'd with pain
 Was ne'r ſo wiſe, nor well arm'd as diſdaine.
 Then with new eyes I ſhall ſurvey thee, and ſpie
 Death in thy cheeks, and darkneſſe in thine eye.
 Though hope breed faith & love thus taught, I ſhal
 As nations doe from Rome, from thy love fall,
 My hate ſhall outgrow thine, and utterly
 I will renounce thy dalliance: and when I
 Am the Recuſant, in that reſolute ſtate
 What hurts it me to be 'excommunicate?

ELEG. VII.

NAtures lay Ideot, I taught thee to love,
 And in that ſophiſtry, Oh, thou doſt prove
 Too ſubtle: Foole thou didſt not underſtand
 The myſtique language of the eye nor hand:
 Nor couldſt thou judge the difference of the ayre
 Of ſighes, and ſay, this lies, this ſounds deſpaire:
 Nor by the eyes water know a malady.
 Deſperately hot, or changing feverouſly.
 I had not taught thee then, the Alphabet
 Of flowers, how they devilefully being ſet
 And bound up, might with ſpeechleſſe ſecrecy
 Deliver errands mutely, and mutually.
 Remember ſince, all thy words us'd to be
 To every ſuitor, *I, if my friends agree.*
 Since, houſhold charms, thy husbands name to teach
 Were all the love trickes, that thy wit could reach.

And

And since, an hours discourse could scarce have
 One answer in thee, and that ill arraid (made
 In broken proverbs, and torne sentences,
 Thou art not by so many duties his,
 That from the worlds Common having sever'd thee,
 Inlaid thee, neither to be seen, nor see,
 As mine: who have with amorous delicacies
 Refin'd thee into a blis-full Paradise.
 Thy graces and good words my creatures be,
 I planted knowledge and lifes tree in thee:
 Which, Oh, shall strangers taste? Must I alas
 Frame and enamell Plate, and drink in glasse?
 Chase war for others scales? breake a colts force
 And leave him then, being made a ready horse?

ELEG. VIII.

The Comparifon.

AS the sweet sweat of Roses in a Still, (trill,
 As that which from chaf'd Muskats pores doth
 As the Almighty Balme of th'early East,
 Such are the sweat drops of my Mistris breast,
 And on her neck her skin such lustre sets,
 They seem no sweat drops, but pearle coronets.
 Ranko sweaty froth thy Mistresses brow defiles,
 Like spermatique issue of ripe menstruous boyles,
 Or like the skumme, which, by needs lawlesse law
 Enforc'd, Sanserra's starved men did draw
 From parboyl'd shoos and bootes, and all the rest
 Which were with any soveraigne fatnesse blest.

And

And like vile lying stones in sassafras tin,
 Or warts, or weales, it hangs upon her skin,
 Round as the world's her head, on every side,
 Like to the fatall Ball which fell on Ide,
 Or that whereof God had such jealousie,
 As for the ravishing thereof we die.
 Thy head is like a rough-hewn statue of jeat,
 Where marks for eyes, nose, mouth, are yet scarce
 Like the first Chaos, or flat seeming face
 Of Cynthia, when th'earths shadowes her embrace.
 Like Proserpines white beauty-keeping chest,
 Or Joves best fortunes urne, is her faire brest.
 Thine's like worm-eaten trunks, cloth'd in seals
 Or grave, that's dust without, & stink within. (skin
 And like that slender stalk, at whose end stands
 The wood-bine quivering, are her armes and hands,
 Like rough bark'd elmboughes, or the russet skin
 Of men late scourg'd for madnesse, or for sin;
 Like Sun-parch'd quarters on the city gate,
 Such is thy tann'd skinnes lamentable state.
 And like a bunch of ragged carrets stand
 The short swoln fingers of thy gouty hand.
 Then like the Chymicks masculine equall fire,
 Which in the Lymbeck's warm womb doth inspire
 Into th'earths worthlesse dust a soule of gold,
 Such cherishing heat her best lov'd part doth hold,
 Thine's like the dread mouth of a fired gun,
 Or like hot liquid metals newly run
 Into clay moulds, or like to that *Aetna*
 Where round-about the grasse is burnt away,
 Are not your kisses then as filthy, and more,
 As a worne sucking an invenom'd soare?

Doth

Doth not thy fearfull hand in feeling quake,
 As one which gathering flowres, still feares a snake?
 Is not your last act harsh, and violent,
 As when a plough a stony ground doth rent?
 So kisse good Turtles, so devoutly nice
 Are Priests in handling reverent sacrifice,
 And nice in searching wounds the Surgeon is,
 As we, when we embrace, or touch, or kisse,
 Leave her, and I will leave comparing thus,
 She and comparifons are odious.

ELEG. IX.

The Autumnall,

NO Spring, nor Summers Beauty hath such grace,
 As I have seen in one *Autumnall* face,
 Young *Beauties* force your love, and that's a *Rape*,
 This doth but *counsaille*, yet you cannot scape.
 If 'twere a *shame* to love, here 'twere no *shame*:
Affections here take *Reverences* name.
 Were her first years the *Golden Age*; That's true,
 But now she's *gold* oft tryed, and ever new.
 That was her torrid and inflaming time,
 This is her habitable *Tropique* clime.
 Faire eyes, who askes more heat than comes from
 He in a fever wishes pestilence. (hence.
 Call not these wrinkles *graves*. If *graves* they were
 They were *Loues* *graves*: or else he is no where.
 Yet lies not Love *dead* here, but here doth sit
 Vow'd to this trench, like an *Anachorite*,

And

And here, till hers, which must be his *death*, come,
 He doth not digge a *Grave*, but build a *Tombe*.
 Here dwels he, though he sojourne ev'ry where,
 In *Progresse*, yet his standing house is here.
 Here, where still *Evening* is, not *noone*, nor *night*;
 Where no *voluptuousnesse*, yet all *delight*.
 In all her words, unto all hearers fit,
 You may at *Revels*, you at *counsaille*, sit,
 This is loves timber; youth his under-wood;
 There he as wine in *Iune*, enrages blood,
 Which then comes seasonablest, when our tast
 And appetite to other things, is past.
Xerxes strange *Lydian* love, the *Platane* tree,
 Was lov'd for age, none being so old as shee;
 Or else because, being young, nature did blesse
 Her youth with ages glory, *Barrennesse*.
 If we love things long sought, *Age* is a thing
 Which we are fifty yeares in compassing,
 If transitory things which soone decay,
Age must be loveliest at the latest day.
 But name not *Winter-faces*, whose skin's slack;
 Lanke, as an unthrifts purse; but a fooles sack;
 Whose eyes seeke light within, for all here's shades;
 Whose *mouthes* are holes, rather worne out, than
 Whose every tooth to a severall place is gone (made
 To vex their soules at *Resurrection*,
 Name not these living *Death-heads* unto me,
 For these, not *Ancients*, but *Antiques* be:
 I hate extreames: yet I had rather stay
 With *Tombes* than *Cradles*, to weare out a day,
 Since such loves naturall station is, may still
 My love descend, and journey down the hill,

Not panting after growing beauties, so,
I shall ebbe on with them, who homeward goe.

ELEG. X.

The Dreame.

Image of her whom I love, more than she,
Whose faire impression in my faithfull heart,
Makes me her *Medall*, and makes her love me,
As Kings doe coyns, to which their stamps impart
The valne : goe, and take my heart from hence,
Which now is grown too great and good for me:
Honours oppresse weake spirits, and our sence
Strong objects dull ; the more, the lesse we see,
When you are gone, and *Reason* gone with you,
Then *Fantasie* is Queen and Soule, and all ;
She can present joyes meaner than you doe ;
Convenient, and more proportionall.
So, if I dreame I have you, I have you:
For, all our joyes are but fantastickall.
And so I scape the paine, for paine is true ;
And sleep which locks up sence, doth lock out all,
After a such fruition I shall wake, -
And, but the waking, nothing shall repent ;
And shall to love more thankfull Sonets make,
Then if more *honour*, *teares*, and *paines* were
But dearest heart, and dearer Image stay, (spent.
Alas, true joyes at best are *dreame* enough ;
Though yon stay here, you passe too fast away :
For even at first lifes *Taper* is a snoffe,

Fill'd

Fill'd with her love, may I be rather growne
Mad with much *heart*, then *idiot* with none.

E L E G. XI.

Death.

Language thou art too narrow, and too weak
To ease us now, great sorrowes cannot speak.
If we could sigh out accents, and weep words,
Griefe weares, & lessens, that teares breath affords;
Sad hearts, the lesse they seem, the more they are;
(So guiltiest men stand murest at the barre)
Not that they know not, feeble not their estate,
But extreme sense hath made them desperate;
Sorrow, to whom we owe all that we be;
Tyran, in the fist and greatest Monarchy:
Was't that she did possesse all hearts before,
Thou hast kill'd her, to make thy Empire more?
Knew'st thou some would, that knew her not, lament
As in a deluge perish th' innocent?
Was't not enough to have that palace wonne,
But thou must raze it too, that was undone?
Hadst thou staide there, and look'd out at her eyes,
All had ador'd thee, that now from thee flies,
For they let out more light than they tooke in,
They told not when, but did the day begin;
She was too Saphirine, and cleare for thee;
Clay, flint, and jeat now thy fit dwellings be;
Alas, she was too pure, but not too weak;
Who e'r saw Crystall Ordinance but would break?

And if we be thy conquest, by her fall
Th' hast lost thy end, in her we perish all :
Or if we live, we live but to rebell,
That know her better now, who knew her well.
If we should vapour out, and pine and die ;
Since she first went, that were not misery :
She chang'd our world with hers: now she is gone,
Mirth and and prosperity is oppression :
For of all morall vertues she was all,
That Ethickes speake of vertues cardinall :
Her soule was Paradise : the Cherubin
Set to keep it was grace, that kept out sin :
She had no more than let in death for we
All reape consumption from one fruitfull tree :
God tooke her hence, lest some of us should love
Her, like that plant, him and his lawes above :
And when we teares, he mercy shed in this,
To raise our mindes to heaven, where now she is :
Who if her vertues would have let her stay
We had had a Saint, have now a holiday.
Her heart was that strange bush, where, sacred fire,
Religion, did not consume, but inspire
Such piety, so chaste use of Gods day,
That what we turne to feast, she turn'd to pray,
And did prefigure here, in devout taste,
The rest of her high Sabbath, which shall last.
Angels did hand her up, who next God dwell,
(For she was of that order whence most fell)
Her bodie's left with us, lest some had said,
She could not die, except they saw her dead ;
For from lesse vertue, and lesse beauteousnesse,
The Gentiles fram'd them Gods and Goddesse,

The

The ravenous earth that now woo's her to be,
 Earth too, will be a *Lemnia*; and the tree
 That wraps that Cryſtall in a wooden Tombe,
 Shall be tooke up ſpruce, fill'd with diamond:
 And we her ſad glad friends all beare a part
 Of griefe, for all would breake a Stoicks heart.

ELEG. IV.

*Vpon the loſſe of his Miſtreſſes Chaine, for
 which he made ſatisfaction.*

Not that in colour it was like thy haire,
 For Armelets of that thou maiſt let me weare:
 Nor that thy hand it oft embrac'd and kiſt,
 For ſo it had that good, which oft I miſt:
 Nor for that ſilly old morality,
 That as theſe linkes were knit, our love ſhould be:
 Mourne I that I thy ſeavenfold chaine have loſt:
 Nor for the luck ſake; but the bitter coſt.
 O, ſhall twelve righteous Angels, which as yet
 No leaven of vile ſeder did admit:
 Nor yet by any way have ſtraid orgone
 From the firſt ſtate of their Creation:
 Angels, which heaven commanded to provide
 All things to me, and be my faithfull guide:
 To gaine new friends, t'appeaſe great enemies:
 To comfort my ſoule, when I lie or riſe.
 Shall theſe twelve innocents, by thy ſevere
 Sentence (dread Iudge) my ſins great burden beare?
 Shall they be damn'd, and in the furnace throw,

And punisht for offences not their own?
 They save not me, they doe not ease my paines,
 When in that hell they are burnt & tyed in chains;
 Were they but Crownes of France, I cared not,
 For, most of these, their Countreys naturall rot
 I thinke possesseth, they come here to us,
 So pale, so lame, so leane, so ruinous.
 And howsoe'r French Kings most Christian be,
 Their Crownes are circumcis'd most Jewishly;
 Or were they Spanish Stamps, still travelling,
 That are become as Catholique as their King,
 Those unlickt beare-whelps, unfil'd pistolets
 That (more than Cannon shot) Javails or lets;
 Which negligently left unrounded, looke
 Like many angled figures, in the booke
 Of some great Conjuror that would enforce
 Nature, as these doe justice, from her course.
 Which, as the soule quickens head, feet, and heart,
 As steames like veines, run through th'earth's every
 Visittall Countries, and have filly made (part,
 Gorgeous *France*, ruin'd, ragged and decay'd,
Scotland, which knew no State, proud in one day:
 And mangled seventeen-headed *Belgia*:
 Or were it such gold as the wherewithall
 Almighty *Chymiques* from each mineriall,
 Having by subtle fire a soule out-pull'd;
 Are dirtily and desperately gull'd:
 I would not spit to quench the fire they are in,
 For, they are guilty of much hainous Sin.
 But, shall my harmlesse angels perish? Shall
 I lose my guard, my ease, my food, my all?
 Much hope which they should nourish will be dead.
 Much

Much of my able youth, and lusty head
 Will vanish, if thou Love let them alone,
 For thou wilt love me lesse when they are gone,
 And be content that some lowd squeaking Cryer
 Well pleas'd with one leane thred-bare groate, for
 May like a devill roare through every street; (hire,
 And gall the finders conscience, if he meet.
 Or let me creep to some dread Conjuror,
 That with phantastique scenes fills full much paper:
 Which hath divided heaven in tenements,
 And with whores, theeves, and murderers stuff his
 So full, that though he passe them all in sin, (rents
 He leaves himselfe no roome to enter in.

But if, when all his art and time is spent,
 He say 'twill ne'r be found; yet be content;
 Receive from him that doome ungrudgingly,
 Because he is the mouth of destiny.

Thou say'st (alas) the gold doth still remaine,
 Though it be chang'd and put into a chaine,
 So in the first false angels, resteth still
 Wisdome and knowledge: but 'tis turn'd to ill:
 As these should do good works; and should provide
 Necessities: but now must nurse thy pride,
 And they are still bad angels: Mine are none:
 For forme gives being; and their forme is gone:
 Pity these Angels yet: their dignities
 Passe Vertues, Powers, and Principalties.

But, thou art resolute: Thy will be done:
 Yet with such anguish, as her onely sonne
 The Mother in the hungry grave doth lay,
 Vnto the fire these Martyrs I betray.
 Good soules, (for you give life to every thing)

Good Angels, (for good messages you bring)
 Destin'd you might have been to such an one,
 As would have lov'd and worship'd you alone :
 One that would suffer hunger, nakednesse,
 Yea death, ere he would make your number lesse.
 But I am guilty of your sad decay :
 May your few-fellowes longer with me stay.

But o thou wretched sinder whom I hate
 So, that I almost pity thy estate,
 Gold being the heaviest metall amongst all :
 May ny most heavy curse upon thee fall :
 Here fetter'd, manacled, and hang'd in chains,
 First mayst thou be; then chaine'd to hellish paines :
 Or be with forraine gold brib'd to betray
 Thy Countrey, and faile both of it and thy pay.
 May the next thing thou stoop'st to reach, containe
 Poyson, whose nimble fume rot thy moist braine :
 Or libels, or some interdicted thing,
 Which negligently kept, thy ruine bring.
 Lust-bred diseases rot thee : and dwell with thee
 Itching desire, and no abilitie.
 May all the evils that gold ever wrought ;
 All mischief that all devils ever thought :
 Want after plenty : poore and gouty age :
 The plagues of travellers : love : marriage
 Afflict thee, and at thy lives last moment,
 May thy swolne sinnes themselves to thee present :
 But, I forgive : repent thee honest man :
 Gold is Restorative, restore it than :
 But if from it thou beest loath to depart,
 Because 'tis cordiall, would 'twere at thy heart.

E L E G. XIII.

Come, Fates : I feare you not. All whom I owe
Are paid, but you. Then rest me ere I goe.
But, Chance from you all ſoveraignty hath got,
Love woundeth none but thoſe whom death dares
Elſe, if you were, and juſt in equitie, (not:
I ſhould have vanquiſh'd her as you did me.
Elſe Lovers ſhould not brave death's pains, and live:
But 'tis a rule, *Death comes not to relieve.*
Or, pale and wan deaths terrours, are they lay'd
So deep in Lovers, they make death afraid?
Or (the leaſt comfort) have I company?
Or can the Fates love death, as well as me?
Yes, Fates doe ſilke unto her diſtaffe pay,
For ranſome, which taxe they on us doe lay:
Love gives her youth, which is the reaſon why
Youths, for her ſake, ſome wither and ſome die.
Poore death can nothing give: yet, for her ſake,
Still in her turne, he doth a Lover take.
And if death ſhould prove falſe, ſhe feares him not:
Our Muſes, to redeeme her ſhe hath got.
That ſatall night we laſt kiſs'd, I thus pray'd,
(Or rather, thus deſpair'd : I ſhould have ſaid,)
Kiſſes, and yet deſpaire. The forbid tree
Did promiſe (and deceive) no more than ſhe.
Like Lambs that ſee their teats, and muſt eat Hay,
A food, whoſe taſte hath made me pine away.
Dives, when thou ſaw'ſt bliſſe, and crav'dſt to touch
A drop of water, thy great paines were ſuch.

Here

Here griefe wants a fresh wit, for mine being spent
 And my sighes weary, groanes are all my rent,
 Unable longer to endure the paine,
 They breake like thunder, and doe bring down rain.
 Thus, till dry teares soulder mine eyes, I weep:
 And then, I dreame, how you securely sleep.
 And in your dreames doe laugh at me I hate,
 And pray Love All may: He pities my state,
 But sayes, I therein no revenge shall finde: (blind.
 The Sunne would shine, though all the world were
 Yet, to try my hate, Love shew'd me your teare:
 And I had dy'd, had not your smile been there.
 Your frown undoes me: your smile is my wealth:
 And as you please to looke, I have my health.
 Me thought Love pitying me, when he saw this,
 Gave me your hands, the backs and palmes to kisse.
 That cur'd me not, but to beare paine gave strength,
 And what is lost in force, is tooke in length,
 I call'd on Love againe, who fear'd you so,
 That his compassion still prov'd greater woe:
 For, then I dream'd I was in bed with you,
 But durst not feele, for feare't should not be true.
 This merits not our anger, had it been:
 The Queen of chastitie was naked seen,
 And in bed, not to feele the paine I tooke,
 Was more then for *Alceon* not to looke.
 And that brest which lay ope, I did not know,
 But for the clearnesse, from a hump of snow.

BLE G.

ELEG. XIII.

His parting from her.

Since she must goe, and I must mourne, come night
Environ me with darknesse, whilst I write:
Shadow that hell unto me, which alone
I am to suffer when my soule is gone.
Have we for this kept guards, like spie o'r spie?
Had correspondence whilst the foe stood by?
Stolne (more to sweeten them) our many blisses
Of meetings, conference, imbracements, kisses?
Shadow'd with negligence our most respects?
Varied our language through all dialects
Of becks, winkes, lookes, and often under boards
Spoake dialogues with our feet farre from words?
Have we prov'd all the secrets of our Art,
Yea, thy pale inwards, and thy panting heart?
And, after all this passed Purgatory,
Must sad divorce make us the vulgar story?
Fortune, doe thy worst, my friend and I have armes,
Though not against thy strokes, against thy harmes.
Bend us, in sunder thou canst not divide
Our bodies so, but that our soules are ty'd,
And we can love by letters still and gifts, (shifts,
And thoughts and dreames; Love never wanteth
I will not looke upon the quickning Sunne,
But straight her beauty to my sense shall runne;
The ayre shall note her soft, the fire most pure;
Waters suggest her cleare, and the earth sure;
Time

Time shall not lose our passages ; The spring
 How fresh our love was in the beginning ;
 The summer how it inripened the yeare ;
 And Autumne, what our golden harvests were,
 The winter I'll not thinke on to spite thee,
 But count it a lost season, so shall thee.
 And this to th'comfort of my Deare I vow,
 My deeds shall still be what my deeds are now ;
 The Polés shall move to teach me ere I start ;
 And when I change my Love, I ll change my heart ;
 Nay, if I waxe but cold in my desire,
 Thinke, heaven hath motion lost, and the world, fire,
 Much more I could, but many words have made
 That, oft, suspected which men would perswade ;
 Take therefore all in this : I love so true,
 As I will never looke for lesse in you,

ELEG. XV.

Julia.

HArke newes, ô envy, thou shalt heare descry'd
 My *Julia* ; who as yet was ne'r envy'd.
 To vomit gall in slander, swell her vaines
 With calumny, that hell it selfe disdaines,
 Is her continuall practice, does her best,
 To teare opinion even out of the brest
 Of dearest friends, and (which is worse than vile)
 Sticks jealousie in wedlock, her own childe
 Scapes not the showres of envy : To repeate
 The monstrous fashions, how ; were alive to eate
 Deare

Deare reputation ; Would to God she were
 But halfe so loath to act vice, as to heare
 My milde reproofe: Liv'd *Mantuan* now againe
 That foemall Mastix to limme with his penne
 This she *Chymera* that hath eyes of fire,
 Burning with anger, anger feeds desire,
 Tongu'd like the night-crow, whose ill boding cries
 Give out for nothing but new injuries.
 Her breath like to the juice in *Tenarus*
 That blasts the springs though ne'r so prosperous.
 Her hands, I know not how, us'd more to spill
 The food of others, then her selfe to fill.
 But oh her minde, that *Orcus*, which includes
 Legions of mischiefe, countlesse multitudes
 Of formlesse curses, projects unmade up,
 Abuses yet unfashion'd, thoughts corrupt,
 Mishapen Cavils, palpable untroths,
 Inevitable errors, self-accusing loaths :
 These, like those Atoms swarming in the Sun,
 Throng in her bosome for creation.
 I blush to give her halfe her due ; yet say,
 No poyson's halfe so bad as *Julia*.

ELEG. XVI.

A Tale of a Citizen and his Wife.

I Sing no harme good sooth to any wight, #
 To Lord or foole, Cuckold, begger or Knight,
 To peace-teaching Lawyer, Proctor, or brave
 Reformed or reduced Captaine, Knave,

Officer

Officer, Judge, or Justice of peace,
 Juror or Iudge; I touch no fat sowes greafe,
 I am no Libeller, nor will be any,
 But (like a true man) say there are too many.
 I feare not *ore tenus*, for my tale,
 Nor Count nor Counsellour will looke red or pale,
 A Citizen and his wife the other day
 Both riding on one horse, upon the way
 I overtooke, the wench a pretty peat,
 And (by her eye) well sitting for the feat,
 I saw the lecherous Citizen turne back
 His head, and on his wifes lip steale a smack,
 Whence apprehending that the man was kind,
 Riding before, to kisse his wife behind,
 To get acquaintance with him I began
 To sort discourse fit for so fine a man:
 I ask'd the number of the Plaguing Bill,
 Ask'd if the Custome Farmers held out still,
 Of the Virginian plot, and whether Ward
 The traffique of the Island seas had marr'd,
 Whether the Britaine *Burse* did fill apace,
 And likely were to give th' Exchange disgrace;
 Of new-built *Algate*, and the *Moore-field* crosses,
 Of store of Bankrouts, and poore Merchants losses,
 I urged him to speake; But he (as mute
 As an old Courtier worne to his last suite)
 Replies with onely yeas and naves; At last
 (To fit his element) my theame I cast
 On Tradesmens gaines; that set his tongue a going,
 Alas, good sir (quoth he) *There is no doing*
 In Court nor City now: she smil'd and I,
 And (in my conscience) both gave him the lie.

In one met thought : but he went on apace,
And at the present time with such a face
He rail'd, as fraid me : for he gave no prase,
To any but my Lord of *Essex* dayes :
Call'd that the age of action : true (quoth I)
There's now as great an itch of bravery,
And heat of taking up, but cold lay down,
For, put to push of pay, away they run :
Our onely City trades of hope now are
Bawds, Tavern keepers, Whores and Scriveners,
The much of Priviledg'd kinsmen, and store
Of fresh protections make the rest all poore:
In the first state of their Creation,
Though many stoutly stand, yet proves not one
A righteous pay-master. Thus ranne he on
In a continued rage : so void of reason
Seem'd his harsh talke, I sweat for feare of treason.
And (troth) how could I lesse ? when in the prayer
For the protection of the wise Lord Major,
And his wife brethrens worships, when one prayeth
He swore that none could say Amen with faith,
To get him from what I glow'd to heare,
(In happy time) an Angel did appeare,
The bright signe of a lov'd and well-try'd Inne,
Where many Citizens with their wives had been,
Well us'd and often : here I pray'd him stay,
To take some due refreshment by the way,
Looke how he look'd that hid the gold (his hope)
And at returne found nothing but a Rope,
So he at me: refus'd and made away,
Though willing she pleaded a weary stay :
I found my misse, struck hands, and praid him tell
(To

(To hold acquaintance still) where he did dwell
 He barely nam'd the street, promis'd the Wine,
 But his kinde wife gave me the very Signe.

ELEG. XVII.

The Expostulation.

TO make the doubt cleare, that no woman's true;
 Was it my fate to prove it strong in you?
 Thought I, but one had breathed purest ayre,
 And must she needs be false, because she's faire?
 Is it your beauties marke, or of your youth,
 Or your perfection not to study truth?
 Or thinke you heaven is deafe, or hath no eyes,
 Or those it hath, smile at your perjuries?
 Are vovves so cheape with women, or the matter
 Whereof they are made, that they are writ in water,
 And blown away with winde? Or doth their breath
 (Both hot and cold) at once make life and death?
 Who could have thought so many accents sweet
 Form'd into words, so many sighes should meet
 As from our hearts, so many oathes, and teares
 Sprinkled among, (all sweetned by our feares,)
 And the divine impression of stolne kisses,
 That seal'd therest, should now prove empty blisses?
 Did you draw bonds to forget? signe to breake?
 Or must we reade you quite from what you speake,
 And finde the truth out the wrong way? or must
 He first desire you false, would wish you just?
 O I prophane; though most of women be

This

This kinde of beast, my thoughts shall except thee
My dearest love; though froward jealousie,
With circumstance might urge thy inconstancy;
Sooner I'll thinke the Sunne will cease to cheare
The teeming earth, and ~~that~~ forget to beare:
Sooner that rivers will runne back, or Thames
With ribs of Ice in *June* will bind his streames;
Or Nature, by whole strength the world indures,
Would change her course, before you alter yours.
But ô that trecherous brest, to whom weak you
Did trust our Counsels; and we both may rue;
Having his falshood found too late; 'twas he
That made me cast you guilty, and you me,
Whilst he, black wretch, betray'd each simple word
We spake, unto the cunning of a third;
Curst may he be, that so our love hath slain,
And wander on the earth, wretched as *Cain*,
Wretched as he, and not deserve least pitie;
In plaguing him, let misery be witty,
Let all eyes shun him, and he shun each eye,
Till he be noysome as his infamy;
May he without remorse deny God thrice,
And not be trusted more on his Soules price;
And after all selfe-torment, when he dyes,
May Wolves teare out his heart, Vultures his eyes,
Swine eat his bowels, and his falser tongue
That utter'd all, be to some Raven flung,
And let his carrion coarfe be a longer feast
To the Kings dogges, then any other beast.
Now have I curst, let us our love revive;
In me the flame was never more alive;
I could begin againe to court and praise;

H

And

And in that pleasure lengthen the short dayes
 Of my lifes lease; Like Painters that doe take
 Delight, not in made works, but whiles they make.
 I could renew those times, when first I saw
 Love in your eyes, that gave my tongue the law
 To like what you lik'd; and at Maskes and Playes
 Commend the selfe-same Actors, the same wayes;
 Aske how you did, and often with intent
 Of being officious, be impertinent;
 All which were such soft pastimes, as in these
 Love was as subtilly catch'd, as a disease;
 But being got, it is a treasure sweet,
 Which to defend is harder than to get:
 And ought not be prophan'd, on either part,
 For though 'tis got by *chance*, 'tis kept by *art*.

The end of the Elegies.

EPI-

EPITHALAMIONS,

O R,

MARRIAGE SONGS.

*An Epithalamion, or marriage Song on the
Lady Elizabeth, and Count Palatine being
married on St. Valentines day.*

I.

HAile Bishop Valentine, whose day this is,
All the Aire is thy Diocis,
And all the chirping Choristers,
And other birds are thy Parishioners,
Thou marryest every yeare
The Litique Larke, and the grave whispering Dove,
The Sparrow that neglects his life for love,
The household Bird, with the red stomacher,
Thou mak'st the Black-bird speed as soon,
As doth the Goldfinch, or the Halcion:
The husband cock lookes out, and straight is sped,
And meets his wife, which brings her feather-bed,
This day more cheerfully than ever shine. (time.
This day, which might inflame thy selfe, old Valen-

II.

Till now, Thou warm'dst with multiplying loves
 Two Larks, two Sparrowes, or two Doves,
 All that is nothing unto this,
 For thou this day couplest two Phoenixes.
 Thou mak'st a Taper see
 What the Sun never saw, and what the Arke
 (Which was of fowle, and beasts the cage and park,)
 Did not containe, one bed containes, through Thee,
 Two Phoenixes, whose joynd breasts
 Are unto one another mutuall nests.
 Where motion kindles such fires, as shall give
 Yong Phoenixes, and yet the old shall live.
 Whose love and courage never shall decline, (tine.
 But make the whole yeare through, thy day, & alen-

III.

Up then faire Phoenix Bride, frustrate the Sun;
 Thy selfe from thine affection
 Tak'st warmth enough, and from thine eye
 All lessers birds will take their jollitie.
 Vp, up, faire Bride, and call
 Thy stars from out their severall boxes, take
 Thy Rubies, Pearles, and Diamonds forth, and make
 Thy selfe a Constellation of them All.
 And by their blazing signifie,
 That a great Princeesse fals, but doth not die;
 Be thou a new starre, that to us portends
 Ends of much wonder; And be thou those ends.
 Since

Since thou dost this day in new glory shine,
May all men date Records, from this thy Valentine.

Manifoldly O. IIII. yet all how is might.

Come forth, come forth, and as one glorious flame
Meeting another, grows the same:

So meet thy *Fredericke*, and so
To an inseparable union go,
Since separation

Fals not on such things as are infinite,
Nor things which are but one, can dis-unite.
You're twice inseparable, great, and one.

Go then to where the Bishop stayes,
To make you one, his way, which divers wayes
Must be effected; and when all is past,
And that y're one, by hearts and hands made fast,
You two have one way left, your selves entwined,
Besides this Bishops knot, O Bishop Valentine.

Manifoldly O. IIII. yet all how is might.

V.

But oh, what ayles the Sunne, that here he stayes,
Longer to day, than other dayes?

Stayes he new light from these to get?
And finding here such starres, is loath to set?

And why doe you two walke,
So slowly pac'd in this procession?
Is all your care but to be look'd upon,
And be to others spectacle and talke?

The feast with gluttonous delays
Is eaten, and too long their meat they praise,

H 3

The

The Masquers come late, and I thinke, will stay,
 Like Fairies, till the Cock crow them away.
 Alas did not Antiquitie assigne
 A night as well as day, to thee, O Valentine?

V I.

They did, and night is come: and yet we see
 Formalities retarding thee.

What meane these Ladies, which (as though
 They were to take a clock in peeces) goe
 So nicely about the Bride?

A bride before a Good night could be said,
 Should vanish from her cleathes, into her bed,
 As soules from bodies steale, and are not spy'd.

But now she is laid: What though she be?
 Yet there are more delays: For, where is he?
 He comes & passeth through Spheare after Spheares:
 First her chests, then her Armes, then any where.
 Let not this day, then, but this night be thine,
 Thy day was but the eve to this, O Valentine.

V I I.

Here lies a she Sunne, and a he Moone there,

She gives the best light to his Spheare,

Or each is both, and all, and for a while

They unto one another nothing owe,

And yet they doe, but are

So just and rich in that coyn which they pay,

That neither would, nor needs forbear, nor stay,

Neither desires to be spar'd, nor to spare,

They

They quickly pay their debt, and then
Take no acquaintances, but pay againe;
They pay, they give, they lend, and so let fall
No such occasion to be liberall.
More truth, more courage in these two doe shine,
Then all thy turtles have, and sparrowes, Valentine.

VIII.

And by this act of these two Phoenixes
Nature againe restored is,
For since these two are two no more,
There's but one Phoenix still, as was before,
Rest now at last, and we
(As Satyrs watch the Sunnes uprise) will stay
Waiting when your eyes opened, let out day,
Onely desir'd because your face we see;
Others neare you shall whispering speake,
And wagers lay, at which side day will breake,
And winne by observing, then, whose hand it is
That opens first a curtaine, hers or his;
This will be tryed to morrow after nine,
Till which houre, we thy day enlarge, O Valentine.

H 4

E C

E C L O G V E.

1613. December 26.

Allophanes finding Idios in the Countrey in Christmas time, reprehends his absence from Court, at the marriage of the Earle of Somerset; Idios gives an account of his purpose therein, and of his actions there.

Allophanes.

UNseasonable man, statue of Ice,
 What could to Countries solitude entice
 Thee, in this yeares cold and decrepit time?
 Natures instinct drawes to the warmer clime:
 Even smaller birds, who by that courage dare,
 In numerous fleets, saile through their Sea, the ayre.
 What delicacy can in fields appeare,
 Whil'st Flora her selfe doth a freeze Jerkin weare?
 Whil'st winds doe all the trees and hedges strip
 Of leaves, to furnish rodde enough to whip
 Thy madnesse from thee, and all springs by frost
 Having taken cold, and their sweet murmures lost?
 If thou thy faults or fortunes would'st lament
 With just solemnity, doe it in Lent:
 At Court the spring already advanced is,

The

The Sunne stayes longer up ; and yet not his
 The glory is, farre other, other fires :
 First, zeale to Prince and State ; then loves desires
 Burn in one brest and like heayens two great lights,
 The first doth govern dayes, the other, nights,
 And then that early light which did appeare
 Before the Sunne and Moone created were :
 The Princes favour is diffus'd o'r all,
 From which all fortunes, Names, and natures fall ;
 Then from those wombes of stars, the Brides bright
 At every glance, a constellation flies, (eyes,
 And sowes the Court with stars, and doth prevent
 In light and power, the all-ey'd firmament ;
 First her eyes kindle other Ladies eyes,
 Then from their beames their jewels lustres rise,
 And from their jewels torches doe take fire,
 And all is warmth, and light, and good desire.
 Most other Courts, alas, are like to hell, (dwell:
 Where in darke plots, fire without light doth
 Or but like Stoves, for lust and envy get
 Continuall, but artificiall heat ;
 Here zeale and love growne one, all clouds digest,
 And make our Court an everlasting East.
 And canst thou be from thence ?

Idios. No, I am there,
 As heaven, to men dispos'd, is every where :
 So are those Courts, whose Princes animate,
 Not onely all their house, but all their State.
 Let no man thinke, because he is full, he hath all,
 Kings (as their patterne, God) are liberall
 Not onely in fulnesse, but capacity,

Enlarging

Enlarging narrow men to feel and see,
 And comprehend the blessings they bestow.
 So reclus'd Hermits oftentimes doe know
 More of heavens glory, than a worldling can.
 As man is of the world the heart of man,
 Is an epitome of Gods great booke
 Of creatures, and man need no farther looke ;
 So is the Countrey of Courts, where sweet peace doth
 As their own common soule, give life to both.
 And am I then from Court?

Allophanes.

Dreamer thou art;

Think'st thou fantastique, that thou hast a part
 In the Indian fleet, because thou hast
 A little spice, or Amber in thy taste?
 Because thou art not frozen, art thou warme?
 Seest thou all good because thou seest no harme?
 The earth doth in her inner bowels hold
 Stuffs well dispos'd, and which would faine be gold:
 But never shall, except it chance to lye,
 So upward, that heaven gild it with his eye;
 As, for divine things, faith comes from above,
 So, for best civil use, all tinctures move
 From higher powers; from God religion springs;
 Wisdome, and honour from the use of Kings;
 Then unbeguile thy selfe, and know with me,
 That Angels, though on earth employ'd they be,
 Are still in heav'n, so is he still at home
 That doth, abroad, to honest actions come:
 Chide thy selfe then, O foole, which yesterday
 Mightst have read more than all thy books bewray:
 Hast thou a history, which doth present

A Court, where all affections doe assent
 Unto the Kings, and that, that Kings are just ?
 And where it is no levitie to trust,
 Where there is no ambition but t'obey,
 Where men need whisper nothing, and yet may ;
 Where the Kings favours are so plac'd, that all
 Finde that the King therein is libérall
 To them, in him, because his favours bend
 To vertue, to the which they all pretend.
 Thou hast no such ; yet here was this, and more.
 An earnest lover, wise then, and before.
 Our little Cupid hath sued Liverie,
 And is no more in his minoritie,
 He is admitted now into that brest
 Where the Kings Counsels and his secrets rest.
 What hast thou lost, ô ignorant man ?

Idios.

I knew

All this, and onely therefore I withdrew.
 To know and feele all this, and not to have
 Words to expresse it, makes a man a grave
 Of his own thoughts ; I would not therefore stay
 At a great feast, having no Grace to say.
 And yet I scap'd not here ; for being come
 Full of the common joy ; I utter'd some,
 Reade then this nuptiall song, which was not made
 Either the Court or mens hearts to invade,
 But since I'm dead and buried, I could frame
 No Epitaph, which might advance my fame.
 So much as this poore song, which testifies
 I did unto that day some sacrifice.

The

I.

The time of the Marriage.

THou art repriev'd old year, thou shalt not die,
 Though thou upon thy death-bed lie,
 And should'st within five dayes expire,
 Yet thou art rescu'd from a mightier fire,
 Then thy old Soule, the Sunne,
 When he doth in his largest circle runne.
 The passage of the West or East would thaw,
 And open wide their easie liquid jaw
 To all our ships, could a Promethean art
 Either unto the Northerne Pole impart
 The fire of these inflaming eyes, or of this loving

II.

Equalitie of persons.

But undiscerning Muse, which heart, which eyes,
 In this new couple, dost thou prize,
 When his eye as inflaming is
 As hers, and her heart loves as well as his
 Be tryed by beauty, and than
 The bridegroom is a maid, and not a man;
 If by that manly courage they be tryed,
 Which scornes unjust opinion; then the Bride
 Becomes a man, Should chance or envies Art

Divide

Divide these two, whom nature scarce did part,
Since both have the inflaming eye, and both the lov-
(ving heart?)

III.

Raising of the Bridegroome.

Though it be some divorce to think of you
Single, so much one are you two.

Let me here contemplate thee,
First, chearfull Bridegroome, and first let me see,

How thou prevent'st the Sunne,
And his red foaming horses dost outrunne,
How, having laid downe in thy Soveraignes brest
All busineses, from thence to reinvest
Them when these triumphs cease, thou forward art
To shew to her, who doth the like impart,
The fire of thy inflaming eies, & of thy loving heart.

IIII.

Raising of the Bride.

BVt now to Thee, faire Bride, it is some wrong,
To thinke thou wert in Bed so long.

Since Soone thou liest down first, tis fit
Thou in first rising shouldst allow for it.

Pouder thy Radiant haire,
Which if without such ashes thou would'st weare,
Thou which, to all which come to looke upon,
Wert

Were meane for Phoebus, would't be Phaeton,
 For our ease, give thine eyes the usuall part
 Of joy, a Teare; so quencht, thou maist impart, (heart
 To us that com, thy inflaming eies; to him, thy loving

V.

Her apparelling.

THUS thou descend'st to our infirmitie,
 Who can the Sunne in water see.
 So dost thou, when in filke and gold,
 Thou cloudst thy selfe; since we which doe behold
 Are dust and wormes, tis just
 Our Objects be the fruits of wormes and dust.
 Let every Jewell be a glorious starre,
 Yet starres are not so pure, as their spheares are.
 And though thou stoope, to appeare to us in part,
 Still in that Picture thou intirely art, (loving heart,
 Which thy inflaming eyes have made within his

VI.

Going to the Chappell.

NOW from your Easts you issue forth, and we,
 As men which through a Cypres see
 The rising Sunne, doe thinke it two;
 So, as you goe to Church, doe thinke of you:
 But that vaile being gone,

By

By the Church rites you are from thenceforth one.
The Church Triumphant made this match before,
And now the Militant doth strive no more.
Then, reverend Priest, who Gods Recorder art,
Doe, from his Dictates, to these two impart
All blessings which are seen, or thought, by Angels
(eye or heart.

VII.

The Benediction.

Blest paire of Swans, Oh may you interbring,
Daily, new joyes, and never sing :
Live, till all grounds of wishes faile,
Till honour, yea till wisdom grow so stale,
That new great heights to trie,
It must serve your ambition, to die ;
Raife heires, and may here, to the worlds end, live
Heires from this King, to take thanks, you, to give.
Nature and grace doe all, and nothing Art,
May never age, or error overthwart (this heart.
With any West, these radiant eyes, with any North,

VIII.

Feasts and Revels.

But you are over-blest. Plenty this day
Injures ; it causeth time to stay ;

The

The tables groane, as though this feast
 Would, as the flood, destroy all fowle and beast.
 And were the doctrine new
 That the earth mov'd, this day would make it true;
 For every part to dance and revell goes,
 They tread the ayre, and fall not where they rose.
 Though fixe houres since, the Sunne to bed did part,
 The maskes and banquets will not yet impart
 A sunset to these weary eyes, A Center to this heart.

IX.

The Brides going to bed.

What mean'st thou Bride, this company to keep?
 To sit up, till thou faine wouldst sleep?
 Thou maist not, when thou art laid, doe so.
 Thy selfe must to him a new banquet grow,
 And you must entertaine
 And doe all this dayes dances o'r againe.
 Know that if Sunne and Moone together doe
 Rise in one point, they doe not set so too.
 Therefore thou maist, faire Bride, to bed depart,
 Thou art not gone, being gone where e'r thou art,
 Thou leav'st in him thy watchfull eyes, in him thy
 (loving heart.

X.

The Bridegroomes coming.

As he that sees a starre fall, runnes apace,
 And finds a gellie in the place,
 So doth the Bridegroome hast as much,
 Being told this starre is false, and findes herselfe such,
 And as friends may looke strange,
 By a new fashion, or apparels change
 Their souls, though long acquainted they had been,
 These cloths their bodies never yet had seen,
 Therefore at first she modestly might start,
 But must forthwith surrender every part,
 As freely, as each to each before, gave either hand or

X I.

The good-night.

Now, as in Tullia's Tombe, one lamp burnt cleare,
 Unchang'd for fifteen hundred yeares,
 May these love-lamps we here enshrine,
 In warmth, light, lasting, equal the divine,
 Fire ever doth aspire,
 And makes all like it selfe, turns all to fire,
 But ends in ashes, which these cannot doe,
 For none of these is fuelly, but fire too.
 This is joyes bonfire, then, where loves strong Arts

I

Make

Make of so noble individuall parts
 One fire of foure inflaming eyes, and of two loving
 (hearts,

Idios.

As I have brought this song, that I may doe
 A perfect sacrifice, I'll burne it too.

Allophanes.

No Sir, This paper I have justly got,
 For in burnt Incense the perfume is not
 His onely that presents it, but of all;
 What ever celebrates this Festivall
 Is common, since the joy thereof is so.
 Nor may your selfe be Priest: but let me go
 Backe to the Court, and I will lay't upon
 Such Altars, as prize your devotion.

Epithalamion made at Lincolnes Inne.

THE Sun-beames in the East are spread,
 Leave, leave, faire Bride, your solitary bed,
 No more shall you returne to it alone,
 It nourisheth sadnesse; and your bodies print.
 Like to a grave, the yettling Downe doth dint;
 You and your other You meet there anon, (thigh,
 Put forth, put forth, that warme balm-breathing
 Which when next time you in these sheets will smo-
 There it must meet another, (ther,
 Which never was, but must be, oft, more nigh;
 Come glad from thence, go gladder than you came,
 To day put on perfection, and a womans name.

Daughters

All yeelding to new loves be farre for ever,
 Which might these two dissever,
 Alwayes, all th'other may each one possesse;
 For, the best Bride, best worthy of praise and fame,
To day puts on perfection, and a womans name.

Winter dayes bring much delight,
 Not for themselves, but for they soone bring night;
 Other sweets wait thee then these diverse meats,
 Other disports then dancing jollities,
 Other love tricks then glancing with the eyes,
 But that the Sun still in our halfe Spheare sweats;
 He flies in winter, but he now stands still,
 Yet shadowes turne; Noone point he hath attain'd,
 His steeds will be restrain'd,
 But gallop lively downe the Westerne hill, (frame,
 Thou shalt, when he hath runne the Heavens halfe
To night put on perfection, and a womans name.

The Amorous evening starre is rose.
 Why then should not our amorous starre inclose
 Her selfe in her wish'd bed? Release your strings
 Musicians, and dancers take some truce
 With these your pleasing labours, for great use
 As much wearinesse as perfection brings.
 You, and not onely you, but all toyl'd beasts
 Rest duly; at night all their toyles are dispenced;
 But in their beds commenced
 Are other labours, and more dainty feasts.
 She goes a maid, who, lest she turne the same,
To night puts on perfection, and a womans name.

Thy

Thy virgins girdle, now untie,
And in thy nuptiall bed [loves altar] lie

A pleasing sacrifice ; now dispossesse
Thee of these chaines & robes, which were put on
T'adorne the day, not thee ; for thou, alone,
Like vertue, and truth, art best in nakednesse ;

This bed is onely to virginity
A grave, but to a better state, a cradle.
Till now thou wast but able

To be what now thou art, then that by thee
No more be said, *I may be*, but *I am*,
To night put on perfection, and a womans name.

Even like a faithfull man content,
That this life for a better should be spent :
So she a mothers rich stile doth preferre,
And at the Bridegroomes with't approach doth lie,
Like an appointed Lamb, when tenderly

The priest comes on his knees, t'imbowell her.
Now sleep or watch with more joy, and a light
Of heaven, to morrow rise thou hot, and early,
This Sun will love so dearly

Her rest, that long, long we shall want her sight.
Wonders are wrought, for she which had no name,
To night puts on perfection, and a womans name.

*The end of the Epithalamions, or
Marriage Songs.*

SATYRES.

Satyre I.

AWay thou chāgeling motley humorist,
 Leave me, and in this standing wooden chest,
 Consorted with these few bookes, let me lye
 In prison, and here be coffin'd, when I dye.
 Here are Gods conduits, grave Divines; and here
 Nature's secretary, the Philosopher:
 And wily Statesmen, which teach how to tie
 The sinewes of a Cities mystick body;
 Here gathering Chroniclers, and by them stand
 Giddie fantastique Poets of each land.
 Shall I leave all this constant company,
 And follow headlong wild uncertaine thee?
 First, sweare by thy best love here, in earnest
 (If thou which lov'st all, canst love any best)
 Thou wilt not leave me in the middle street, (meet,
 Though some more spruce companion thou dost
 Not though a Captaine doe come in thy way
 Bright parcell guilt, with forty dead mens pay:
 Not though a briske perfum'd pert Courtier
 Deigne with a nod, thy courtesie to answer:
 Nor come a velvet Justice with a long
 Great train of blew coats, twelve, or fourteen-strōg,
 Wilt thou grin or fawne on him, or prepare
 A speech to Court his beauteous sonne and heire?

For

For better or worse take me, or leave me:
 To take, and leave me is adultery.
 Oh monstrous, superstitious puritan,
 Of refin'd manners, yet ceremoniall man;
 That when thou meet'st one, with enquiring eyes
 Dost search, and like a needy broker prize
 The filke, and gold he weares, and to that rate
 So high or low, dost raise thy formall hat.
 That wilt consort none, untill thou have knowne
 What lands he hath in hope, or of his owne:
 As though all thy companions should make thee
 Joyntures, and marry thy deare company.
 Why should'st thou (that dost not onely approve,
 But in ranke itchy lust, desire, and love,
 The nakednesse and barrennesse to enjoy,
 Of thy plumpe muddy whore, prostitute boy;)
 Hate vertue, though she be naked and bare?
 At birth, and death, our bodies naked are;
 And, till our Soules be unapparelled
 Of bodies, they from blisse are banished:
 Mans first blest state was naked; when by sinne
 He lost that, he was cloath'd but in beasts skinne,
 And in this coarse attire, which I now weare,
 With God, and with the Muses I conferre.
 But since thou like a contrite penitent,
 Charitably warn'd of thy finnes dost repent
 These vanities, and giddinesse, loe
 I shut my chamber doore, and come, let's goe.
 But sooner may a cheape whore, who hath bin
 Worne out by as many severall men in sin,
 As are black feathers, or miske-coloured hoes,
 Name her child's right true father, mongst all those:

Sooner may one guesse, who shall beare away
 The infant of London, Heire to an India :
 And sooner may a gulling Weather-spie
 By drawing forth heavens Scheme tell certainly
 What fashion'd hats, or ruffles, or suits next yeare
 Our subtile witticd antick youths will weare :
 Then thou, when thou depart'st from me, can show
 Whither, why, when, or with who thou would'st go.
 But how shall I be pardon'd my offence
 That thus have sinn'd against my conscience ?
 Now we are in the street ; he first of all
 Improvidently proud, creeps to the wall ;
 And so imprison'd, and hem'd in by me
 Sells for a little state his liberty ;
 Yet though he cannot skip forth now to greet
 Every fine silken painted foole we meet,
 He them to him with amorous smiles allures,
 And grins, smacks, shrugs, and such an itch endures,
 As Prentises or Schooleboyes which doe know
 Of some gay sport abroad, yet dare not goe.
 And as fiddlers stop lowest at highest sound,
 So to the most brave, stoopes he nigh't the ground.
 But to a grave man he doth move no more
 Than the wise politique horse would heretofore,
 Or thou ô Elephant, or Ape wilt doe,
 When any names the King of Spaine to you.
 Now leaps he upright, jogs me, & cries, Doe you see
 Yonder well-favoured youth ? which ? Oh, 'tis hee
 That dances so divinely ; Oh said I,
 Stand still, must you dance here for company ?
 He droop'd, we went, till one (which did excell
 Th'Indians in drinking his Tobacco well)

Met us : they talk'd ; I whispered, Let us goe,
 'T may be you smell him not, truly I doe.
 He heares not me, but, on the other side
 A many coloured Peacock having spide,
 Leaves him and me ; I for my lost sheep stay ;
 He followes, overtakes, goes on the way,
 Saying, Him whom I last left, all repute
 For his device in handsome a suit,
 To Judge of lace, pinke, panes, print cut, and pleit,
 Of all the Court to have the best conceit ;
 Our dull Comedians want him, let him goe ;
 But, oh God strengthen thee, why stopp'st thou so ?
 Why hath he travelled long ? no, but to me
 Which understand none, he doth seeme to be
 Perfect French, and Italian. I reply'd,
 So is the Poxe. He answer'd not, but spy'd
 More men of sort, of parts and qualities,
 At last his love he in a window spies,
 And like light dew exhal'd, he flings from me
 Violently ravished to his lechery.
 Many there were, he could command no more ;
 He quarrell'd, fought, bled ; and turn'd out of door
 Directly came to me, hanging the head,
 And constantly a while must keepe his bed.

Satyre II.

SIR ; though (I thanke God for it) I doe hate
 Perfectly all this towne, yet there's one state
 In all ill things so excellently best, (rest,
 That hate toward them, breeds pity toward the
 Though

Though Poetry indeed be such a sin,
 As I thinke That brings dearth, and Spaniards in :
 Though like the Pestilence, and old fashion'd love,
 Ridlingly it catch men, and doth remove
 Never, till it be starv'd out : yet their state
 Is poore, disarm'd, like Papists, not worth hate :
 One, (like a wretch, which at Barre judg'd as dead
 Yet prompts him which stāds next, & cannot read,
 And saves his life) gives Idiot Actors meanes,
 Starving himselfe to live by his labour'd sceanes.
 As in some Organ, Puppits dance above
 And bellows pant below, wth them do move, (charms
 One would move love by rythmes; but witchcrafts
 Bring not now their old feares, nor their old harms,
 Rammes, and slings now are silly battery,
 Pistolets are the best Artillery.
 And they who write to Lords, rewards to get,
 Are they not like fingers at doores for meat ?
 And they who write, because all write, have still
 That excuse for writing, and for writing ill.
 But he is worst, who (beggerly) doth chaw
 Others wits fruits, and in his ravenous maw
 Rankly digested, doth those things out-spue,
 As his owne things; and they are his owne, 'tis true,
 For if one eate my meat, though it be knowne
 The meat was mine, th'excrement is his owne.
 But these doe me no harme, nor they which use
 To out-doe Dildoes, and out-usure Jewes,
 To out-drinke the sea, to out-sweare the gallant, he
 Who with sinnes all kinds as familiar be
 As Confessors, and for whose sinfull sake
 Schoolmen, new tenements in hell must make :
Whose

Whose strange finnes, Canonists could hardly tell
In which Commandements large receit they dwell,
But these punish themselves. The insolence
Of Coscus, onely, breeds my just offence,
Whom time (which rots all, and makes botches
And plodding on, must make a calfe an oxe) (poxe,
Hath made a Lawyer; which, (alas) of late
But scarce a Poet; jollier of this state,
Then are new benefic'd ministers, he throwes
Like nets, or limetwigs, wheresoever he goes.
His title of Barrister, on every wench,
And wooes in language of the Pleas and Bench.
A motion Lady: Speake Coscus. I have beene
In love ever since *tricesimo* of the Queene.
Continuall claimes I have made, injunctions got
To stay my rivals suit, that he should not
Proceed, spare me; in Hillary terme I went,
You said, If I return'd next size in Lent,
I should be in Remitter of your grace;
In th'interim my letters should take place
Of Affidavits. Words, words, which would teare
The tender labyrinth of a soft maids care,
More, more, than ten Sclavonians scolding, more
Than when windes in our ruin'd Abbyes rore.
When sicke with Poetry, and possesst with muse
Thou wast, and mad, I hop'd; but men which chuse
Law practice for meere gaine; bold soule repite
Worse than imbrothel'd strumpets prostitute.
Now like an owle-like watchman he must walke
His hand still at a bill, now he must talke
Idly, like prisoners, which whole months will swear
That onely suretyship, hath brought them there,
And

And to every suitor lye in every thing,
 Like a Kings favorite, or like a King.
 Like a wedge in a block, wring to the barre,
 Bearing like Asses, and more shamelesse farre
 Than carted whores, lye, to the grave Judge ; for
 Bastardy abounds not in Kings titles, nor
 Simony and Sodomy in Churchmens lives,
 As these things doe in him ; by these he thrives.
 Shortly (as the sea) he will compasse all the land ;
 From Scots, to Wight, from Mount to Dover strand.
 And spying heires melting with luxury,
 Satan will not joy at their sinnes, as he,
 For as a thrifty wench scrapes kitching-stuffe,
 And barrelling the droppings, and the snuffe
 Of wasting candles, which in thirty yeare
 (Reliquely kept) perchance buyes wedding geare ;
 Peecemeale he gets lands, and spends as much time
 Wringing each Acre, as men pulling prime.
 In parchment then, large as his fields, he drawes
 Assurances, big, as gloss'd civill lawes,
 So huge, that men (in our times forwardnesse)
 Are Fathers of the Church for writing lesse.
 These he writes not ; nor for these written payes,
 Therefore spares no length (as in those first dayes
 Where Luther was profest, He did desire
 Short *Pater nosters*, saying as a Fryer
 Each day his beads, but having left those lawes,
 Adds to Christs prayer, the power and glory 'clause.)
 But when he sels or changes land, h'impaires
 His writings, and (unwatch'd) leaves out, *ses heires*,
 As sily as any Commenter goes by
 Hard words, or sense ; or, in Divinity

As

As controverters in vouch'd Texts, leave out doubt.
 Shrewd words, which might against them clear the
 Where are those spread woods w^{ch} cloth'd heretofore
 Those bought lãds? not built, nor burnt within dore.
 Where the old landlords troops, and almes? In hals
 Carthusian fasts, and fulsome Bacchanals
 Equally I hate. Meane's blest. In rich mens homes
 I bid kill some beasts, but no Hecatombs,
 None starve, none surfet so. But (Oh) we allow
 Good workes, as good, but out of fashion now,
 Like old rich wardrobes. But my words none draws
 Within the vast reach of th' huge statute lawes.

Satyre III.

KInd pity checks my spleen; brave scorn forbids
 Those tears to issue, which swell my eye-lids.
 I must not laugh, nor weepe sinnes, and be wise,
 Can railing then cure these worne maladies?
 Is not our Mistresse faire Religion,
 As worthy of all our Soules devotion,
 As vertue was to the first blinded Age?
 Are not heavens joyes as valiant to assuage
 Lusts, as earths honour was to them? Alas,
 As we doe them in meanes, shall they surpass
 Us in the end? and shall thy fathers spirit
 Meet blind Philosophers in heaven, whose merit
 Of strict life may be imputed faith, and heare
 Thee, whom he taught so easie wayes, and neare
 To follow, damn'd? O if thou dar'st, feare this:
 This feare great courage and high valour is.

Dar'st

Dar'st thou ayd mutinous Dutch? and dar'st thou lay
 Thee in ships wooden Sepulchers, a prey
 To leaders rage, to stormes, to shot, to dearth?
 Dar'st thou dive seas, and dungeons of the earth?
 Hast thou courageous fire to thaw the ice
 Of frozen North discoveries, and thrice
 Colder than Salamanders? like divine
 Children in th' Oven, fires of Spaine, and the line
 Whose Countries limbeckes to our bodies lie,
 Canst thou for gaine beare? and must every he
 Which cries not, Goddesse, to thy Mistresse, draw
 Or eat thy poysonous words? courage of straw!
 O desperate coward, wilt thou seeme bold, and
 To thy foes and his, (who made thee to stand
 Sentinell in his worlds garrison) thus yeeld,
 And for forbid warres leave th'appointed field?
 Know thy foes; The foul devill, he, whom thou
 Striv'st to please, for hate, not love, would allow
 Thee faine, his whole Realme to be quit; and as
 The worlds all parts wither away and passe,
 So the worlds selfe, thy other lov'd foe, is
 In her decrepit wane, and thou loving this,
 Dost love a withered and worne strumper; last,
 Flesh (it selfes death) and joyes which flesh can tast,
 Thou lovest; and thy faire goodly soule, which doth
 Give this flesh power to tast joy, thou dost loath.
 Seeke true religion, O where? Mirreus
 Thinking her unhous'd here, and fled from us,
 Seekes her at Rome, there, because he doth know
 That she was there a thousand yeares agoe,
 And loves the ragges so, as we here obey
 The state cloth where the Princee sat yesterday.

Crants

Crants to such brave Loves will not be intrall'd,
 But loves her onely, who at Geneva is call'd
 Religion, plaine, simple, sullen, young,
 Contemptuous yet unhandsome. As among
 Lecherous humors there is one that judges
 No wenches wholesome, but coarse country drudges.
 Grajus staves still at home here, and because
 Some Preachers, vile ambitious bawds, and lawes
 Still new like fashions, bids him thinke that shee
 Which dwels with us, is onely perfect, he
 Imbra ceth her, whom his Godfathers will
 Tender to him, being tender; as Wards still
 Take such wives as their Guardians offer, or
 Pay valewes. Carelesse Phrygius doth abhorre
 All, because all cannot be good; as one
 Knowing some women whores, dares marry none.
 Gracchus loves all as one, and thinks that so
 As women do in divers countryes goe
 In divers habits, yet are still one kind;
 So doth, so is Religion; and this blind-
 nesse to much light breeds. But unmoved thou
 Of force must one, and fore'd but one allow,
 And the right; aske thy Father which is shee,
 Let him aske his. Though truth and falshood be
 Neare twins, yet truth a little elder is.
 Be busie to seeke her; beleve me this,
 Hee's not of none, nor worst, that seekes the best.
 To adore, or scorne an Image, or protest,
 May all be bad. Doubt wisely, in strange wayes
 To stand inquiring right, is not to stray;
 To sleepe, or runne wrong, is. On a huge hill,
 Cragg'd, and steep, Truth stands, and he that will
 Reach

Reach her about must, and about must goe :
 And what the hills suddenesse resists, win so,
 Yet strive so, that before age, deaths twilight,
 Thy Soule rest, for none can worke in the night.
 To will, implyes delay, therefore now doe.
 Hard deeds, the bodies paines ; hard knowledge to
 The mindes indeavours reach ; and mysteries
 Are like the Sun, dazling, yet plaine to all eyes.
 Keep the truth which thou hast found, men do not
 In so ill case, that God hath with his hand (stand
 Sign'd Kings blank-charters to kill whom they hate,
 Nor are they Vicars, but hangmen to Fate.
 Foole and wretch, wilt thou let thy soule be tyed
 To mans lawes, by which she shall be tryed
 At the last day ? Or will it then boot thee
 To say a Philip or a Gregory,
 A Harry or a Martin taught thee this ?
 Is not this excuse for mere contraries,
 Equally strong ; cannot both sides say so ? (know ;
 That thou mayest rightly obey power, her bounds
 Those past, her nature, and name is chang'd ; to be,
 Then, humble to her, is idolatry. (dwell
 As streames are, Power is ; those blest flowers that
 At the rough streams calm head, thrive and do well,
 But having left their roots, and themselves given
 To the streams tyrannous rage, alas, are driven
 Through Mills, rocks, and woods, and at last, almost
 Consum'd in going, in the sea are lost :
 So perish Soules, which more chuse mens unjust
 Power, from God claim'd, then God himself to trust.

Satyre

Satyre IV.

WELL; I may now receive, and die. My sin
 Indeed is great, but yet I have been in
 A Purgatory, such as fear'd hell is
 A recreation, and scant map of this.
 My mind, neither with prides itch, nor yet hath been
 Poyson'd with love to see, or to be seen,
 I had no suit there, nor new suit to shew,
 Yet went to Court; But as Glare which did goe
 To Masse in jest, catch'd, was faine to disburse
 The hundred markes, which is the Statutes curse,
 Before he scap'd, So't pleas'd my destinie
 (Guiltie of my sione in going,) to thinke me
 As prone to all ill, and of good as forget-
 Full, as proud, lustfull, and as much in debt,
 As vaine, as witlesse, and as false as they
 Which dwell in Court, for once going that way.
 Therefore I sufferd this; Towards me did runne
 A thing more strange, than on Niles sline, the Sunne
 E'r bred, or all which into *Noahs Arke* time
 A thing which would have put *Adam* to name:
 Stranger than seven Antiquaries studies,
 Than *Africks* Monsters, *Quintus* rarities,
 Stranger than strangers; One who, for a Dane,
 In the Danes Massacre had sure been slaine
 If he had liv'd then; and without help dies
 When next the Prentises 'gainst Strangers rises
 One whom the watch at noone lets scarce goe by
 One, to who, the examining Justice sure would cry,

Sir, by your Priesthood tell me what you are.
 His cloaths were strange, though coarse, and black,
 Sleevelesse his jerkin was, & it had bin (though bare)
 Velvet, but 'twas now (so much ground was seen)
 Become Tuffrassaty; and our children shall
 See it plaine Rastrel a while, then nought at all.
 The thing hath travail'd, & saith, speaks all tongues,
 And onely knoweth what to all States belongs.
 Made of th' Accents, and best phrase of all these,
 He speaks one language. If strange meats displease,
 Art can deceive, or hunger force my taste,
 But Bedants, motley tongue, souldiers bumbast,
 Mountebanks drugcongs, nor the termes of law
 Are strong enough preparatives to draw
 Me to beare this, yet I must be content
 With his tongue in his tongue, call'd Complement
 In which he can win widowes, and pay soores,
 Make men speake treason, couzen subtilst whores,
 Outflatter favourites; be onlie either
 Jovius, or Sarius, on both together.
 He names me, and comes to me; I whisper, God
 Now have I find'd, that thy wracks furious rod;
 This fellow, chuseth me; He saith, Sir, to
 I love your judgement, whom do you preferre;
 For the best Linguist, and I feelily
 Said, that I thought Calepines Dictionarie
 Nay, but of men, most sweet Sir, Beza then,
 Some Jesain, and two reverend men
 Of our two Academies I named; here
 He stopp'd me, and saith, Nay, your Apostles were
 Good pretty Linguists, and so Pamurge was;
 Yet a poore Gentleman; all these may passe

By travaile. Then, as if he would have sold
 His tongue, he praised it and such wonders told,
 That I was faine to say, If you had liv'd, Sir,
 Time enough to have been Interpreter
 To Babels bricklayers, sure the Tower had stood.
 He adds, If of Courts life you know the good,
 You would leave loneness. I said, not alone,
 My loneness is, but Spartanes fashion
 To teach by punning drunkards doth not last
 Now; Aretines pictures have made few chaff;
 No more can Princes courts, though there be few
 Better pictures of vice, teach me vertues.
 He like to a high stretcht Lute string squeaks, O Sir,
 'Tis sweet to talk of Kings. At Westminster
 Said I, the man that keeps the Abbey tomes,
 And for his price doth with who ever comes,
 Of all our Histories, and our Edwards talk
 From King to King, and all their bin can walk;
 Your eares shall heare nought, but Kings, your eyes
 Kings onely; The way to it is Kings streame.
 He smack'd, and cry'd, Hets base Mechanique, soyle
 So are all your Englishmen in their discourse.
 Are not your Frenchmen near? Mine? as you see,
 I have but one Sin, looke, he followes me.
 Certes they are ready cloath'd. If of his mind
 Your onely wearing is your Grogaram,
 Not so Sir, I have more. Under this itch,
 He would not lie; I chaf'd him. But as Itch
 Scratch'd into smart, and as blun Iron ground
 Into an edge, hurts worse; So, I (foole) found
 Crossing hurt me. To fit my Sullenness,
 He to another key his Silke doth dresse;

And asks, what newes ? I tell him of new playes,
 He takes my hand, and as a Still which stayes
 A Sembriefe, 'twixt each drop, he niggardly,
 As, loath to enrich me, so tels many a lye,
 More than ten Hollensheads, or Halls, or Stowes,
 Of triviall household trash, He knowes ; He knowes
 When the Queen frown'd, or smil'd, and he knows
 A subtle States-man may gather of that ; (what
 He knowes who loves ; whom, and who by poyson
 Hasts to an Offices reversion ;
 He knows who hath sold his land, and now doth beg
 A license, old iron, bootes, shooes, and egge-
 Shells to transport ; Shortly boyes shall not play
 At span-counter, or blow-point, but shall pay
 Toll to fom & Courtier ; And wiser then all us,
 He knowes what Lady is not painted. Thus
 He with home meates cloyes me. I belch, spue, spit,
 Looke pale, and sickly, like a Patient, yet
 He thrusts on more ; And as he had undertooke
 To say Gallo-Belgicus without booke,
 Speakes of all States and deeds that have been since
 The Spanyards came, to the losse of Amyens,
 Like a bigge wife, at sight of loathed meat,
 Ready to travaile : so I sigh, and sweat
 To heare this Makaron talke, in vaine : For yet,
 Either my humour, or his owne to fit,
 He like a priviledg'd spie, whom nothing can
 Discredit, libels now gainst each great man.
 He names a price for every office paid ;
 He saith, our warres thrive ill, because delay'd ;
 That offices are intailed, and there are
 Perpetuities of them, lasting as farre

As

As the last day; and that great officers
 Doe with the Pirates share, and Dunkirkers;
 Who wasts in meate, in cloathes, in horse, he notes;
 Who loves Whores, who boyes, and who goates:
 I more amaz'd than Circes prisoners, when
 They felt themselves turn beasts, felt my selfe then
 Becoming Traytor, and me thought I saw
 One of our Giant Statutes ope his jaw
 To suck me in, for hearing him, I found
 That as burnt venome Leachers doe grow sound
 By giving others their soares, I might grow
 Guilty, and he free: Therefore I did shew
 All signes of loathing; But since I am in,
 I must pay mine, and my forefathers sin
 To the last farthing. Therefore to my power
 Toughly and stubbornly I bear this crosse; but the
 Of mercy now was come: He tries to bring
 Me to pay a fine to scape his torturing,
 And sayes, Sir, can you spare me? I said, willingly;
 Nay, Sir, can you spare me a Crowne? Thankfully I
 Gave it, as Ransome; but as fidlers, still,
 Though they be paid to be gone, yet needs will
 Thrust one more jigge upon you: so did he
 With his long complementall thanks vex me,
 But he is gone, thanks to his needy want,
 And the Prerogative of my Crowne: Scant
 His thanks were ended when I (which did see
 Al the Court fill'd with more strange things than he)
 Ran from thence with such, or more haste than one
 Who feares more actions, doth hast from prison,
 At home in wholesome solitarinesse
 My piteous soule began, the wretchednesse

Of suiters at Court to mourne, and a trance
 Like his, who dreamt he saw hell, did advance
 It selfe o'r mee: Such men as he saw there,
 I saw at Court, and worse, and more; Low feare
 Becomes the guilty, not the accuser; Then,
 Shall I, nones slave, of high borne or rais'd men
 Feare frownes and, my Mistresse Truth, betray thee
 To huffing, braggart, puffed Nobility?
 No, no, Thou which since yester day hast been
 Almost about the whole world, hast thou seen,
 O Sunne, in all thy journey, vanity,
 Such as swells the bladder of our Court? I
 Think he which made your waten garden, and
 Transported it, from Italy, to stand
 With us, at London, floats our Courtiers, for
 Just such gay painted things, which no sappe, nor
 Last have in them, ours are; and naturall
 Some of the stocks are, their fruits, bastard all.
 Tis ten a clocke and past; all whom the Mues,
 Balonne, Tennis, Diet, or the stews
 Had all the morning held, now the second
 Time made ready, that day, in stockes were found
 In the Presence, and I, (God pardon me)
 As fresh and sweet their Apparells be, as be
 The fields they sold to buy them. For a King
 Those hose are, cry his flatterers; And bring
 Them next week to the Theatre to sell.
 Wants reach all states. Me seemes they doe as well
 At stage, as Court; All are players, whose look
 (For themselves dare not go) Jo'r Cheapside Books,
 Shall find their wardrobes Inventory. Now,
 The Ladies come. As Pirats, which doe know
 That

That there came weak ships fraught with Catechans.
 The men board them; and praise as they think, well,
 Their beauties; they the mens wits, both are bought.
 Why good wits ne'r wear scarlet gowns, I thought
 This cause, These men, mens wits for speeche buy,
 And women buy all reds which scarlets die.
 He call'd her heavy limetwigs, her haire net
 she feared her drugs ill layd, her haire loose.
 Would not Heraclytus laugh to see Macrine,
 From hat, to shoe, himselfe at dore refine,
 As if the Presence were a Moschito: and lift
 His skirts and hose, and call his clothes to shifte,
 Making them confesse not onely mortall
 Great stains and holes in them, but veniall
 Feathers and dust, wherewith they fornicated.
 And then by *Dancers* rules survey the state
 Of his each limb, and with strings the odds tried
 Of his neck to his legge, and waist to thighe.
 So in immaculate clothes, and Symmetry
 Perfect as circles, with such nicety
 As a young Dearer at his first time goes
 To preach, he enters, and a Lady which loves
 Him not so much as good will, he tricks,
 And unto her protests, protests, protests.
 So much as at Rome would serve to have throwne
 Ten Cardinals into the Inquisition;
 And whispers by Iesu, so often, that a
 Pursevant would have ravish'd him away
 For saying of our Ladies Psalter. But 'tis fit
 That they each other plague, they merit it.
 But here comes Glorius that will plague them both,
 Who in the other extreme onely doth

Call

Call a rough carelesnesse, good fashion ;
 Whose cloak his spurs teare ; or whom he spits on
 He cares not he. His ill words doe no harme
 To him, he rushes in, as if arme, arme,
 He meant to crie ; And though his face be as ill
 As theirs, which in old hangings whip Christ, still
 He strives to look worse, he keeps all in awe ;
 Jestis like a licens'd fool, commands like law.
 Tyr'd, now I leave this place, and but pleas'd so
 As men from gaoles t' execution go,
 Goe through the great chamber (why is it hung
 With the seven deadly finnes?) being among
 Those Askaparts, men big enough to throw
 Charing Crosse for a barre, men that do know
 No token of worth, but Queenes man, and fine
 Living barrels of beefe, flaggons of wine.
 I shooke like a spied Spie. Preachers which are
 Seas of Wits and Arts, you can, then dare,
 Drown the sins of this place, for, for me
 Which am but a scant brook, it enough shall be
 To wash the stains away : Although I yet
 With *Machabees* modesty, the known merit
 Of my work lessen : yet some wise men shall,
 I hope, esteem my writs Ca nonicall.

Satyre V.

THou shalt not laugh in this lease, Muse, nor they
 Whom any pity warmes. He which did lay
 Rules to make Courtiers, (he being understood
 May make good courtiers, but who courtiers good)

Frees

Frees from the sting of jests all who in extreme
 Are wretched or wicked : of these two a Theme
 Charitie and libertie give me. What is he
 Who Officers rage, and Suitors misery
 Can write, and jest ? If all things be in all,
 As I think, since all, which were, are, and shall
 Be, be made of the same elements :
 Each thing, each thing implyes or represents,
 Then man is a world ; in which, Officers,
 Are the vast ravishing seas ; and Suters,
 Springs ; now full, now shallow, now dry, which, to
 That which drownes them, run : These selfe reasons
 Prove the world a man, in which, officers (doe
 Are the devouring stomach, and Suters
 The extrements which they void ; all men are dust,
 How much worse are Suters, who to mens lust
 Are made preys. O worse than dust or worms meane
 For they doe eat you now, whose selves worms shal
 They are the mills which grind you, yet you are (ear,
 The wind which drives them ; and a wastfull war
 Is fought against you, and you fight it ; they
 Adulterate law, and you prepare the way,
 Like wittals, th' issue your owne ruine is.
 Greatest and fairest Empreffe, know you this ?
 Alas, no more then Thames calm head doth know
 Whose meads her arms drowne, or whose corn bre-
 You sir, whose righteousness she loves, whom I (flow,
 By having leave to serve, am most richly
 For service paid, authoriz'd, now begin
 To know and weed out this enormous sin.
 O Age of rusty Iron ! Some better wit
 Call it some worse name, if ought equall it ;)

The

The iron Age *that* was, when justice was sold (now
 Injustice is sold dearer) did allow
 All claim'd fees and duties, Gamsters, anon
 The money which you sweat and sweare for, is gon'
 Into other hands: So controverted lands
 Scapn, like Angelica, the strivers hands.
 If Law be in the Iudges heart, and hee
 Have no heart to resist letter, or see, (low,
 Where wilt thou appeale? power of the Courts be
 Flow from the first maine head, and these can throw
 Thee, if they suck thee in, to misery,
 To setters, halters. But if the injury
 Steele thee to dare complaine, Alas, thou go'st
 Against the stream, whe upwards: when thou art most
 Heavy and most faint, &c in these labours they, (way
 'Gainst whom thou should'st complain, will in thy
 Become great seas, o'r which, when thou shalt be
 Fould to make golden bridges, thou shalt see
 That al thy gold was drown'd in them before. (more.
 All things follow their like, only who have, may have
 Iudges are Gods; he who made and said them so,
 Meant not that men should be fore'd to them to go,
 By meanes of Angels. When supplication
 We send to God, to Dominations,
 Powers, Cherubins, and all heavens Courts, if we
 Should pay fees as here, Daily bread would be
 Scarce to Kings; so 'tis, Would it not anger
 A Stoick, a Coward, yea a Martyr,
 To see a Purfivant come in, and call
 All his clothes, Copes, Bookes, Primers, and all
 His Plate, Chalice, and mistake them away,
 And lack a fee for comming? Oh; ne'r may

Faire

faire lawes white reverend name be trumpeted,
 To warrant thefts: she is established
 Recorder to Destiny, on earth, and she
 Speaks Faces words, and tells who must be
 Rich, who poore, who in chaires, who in jayles:
 She is all faire, but yethath foule long nayles,
 With which she scratcheth Suters: In bodies
 Of men, so in law, nayles are extremities.
 So Officers stretch to more then law can doe,
 As our nayles reach what no else part comes to.
 Why barest thou to yon Officer? Foole, hath he
 Got those goods, for which erst men bar'd to thee?
 Fool, twice, thrice, thou hast bought wrog, & now hu-
 Beg'st right, but that dole comes not til theedy (gerly
 Thou had'st much, & lawes Vrim & Thummin trie
 Thou wouldst for more; and for all hast paper
 Enough to cloath all the great Offarricks Pepper.
 Sell that, and by that thou much more shalt leele
 Then Hammon, if he sold his Antiquities.
 O wretch that thy fortunes should moralize
 Esops fables, and make tales, prophesies.
 Thou art the swimming dog who shadows cozened
 Which thy self, neare drowning, for what vanished.

Satyre VI

May be write that love and reason disagree,
 But Line's saw express as 'tis in thee.
 Well, I may lead thee; God must make thee see,
 But, thine eyes blinde too, there's no hope for thee.
 Thou say'st she's wife and wily, faire and free,
 All these are reasons why she should scorn thee.
 Thou

Thou dost protest thy love, and would'st it show
 By matching her, as she would match her foe :
 And wouldst perswade her to a worse offence,
 Then that whereof thou didst accuse her wench.
 Reason there's none for thee, but thou maist vex
 Her with example. Say, for feare her sex
 Shun her, she needs must change ; I do not see
 How reason e'r can bring that *must* to thee.
 Thou art a match a Justice to rejoyce,
 Fit to be his, and not his daughters choyce.
 Dry'd wth his threats shee'd scarcely stay with thee,
 And wouldst th' have this to chuse thee, being free;
 Goe then and punish some soon-gotten stufte,
 For her dead husband this hath mourn'd enough,
 In hating thee. Thou maist one like this meet,
 For spight take her, prove kind, make thy breath
 Let her see she hath cause, & to bring to thee (sweet,
 Honest children, let her dishonest bee.
 If shee be a widow I'll warrant her
 Shee'll thee before her first husband prefer,
 And will wish thou hadst had her maidenhead,
 (Shee'll love thee so) for, then thou hadst bin dead,
 But thou such strong love, and weak reasons hast,
 Thou must thrive there, or ever live disgrac'd.
 Yet pause a while, and thou maist live to see
 A'time to come, wherein she may beg thee.
 If thou'lt not pause nor change, she'll beg thee now,
 Doe what she can, love for nothing she'll allow.
 Besides, here were too much gain and merchandise;
 And when thou art rewarded, desert dies.
 Now thou hast ods of him she loves, he may doubt
 Her constancy, but none can put thee out.

word

Again,

Again, be thy love true, she'll prove divine
 And in the end, the good on't will be thine.
 For, though thou must ne'r thinke of other love,
 And so wilt advance her as high above
 Vertue as cause above effect can be,
 'Tis vertue to be chaste, which she'll make thee.

The end of the Satyres.

LETTERS TO SEVERALL PERSONAGES.

THE STORME.

*To Mr. Christopher Brooke, from the Island
 voyage with the Earle of Essex.*

THou which art I, ('tis nothing to be so)
 Thou which art still thy selfe, by this shalt know
 Part of our passage; And, a hand, or eye
 By *Hilliard* drawn, is worth a History,
 By a worse painter made; and (without pride)
 When by thy judgement they are dignifi'd,
 My Lines are such, 'Tis the preheminance,
 Of friendship onely, t'impute excellence,
 England, to whom we owe, what we be, and have,
 Sad that her sonnes did seek a forraine grave
 (For, Fates, or Fortunes drifts none can soothsay,
 Honour and misery have one face, one way,)

From

From our bar pregnant intrails sigh'd a wind
 Which at th'ayres middle marble roome did finde
 Such strong resistance, that it false it threw
 Downward againe; and so when it did view
 How in the port, our fleet deare time did lose,
 Withering like prisoners, which lie but for fees,
 Mildly it kist our sailes, and fresh, and sweet,
 As, to a stomack starv'd, whose insides meet,
 Meate comes, it came; and swole our sayles, when we
 So joy'd, as *Sara* her swelling joy'd to see.
 But 'twas but so kinde, as our countrey men, (then
 Which bring friends one dayes way, and leave them
 Then like two mighty Kings, which dwelling farre
 Asunder, meet against a third to warre,
 The South and West winds joyn'd, & as they blew,
 Waves like a rowling trench before them threw.
 Sooner than you reade this line, did the gale,
 Like shot, not fear'd till felt, our sailes assaile;
 And what at first was call'd a gulf the same
 Hath now a stormes, anon a tempests name.
Jonas, I pity thee, and curse those men,
 Who when the storme rag'd most, did wake thee
 Sleep is paines easie salve, and doth satisfie
 All offices of death, except to kill;
 But when I wak'd, I saw, what I saw not:
 I, and the Sunne, which should teach me, had forgot
 East, West, day, night; and I could onely say,
 If the world had lasted, yea it had been day.
 Thousands our noyses were, yet we mough all
 Could none by his right name, but thunder call
 Lightning was all our light, and it rain'd more
 Than if the Sunne had drunk the sea before.

Some

Some coffin'd in their cabbins lie, 'equally
 Griev'd that they are not dead, and yet must die.
 And as sin-burd'ned soules from grave will creep,
 At the last day, some forth their cabbins peep:
 And trembling aske what newes, and doe heare
 As jealous husbands, what they would not know.
 Some sitting on the hatches, would seem there
 With hideous gazing to feare away feare.
 Then note they the ships sicknesse, the Mast
 Shak'd with an ague, and the Hold and Wasse
 With a salt droppe clogg'd, and all our tacklings
 Snapping, like too-too-high stretch'd treble strings.
 And from our rotted sailes, raggs drop down so
 As from one hang'd in chaines, a yeare agoe.
 Yea even our Ordinance plac'd for our defence,
 Strives to breake loose, and scape away from thence
 Pumping hath kill'd our men, and what's the gain
 Seas into seas thrown, we suck in againe
 Hearing hath deaf'd our Sailors, and if they
 Knew how to heare, ther's none knowes what to
 Compar'd to these stormes, death is but a qualme,
 Hell somewhat lightsome, the Bermudas calme.
 Darknesse lightes the old brother, his birth-right
 Claims o'r the world, & to heaven hath chaust light
 All things are one, and that one none can be
 Since all formes, uniforme deformitie
 Doth cover; so that we excepte God say
 Another Fiat, shall have no more day.
 So violent, yet long these furies be,
 That though thine absence serve me, I will see

Who live, that misdeeds doe multiply
 Wee walkers in this evens doe not die.

The Calme.

Our storm is past, & that storms tyrannous rage
 A stupid calme, but nothing it doth swage.
 The fable is inverted, and farre more
 A block afflicts, now, then a storke before.
 Stormes chase, and soon wear out themselves, or us;
 In calms, Heaven laughs to see us languish thus,
 As steady as I could with my thoughts were,
 Smooth as thy Mistresse glasse, or what shines there,
 The sea is now, and as the Iles which we
 Seek, when we can move, our ships rooted be.
 As water did in storms; now pitch runs out:
 As lead, when a fir'd Church becomes one spout.
 And all our beauty, and our trim decays,
 Like courts removing, or like ended playes.
 The fighting place now seamen's rags supply;
 And all the tackling is a frippery,
 No use of Lanthornes; and in one place lay
 Feathers and dust, to day and yesterday.
 Earths hollowneses, which the worlds lungs are,
 Have no more wind then the upper vault of ayre.
 We can nor lost friends, nor fought foes recover,
 But meteor-like, save that we move not, hover.
 Onely the Calennure together drawes (mawes,
 Deare friends, which meet dead in great fishes
 And on the hatches, as on Altars lies
 Each one, his own Priest, and own Sacrifice,
 Who live, that miracle doe multiplie
 Where walkers in hot Ovens doe not die.

If in despite of these, we swim, that hath
 No more refreshing, than a Brimstone bath;
 But from the sea into the ship we turne,
 Like parboy'd wretches, on the coales to burne.
 Like *Balaam* encag'd, the shepheards scoffe;
 Or like slack-sinew'd *Sampson*, his haire off,
 Languish our ships. Now as a Miriade
 Of Ants, durst th' Emperours lov'd Snake invade:
 The crawling Gallies, Sea-gulls, finny chips,
 Might brave our Pinnaces, now bed-rid ships,
 Whether a rotten state, and hope of gaine,
 Or to disuse me from the queasie paine
 Of being belov'd, and loying; or the thirst
 Of honour, or faide death, out-pulse me first;
 I lose my end: for here as well as I
 A desperate may live, and coward die;
 Sragge, dogge, and all which from, or towards flies;
 Is paid with life, or pray, or doing dies;
 Fate grudges us all, and doth libby lay
 A scourge, gainst which we all forget to pray.
 He that at sea prayes for more winde, as well
 Under the poles may beg cold, heet in hell.
 What are we then? How little more, alas,
 Is man now, then, before he was, he was?
 Nothing; for us, we are for nothing fit;
 Chance, or ourselves still, disproportion it.
 We have no power, no will, no sense; I lie,
 I should not then thus feeble this misery.

The Country is a desert, where the good
 Gain'd, inhabits not, borne, is not made good.
 There men become beasts, and prone to all evils.
 In Cities blocks, and in a few Countreys.

To St. Henry Wootton.

Sir, more than kisses, letters mingle Souls,
 For, thus friends absent speak. This ease controuls
 The tediousnesse of my life: But for these
 I could ideate nothing, which could please,
 But I should wither in one day, and passe
 To a bottle of Hay, that am a lock of Grass.
 Life is a voyage, and in our lives wayes
 Countreyes, Courts, Towns are Rocks or Remoraes;
 They break or stop all ships, yet our state's such
 That (though then pitch they stain worse) we must
 If in the furnace of the raging line, (touch.
 Or under th'adverse icy pole thou pine,
 Thou know'st two temperate Regions girded in,
 Dwell there: But oh, what refuge canst thou win
 Parch'd in the Court, and in the Countrey frozen?
 Shall cities built of both extremes be chosen?
 Can dung or garlike be perfume? Or can
 A Scorpion, or Torpedo cure a man?
 Cities are worst of all three; of all three?
 (O knotty riddle) each is worst equally.
 Cities are Sepulchres; they who dwell there
 Are carcases, as if none such there were.
 And Courts are Theaters, where some men play
 Princes, some slaves, all to one end, of one day.
 The Country is a desert, where the good
 Gain'd, inhabits not, borne, is not understood.
 There men become beasts, and prone to all evils;
 In Cities blocks, and in a lewd Court, devils.

As, in the first Chaos, confus'dly
 Each elements qualities were in th' other three:
 So pride, lust, covetize, being severall
 To these three places, yet all are in all,
 And mingled thus, their issue is incestuous.
 Falshood is denizon'd. Vertue is barbarous,
 Let no man say there, Vertues flinty wall
 Shall lock vice in me, I'll do none, but know all.
 Men are sponges, which to powre out, receive:
 Who know false play, rather than loose, deceive.
 For in best understandings, sin began,
 Angels sinn'd first, then devils, and then man.
 Onely perchance beasts sin not, wretched we
 Are beasts in all, but white in integrity.
 I think if men, which in these places live
 Durst look in themselves, and themselves retrieve,
 They would like strangers greet themselves, seeing
 Utopian youth, grown old Italian. (than

Be then thine own home, and in thy false dwell;
 Inne any where; conscience maketh hell.
 And seeing the snail, which every where doth come,
 Carrying his own house still, still is at home;
 Follow, (for he is easie pac'd) this snail,
 Be thine own Palate, or the world's thy gail.
 And in the worlds sea doe not like cork sleep
 Upon the waters face, nor in the deep
 Sink like a lead without a line, but as
 Fishes glide, leaving no print where they passe,
 Nor making sound: so, closely thy course goe,
 Let men dispute, whether thou breache, or no:
 Onely in this be no Galeas. To make
 Courts not ambitions wholesome, doe not take

A dramme of Countries dulnesse; doe not adde
 Correctives, but as chymiques, purge the bad.
 But, Sir, I advise not you, I rather doe
 Say o'r those lessons, which I learn'd of you:
 Whom, free from Germanies schismes, and lightnes
 Of France, and faire Italies faithlesnesse,
 Having from these suck'd all they had of worth,
 And brought home that faith which you carried
 I throughly love: But if my selfe I have won (forth,
 To know my rules, I have, and you have **DONNE**

To Sr Henry Goodyere.

WHO makes the Past, a pattern for next yeare,
 Turns no new leaf, but still the same things read,
 Seen things he sees againe, heard things doth heare,
 And makes his life but like a paire of beads.
 A Palace when 'tis that, which it should be,
 Leaves growing, and stands such, or else decays:
 But he which dwels there is not so; for he
 Strives to urge upward, and his fortune raise.
 So had your body her morning, hath her noone,
 And shall not better; her next change is night:
 But her faire larger guest, to whom Sun and Moone
 Are sparks, and short liv'd, claimes another right.
 The noble Soule by age growes lustier,
 Her appetite, and her digestion mends;
 We must not sterve, nor hope to pamper her
 With womens milke, and pappe, unto the end.

Provide

Provide you manlier diet, You have seen
All Libraries, which are Schools, Camps, & Courts;
But aske your Garners if you have not been
In harvests, too indulgent to your sports,

Would you redeeme it? then your selfe transplant
A while from hence, Perchance outlandish ground
Beares no more wit, than ours, but yet more scant
Are those diversions there, which here abound.

To be a stranger hath that benefit,
We can beginnings, but not habits choake,
Goe, whither? hence you get, if you forget;
New faults till they prescribe to us are smooke.

Our soule, whose country's heaven & God her fa-
Into this world, corruptions sinke, is sent; (ther,
Yet so much in her travaile she doth gather,
That she returnes home wiser than she went;

It payes you well, if it teach you to spare (yours,
And make you asham'd, to make your hawks praise
Which when her selfe she lessens in the aire,
You then first say, that high enough she toures,

However keep the lively taste you hold
Of God, love him now, but feare him more,
And in your afternoones thinke what you told
And promis'd him, at morning prayer before.

Let falshood like a discord anger you,
Else be not froward. But why doe I touch

Things, of which none is in your practise new,
And Tables, or fruit-trenchers teach as much.

But thus I make you keep your promise Sir,
Riding I had you, though you still staid there,
And in these thoughts, although you never stir,
You came with me to Micham, and are here.

To M^r. Rowland Woodward.

Like one who in her third widowhood doth pro-
Her selfe a Nun, tyed to retirednesse, (fesse
So affects my Muse, now, a chaste fallownesse.

Since shee to few, yet to too many hath flown,
How long loves weeds, and Satyrique thorns are
Where seeds of better arts, were early sown? (grown

Though to use, and love Poetry, to me,
Betroth'd to no'one Art, be no Adultery;
Omissions of good, ill, as ill deeds be.

For though to us it seem but light and thin,
Yet in those faithfull scales, where God throws in
Mens works, vanity weighs as much as sin.

If our Soules have stain'd their first white, yet we
May cloath them with faith, and dear honestie,
Which God imputes as native puritie.

There is no Vertue, but Religion.
Wise, valiant, sober, just, are names, which none
Want, which want not Vice-covering discretion.

Seek

Seek we then our selves in our selves ; for as
Men force the Sun with much more force to passe,
By gathering his beames with a Cryfall glasse ;

So we (if we into our selves will turn,
Blowing our sparks of vertue) may out-burn
The straw which doth about our hearts sojourn.

You know, Physicians, when they would infuse
Into any'oyle the Soules of Simples, use
Places, where they may lie still warm, to chuse.

So works retirednesse in us ; To rome
Giddily and be every where, but at home,
Such freedome doth a banishment become.

We are but farmers of our selves, yet may,
If we can stock out selves, and thrive, uplay
Much, much good treasure for the great rent day.

Manure thy selfe then, to thy selfe be approv'd,
And with vain outward things be no more mov'd,
But to know that I love thee, and would be lov'd.

To *St. Henry Wootton.*

Here's no more newes, than verrue, I may as wel
tell you *Calis*, or *Saint Michaels* tales, as tel
That vice doth here habitually dwell.

Yet, as to get stomachs, we walk up and down,
And toyle to sweeten rest ; so, may God frown,
If but to loath both, I haunt Court, or Town.

L 4

For

For, here, no one is from th'extremities
Of vice, by any other reason free,
But that the next to him, still, is worse than he,

In this worlds warfare, they whom rugged Fate,
(Gods Commissary,) doth so thoroughly hate,
As in the Courts Squadron to marshall their state;

If they stand arm'd with seely honesty,
With wishes, prayers, and neat integrity,
Like Indians, 'gainst Spanish hosts they be.

Suspicious boldnesse to this place belongs,
And to have as many eares as all have tongues;
Tender to know, tough to acknowledge wrongs.

Beleeve me fir, in my youths giddiest dayes,
When to be like the Court was a players praise,
Playes were not so like Courts as Courts like playes,

Then let us at these mimique antiques jeast,
Whose deepest projects, and egregious gests,
Are but dull Morals of a game at Chests.

But now 'tis incongruitie to smile,
Therefore I end; and bid farewell a while.
At Court; though from Court, were the better stile.

To the Countesse of Bedford.

MADAM,

Reason is our Soules left hand, Faith her right;
By these we reach divinity, that's you;
Their loves who have the blessing of your light,
Grew from their reason; mine from faire faith grew.
But as although a squint left-handednesse
Be' ungratious, yet we cannot want that hand:
So would I, (not to encrease, but to expresse
My faith) as I beleve, so understand.

Therefore I study you first in your Saints,
Those friends whom your election glorifies;
Then in your deeds, accesses and restraints,
And what you reade, and what your selfe devise.

But soone, the reasons why you are lov'd by all,
Grow infinite, and so passe reasons reach,
Then backe againe to implicite faith I fall,
And rest on what the Catholique voice doth teach;

That you are good: and not one Heretique
Denies it; if he did, yet you are so.
For rockes which high to sense deep-rooted stick,
Waves wash, not undermine, nor overthrow.

In every thing there naturally growes
A Balsamum to keep it fresh and new;
If twere not injur'd by extrinsique blowes;
Your birth and beautie are this Balme in you,

But

But, you of learning and religion,
And vertue, and such ingredients, have made
A Mithridate, whose operation
Keeps off, or cures, what can be done or said,

Yet, this is not your physick, but your food,
A diet fit for you; for you are here
The first good Angell, since the worlds frame stood,
That ever did in womans shape appeare.

Since you are then Gods master-peece, and so
His Factor for our loves; doe as you doe,
Make your return home gracious; and bestow
This life on that; so make one life of two.
For so God help me, I would not misse you there
For all the good which you can doe me here.

To the Countesse of Bedford.

MADAM,
You have refin'd me, and to worthiest things
Vertue, Art, Beauty, Fortune; now I see
Rarenesse, or use, not nature value brings;
And such, as they are circumstanc'd, they bee.
Two ills can ne're perplex us, sin t'excuse;
But of two good things we may leave and chuse.

Therefore at Court, which is not vertues clime,
Where a transcendent height (as, lownesse me)
Makes her not be, or not show: all my rime
Your vertues challenge, which there rarest be;
For,

For, as dark texts need notes: there some must be
To usher vertue, and say, *This is she.*

So in the countrey's beauty. To this place
You are the season, (Madam) you the day,
'Tis but a grave of spices, till your face
Exhale them, and a thick close bud display. (shrines
Widow'd and reclus'd else her sweets she'en-
As China, when the Sun at Brasill dines.

Out from your chariot, morning breaks at night,
And falsifies both computations so;
Since a new world doth rise here from your light,
We your new creatures by new reckonings goe.
This shewes that you from nature loathly stray,
That suffer not an Artificiall day.

In this you have made the Court the Antipodes,
And will'd your Delegate, the vulgar sun,
To doe prophane autumnall offices,
Whil'st here to you, we sacrificers run;
And whether Priests, or Organs, you we obey,
We found your influence, and your Dictates say.

Yet to that Deiry which dwells in you,
Your vertuous Soule, I now not sacrifice;
These are *Petitions*, and not *Hymnes*; they sue
But that I may survey the edifice.

In all Religions as much care hath bin
Of Temples frames, and beauty, 'as Rites within.

As all which goe to Rome do not thereby,
Esteem

Esteeme religions, and hold fast the best,
 But serve discourse, and curiosity,
 With that which doth religion but invest,
 And shun th' entangling labyrinths of Schools,
 And make it wit, to thinke the wiser fooles;

So in this pilgrimage I would behold
 You as you are Vertues Temple, not as she,
 What wals of tender crystall her enfold,
 What eyes, hands, bosome, her pure Altars be,
 And after this survey, oppose to all
 Babblers of Chapels, you th' Escuriall.

Yet not as consecrate, but meerly as faire;
 On these I cast a lay and countrey eye.
 Of past and future stories, which are rare,
 I find you all record, and prophesie.
 Purge but the booke of Fate that it admit
 No sad nor guiltie legends, you are it.

If good and lovely were not one, of both
 You were the transcript, and originall,
 The Elements, the Parent and the Growth
 And every peece of you, is worth their All,
 So intire are all your deeds, and you, that you
 Must doe the same things still: you cannot two.

But these (as nice thinne Schoole divinitie
 Serves heresie to further or repress))
 Taste of Poetique rage, or flatterie,
 And need not, where all hearts one truth professe;
 Off

Of from new proofs, & new phraſe, new doubts
As ſtrange attire alters the men we know, (grow,

Leaving then buſie praiſe, and all appeale,
To higher Courts, ſenſes decree is true,
The Mine, the Magazine, the common-weale,
The ſtory of beautie, in Twicknam is, and you,
Who hath ſeen one, would both; As, who hath
In Paradife, would ſeeke the Cherubin.

To *S^r Edward Herbert, now Lord Herbert of
Cherbury, being at the ſiege of Juliers.*

MAN is a lump, where all beaſts kneaded bee,
Wiſdome makes him an Arke where all agree;
The foole, in whom theſe beaſts doe live at jarre,
Is ſport to others, and a Theater,
Nor ſcapes he ſo, but is himſelfe their prey;
All which was man in him, is eate away,
And now his beaſts on one another feed,
Yet couple in anger, and new monſters breed,
How happy is he, which hath due place assign'd
To his beaſts; and diſforeſted his minde?
Empal'd himſelfe to keep them out, not in;
Can ſow, and dares truſt corn, where they have bin,
Can uſe his horſe, goat, wolfe, and every beaſt,
And is not Aſſe himſelfe to all the reſt,
Elſe, man not onely is the heard of ſwine,
But he's thoſe devils too, which did incline
Them to an headlong rage, and made them worſe;
For man can adde weight to heavens heaviſt curſe,
As

As Soules (they say) by our first touch, take in
 The poysonous tincture of Original sin,
 So, to the punishments which God doth fling,
 Our apprehension contributes the sting.
 To us, as to his chickens he doth cast
 Hemlock, and we as men, his hemlock tast.
 We doe infuse to what he meant for meat,
 Corrosiuenesse, or intense cold or heat.
 For, God no such specifick poyson hath
 As kils men know not how; his fiercest wrath
 Hath no antipathy, but may be good
 At least for physick, if not for our food.
 Thus man, that might be his pleasure, is his rod;
 And is his devill, that might be his God.
 Since then our businesse is, to rectify
 Nature, to what she was; we're led awry
 By them, who man to us in little show,
 Greater than due, no form we can bestow
 On him; for man into himselfe can dra w
 All: All his faith can swallow, or reason chaw;
 All that is fill'd and all that whi ch doth fill,
 All the round world, to man is but a pill,
 In all it works not, but it is in all
 Poysonous; or purgative, or cordiall.
 For, knowledge kindles Calentures in some,
 And is to others icy *Opium*.
 As brave as true, is that profession than
 Which you doe use to make; that you know man
 This makes it credible, you have dwelt upon
 All worthy books; and now are such an one.
 Actions are Authors, and of those in you
 Your friends find every day a mart of new.

To the Countesse of Bedford.

THAVE written then, when you writ, seem'd to
 Worst of spirituall vices, Simony :
 And not t'have written then, seems little lesse
 Than worst of civill vices, thanklesse.
 In this, my doubt I seem'd loath to confesse,
 In that, I seem'd to shun beholdingnesse:
 But 'tis not so, *nothings*, as I am, may
 Pay all they have, and yet have all to pay.
 Such borrow in their payments, and owe more
 By having leave to write so, than before.
 Yet since rich mines in barren grounds are shown,
 May not I yeeld (not gold but) coal or stone:
 Temples were not demolish'd, though prophane:
 Here *Peter*, *Jove*; there *Paul* hath *Dian's* Rame.
 So whether my hymns you admit or chuse,
 In me you have'hallowed a Pagan Muse,
 And denizen'd a stranger, who mis-taught
 By blamers of the times they mar'd, hath sought
 Vertues in corners, which now bravely doe
 Shine in the worlds best part, or all is you:
 I have been told, that vertue in Courtiers hearts,
 Suffers an Ostracisme, and departs:
 Profit, ease, *fitnesse*, plenty, bid it go,
 But whither, onely knowing you, I know;
 Your, or you vertue, two vast uses serves,
 It ransomes one sex, and one Court preserves:
 There's nothing but your worth which being true,
 Is known to any other, not to you.

And

And you can never know it ; To admit
 No knowledge of your worth, is some of it.
 But since to you, your praises discords be,
 Stoop others ills, to meditate with me.
 Oh ! to confesse we know not what we should,
 Is halfe excuse, we know not what we would.
 Lightnesse depresseth us, emptinesse fills,
 We sweat and faint, yet still goe down the hills ;
 As new Philosophy arrests the Sunne,
 And bids the passive earth about it runne,
 So we have dull'd our minde, it hath no ends ;
 Onely the bodie's busie, and pretends.
 As dead low earth eclipses and controules
 The quick high Moone ; so doth the body, Soules.
 In none but us, are such mixt engines found,
 As hands of double office : For, the ground
 We till with them ; and them to heaven we raise ;
 Who prayer-lesse labours, or, without this, prayes,
 Doth but one half, that's none ; He which said ; *Plough*
And looke not back, to looke up doth allow.
 Good seed degenerates, and oft obeyes
 The soyles disease, and into cockle strays.
 Let the mindes thoughts be but transplanted so,
 Into the body, and bastardy they grow.
 What hate could hurt our bodies like our love ?
 We but no forraigne tyrants could remove,
 These not ingray'd, but inborne dignities
 Caskets of soules ; Temples, and Palaces.
 For, bodies shall from death redeemed be,
 Soules but preserv'd, borne naturally free ;
 As men to our prisons now, soules to us are sent,
 Which learne vice there, and come in innocent.

First seeds of every creature are in us,
What ere the world hath bad, or precious,
Mans body can produce, hence hath it been (seen;
That stones, wormes, frogs, and snakes in man are
But who ere saw, though nature can worke so,
That pearle, or gold, or corne in man did grow?
We have added to the world Virginia, and sent
Two new starres lately to the firmament;
Why grudge we us (not heaven) the dignity
T'increase with ours those faire soules company?
But I must end this letter, though it doe
Stand on two truths, neither is true to you,
Vertue hath some perversnesse; For she will
Neither beleewe her good, nor others ill.
Even in you vertues best paradise,
Vertue hath some, but wise degrees of vice,
Too many vertues, or too much of one
Begets in you unjust suspition.
And ignorance of vice, makes vertue lesse,
Quenching compassion of our wretchednesse.
But these are riddles; some aspersion
Of vice becomes well some complexion.
States-men purge vice with vice, and may corrode
The bad with bad, a spider with a toad.
For so, ill thralls not them, but they tame ill,
And make her doe much good against her will;
But in your Common-wealth, or world in you,
Vice hath no office, or good worke to doe.
Take then no vicious purge, but be content
With cordiall vertue, your knowne nourishment.

M

To

To the Countesse of Bedford.

On New-yeares day.

THIS twilight of two years, not past nor next,
Some embleme is of me, or I of this,
Who (Meteor-like, of stufte and forme perplex,
Whole *what* and *where*, in disputation is,)
If I should call me *any thing*, should misse.

I summe the years, and me, and finde me not
Debtor to th'old, nor Creditour to th'new,
That cannot say, My thanks I have forgot,
Nor trust I this with hopes, and yet scarce true.
This bravery is since these times shew'd me you,

In recompence I would shew future times (such,
What you were, and teach them to urge towards
Verse embalmes vertue; and Tombs, or Thrones of
Preserve fraile transitory fame, as much (rimes,
As spice doth bodies from corrupt aires touch.

Mine are short-liv'd; the tincture of your name
Creates in them, but dissipates as fast,
New spirits; for, strong agents with the same
Force that doth warme and cherish us, doe wast;
Kept hot with strong extracts, no bodies last.

So, my verse built of your just praise, might want
Reason and likelihood, the firmest Base,
And made of miracle, now faith is scant,

Will

Will vanish soone, and so possesse no place,
And you, and it, too much grace might disgrace.

When all (as truth commands assent) confesse
All truth of you, yet they will doubt how I
(One corne of one low ant-hills dust, and lesse,)
Should name, know or expresse a thing so high,
And (not an inch) measure infinitie.

I cannot tell them, nor my selfe, nor you,
But leave, lest truth b'endangered by my praise,
And turne to God, who knowes I thinke this true,
And useth oft, when such a heart mis-sayes,
To make it good, for, such a praiser prayes.

He will best teach you, how you should lay out
His stocke of *beautie, learning, favour, blood*;
He will perplex securitie with doubt, (you good,
And cleare those doubts; hide from you, and shew
And so increase your appetite and food.

He will teach you, that good and bad have not
One situate in cloysters, and in Court,
Indifferent there the greatest space hath got,
Some pay is not good there, some vaine disport,
On this side, sin, with that place may comport.

Yet he as he bounds seas, will fix your heures,
Which pleasure, and delight may not ingresse,
And though what none else lost, be truest yours,
He will make you, what you did not, possesse,
By using others, not vice, but weaknesse.

He

He will make you speake truths, and credibly,
 And make you doubt that others doe not so:
 He will provide you keyes, and lockes, to spie,
 And scape spies, to good ends, and he will shew
 What you may not acknowledge, what not know.

For your owne conscience, he gives innocence,
 But for your fame, a discreet warinesse,
 And (though to scape, then to revenge offence
 Be better,) he shewes both, and to repress
 Joy, when your state swels, *sadnesse* when tis lesse.

From need of teares he will defend your soule,
 Or make a rebaptizing of one teare;
 He cannot (that's, he will not) dis-inroule
 Your name; and when with active joy we hear
 This private Gospel, then 'tis our New Year.

To the Countesse of Huntingdon.

M A D A M,

MAN to Gods Image; *Eve*, to man was made,
 Nor finde we that God breath'd a soule in her,
 Canons will not Church functions you invade,
 Nor lawes to civill office you preferre.

Who vagrant transitory Comets sees,
 Wonders because they are rare; But a new starre
 Whose motion with the firmament agrees,
 Is miracle; for, there, no new things are.

In woman so perchance milde innocence
 A seldome comet is, but active good

A miracle, which reason scapes, and sense ;
For, Art and Nature this in them withstood.

As such a starre, the *Magi* led to view
The manger-cradled infant, God below.
By vertues beames (by fame deriv'd from you)
May apt soules, and the worst may vertue know.

If the worlds age, and death be argued well (bend,
By the Suns fall, which now towards earth doth
Then we might feare that vertue, since she fell
So low as woman, should be neare her end.

But she's not stoop'd, but rais'd ; exil'd by men
She fled to heaven, that's heavenly things, that's
She was in all men thinly scatter'd then, (you,
But now a masse contracted in a few.

She guilded us, but you are gold ; and She
Informed us, but transubstantiates you :
Soft dispositions which ductile be,
Elixar-like, shee makes not cleane, but new:

Though you a wifes and mothers name retaine,
'Tis not as woman, for all are not so,
But vertue, having made you vertue, 'is faine
T'adhere in these names, her and you to show,

Else, being alike pure, we should neither see,
As, water being into aire rarifi'd,
Neither appeare, till in one cloud they be,
So, for our sakes, you doe low names abide ;

Taught by great constellations, (which being fram'd
 Of the most starres, take low names, *Crab, & Bull,*
 When single planets by the gods are nam'd)
 You covet not great names, of great things full.

So you, as woman, one doth comprehend
 And in the vaine of kindred others see;
 To some you are reveal'd, as in a friend,
 And as a vertuous Prince farre off, to me.

To whom, because from you all vertues flow,
 And 'tis not none, to dare contemplate you,
 I, which doe so, as your true subject owe
 Some tribute for that, so these lines are due.

If you can thinke these flatteries, they are,
 For then your judgement is below my praise.
 If they were so, oft, flatteries worke as farre,
 As Counsels, and as farre th'endeavour raise.

So my ill reaching you might there grow good,
 But I remaine a poysoned fountaine still;
 And not your beauty, vertue, knowledge, blood,
 Are more above all flatterie, than my will.

And if I flatter any, 'tis not you
 But my owne judgement, who did long agoe
 Pronounce, that all these praises should be true,
 And vertue should your beauty, & birth out-
 (grow.

Now that my prophecies are all fulfill'd,
 Rather then God should not be honour'd too,
 And

And all these gifts confess'd, which he instill'd,
Your selfe were bound to say that which I doe.

So I, but your Recorder am in this,
Or mouth, and Speaker of the universe,
A ministeriall Notary, for 'tis
Not I, but you and fame, that make this verse.

I was your Prophet in your younger dayes,
And now your Chaplaine, God in you to praise.

To M. I. W.

ALL haile sweet Poet, more full of more strong
Then hath or shall enkindle my dull spirit, (fire,
I lov'd what nature gave thee, but thy merit
Of wit and art I love not, but admire;
Who have before or shall write after thee,
Their workes, though toughly laboured, will bee
Like infancy or age to mans firme stay,
Or earely and late twilights to mid-day.

Men say, and truly, that they better be
Which be envy'd than pitied : therefore I,
Because I wish thee best, doe thee envie:

O wouldst thou by like reason, pity me,
But care not for me, I, that ever was
In Natures, and in fortunes gifts, alas,
(But for thy grace got in the Muses Schoole)
A Monster and a begger, am a foole.

Oh how I grieve, that late-borne modesty

M 4

Hath

Hath got such root in easie waxen hearts, (parts
 That men may not themselves, their owne good
 Extoll, without suspect of surquedry,
 For, but thy selfe, no subject can be found
 Worthy thy quill, nor any quill resound
 Thy worke but thine: how good it were to see
 A Poem in thy praise, and writ by thee!

Now if this song be too harsh for rime, yet, as
 The Painters bad god made a good devill,
 I will be good prose, although the verse be evill.
 If thou forget the rime as thou dost passe,
 Then write, then I may follow, and so bee
 Thy debter, thy eccho, thy foyle, thy zaneé.
 I shall be thought (if mine like thine I shape)
 All the worlds Lyon, though I be thy Ape.

To M. T. W.

HAst thee harsh verse as fast as thy lame measure
 Wil give thee leave, to him; My pain & pleasure
 I have given thee, and yet thou art too weake,
 Feet and a reasoning soule, and tongue to speake.
 Tell him, all questions, which men have defended
 Both of the place and paines of hell, are ended;
 And 'tis decreed, our hell is but privation
 Of him, at least in this earths habitation:
 And tis where I am, where in every street
 Infections follow, overtake and meet.
 Live I or die, by you my love is sent,
 You are my pawnes, or else my Testament.

To M. T. W.

Pregnant again with th'old twins Hope, and Feare,
 Oft have I askt for thee, both how and where
 Thou wert, and what my hopes of letters were :

As in our streets flie beggers narrowly
 Watch motions of the givers hand or eye,
 And evermore conceive some hope thereby.

And now thy Almes is given, thy letter's read,
 The body risen againe, the which was dead,
 And thy poore starveling bountifully fed.

After this banquet my soule doth say grace,
 And praise thee for't, and zealously embrace
 Thy love, though I thinke thy love in this case
 To be as gluttons, which say 'midst their meat;
 They love that best of which they most doe eat.

Incerto.

AT ONCE from hence my lines and I depart,
 I to my soft still walkes, they to my Heart;
 I to the Nurse, they to the child of Art.

Yet as a firme house, though the Carpenter
 Perish, doth stand : as an Embassadour
 Lyes safe, how e'r his King be in danger.

So, though I languish, prest with Melancholy ;
 My

My verse, the strict Map of my misery,
Shall live to see that, for whose want I die.

Therefore I envy them, and doe repent,
That from unhappy me, things happy are sent;
Yet as a Picture, or bare Sacrament,
Accept these lines, and if in them there be
Merit of love, bestow that love on me.

To M. C. B.

THy friend, whom thy deserts to thee enchain,
Urg'd by this unexcusable occasion,
Thee and the Saint of his affection
Leaving behinde, doth of both wants complaine;
And let the love I beare to both sustaine
No blot nor maim by this division,
Strong is this love which ties our hearts in one,
And strong that love pursu'd with amorous paine;
But though besides thy selfe I leave behinde
Heavens liberall, and the thrice faire Sunne,
Going to where steru'd winter aye doth wonne,
Yet, loves hot fires which martyr my sad minde,
Do send forth scalding sighes, which have the Art
To melt all Ice, but that which walls her heart.

To M. S. B.

O Thou which to search out the secret parts
Of the India, or rather Paradise
Of knowledge, hast with courage and advice
Lately launch'd into the vast Sea of Arts,
Disdaine

Disdaine not in thy constant travelling
 To do as other Voyagers, and make
 Some turnes into lesse Creekes, and wisely take
 Fresh water at the Heliconian spring.
 I sing not, Siren like to tempt; for I
 Am harsh; nor as those Schismatiques with you,
 Which draw all wits of good hope to their crew;
 But seeing in you bright sparkes of Poetry,
 I thought I brought no fuell, but desire
 With these Articulate blasts to blow the fire.

To M. B. B.

IS not thy sacred hunger of science
 Yet satisfy'd? is not thy braines rich hive
 Fulfill'd with honey which thou dost derive
 From the Arts spirits and their Quintessence?
 Then weane thy selfe at last, and thee withdraw
 From Cambridge thy old nurse, and, as the rest,
 Here roughly chew, and sturdily digest
 Th'immenſe vast volumes of our common law;
 And begin soone, lest my griefe grieve thee too,
 Which is, that that which I should have begun
 In my youths morning, now late must be done;
 And I as Giddy Travellers must doe,
 Which stray or sleep all day, and having lost/post.
 Light and strength, darke and tir'd must the ride

If thou unto thy Muse be married,
 Embrace her ever, ever multiply,
 Be farre from me that strange Adultery

To

To tempt thee, and procure her widowhood;
 My nurse, (for I had one) because I'm cold,
 Divorc'd her selfe, the cause being in me,
 That I can take no new in Bigamie,
 Not my will onely, but power doth withhold;
 Hence comes it, that these Rimes which never had
 Mother, want matter, and they onely have
 A little forme, the which their Father gave;
 They are prophane, imperfect, oh, too bad
 To be counted Children of Poetry
 Except confirm'd and Bishoped by thee.

To M. R. W.

IF, as mine is, thy life a slumber be, (me,
 Seeme, when thou read'st these lines, to dream of
 Never did Morpheus nor his brother weare
 Shapes so like those Shapes, whom they would ap-
 As this my letter is like me, for it (peare.
 Hath my name, words, hand, feet, heart, minde and
 It is my deed of gift of me to thee, (wit;
 It is my Will, my selfe the Legacie.
 So thy retyrings I love, yea envie,
 Bred in thee by a wise melancholy,
 That I rejoyce, that unto where thou art,
 Though I stay here, I can thus send my heart,
 As kindly as any enamored Patient
 His Picture to his absent Love hath sent.
 All newes I think sooner reach thee than me;
 Havens are Heavens, and Ships wing'd Angels be,
 The which both Gospel, & stern threatnings bring;
 Guianæ

Guanaes harvest is nipt in the spring,
 I feare; And with us (me thinkes) Fate deales so
 As with the Jewes guide God did; he did shew
 Him the rich land, but barr'd his entry in:
 Our slownesse is our punishment and sinne;
 Perchance, these Spanish busineses being done;
 Which as the earth between the Moon and sunne
 Eclipse the light which Guiana would give,
 Our discontinued hopes we shall retrieve:
 But if (as All th'All must) hopes smoake away,
 Is not Almighty Vertue an India?

If men be worlds, there is in every one
 Some thing to answer in some proportion
 All the worlds riches: and in good men, this
 Vertue, our formes forme, and our soules soule is.

To M. I. L.

OF that short Roll of friends writ in my heart
 Which with thy name begins, since their depart
 Whether in the English Provinces they be,
 Or drinke of Po, Sequan, or Danubie,
 There's none that sometimes greets us not, and yet
 Your Trent is Lethe', that past, us you forget.
 You doe not duties of Societies,
 If from th'embrace of a lov'd wife you rise, (fields,
 View your fat beasts, stretch'd Barnes, and labour'd
 Eate, play, ride, take all joyes which all day yeelds,
 And then againe to your imbracements goe:
 Some houres on us yours friends, and some bestow
 Vpon

Upon your Muse, 'else both we shall repent,
I that my love, she that her gifts on you are spent.

To M. I. P.

BLeft are your North parts, for all this long time
My Sun is with you, cold and darke is our Climate;
Heavens Sun, which staid so long from us this year,
Staid in your North (I thinke) for she was there,
And hither by kind nature drawn from thence,
Here rages, chafes and threatens pestilence;
Yet I, as long as she from hence doth stay,
Thinke this no South, no Sommer, nor no day,
With thee my kinde and unkind heart is runne,
There sacrifice it to that beauteous Sunne:
So may thy pastures with their flowery feasts,
As suddenly as Lard, fat thy leane beasts;
So may thy woods oft poll'd, yet ever weare
A greene, and (when she list) a golden haire;
So may all thy sheep bring forth Twins; and so
In chase and race may thy horse all out-goe;
So may thy love and courage ne'r be cold;
Thy Son ne'r Ward; Thy lov'd wife ne'r seem old;
But maist thou wish great things, and them attaine,
As thou tell'st her, and none but her my paine.

To E. of D. with sixe holy Sonets.

SEE Sir, how as the Suns hot Masculine flame
Begets strange creatures on Niles dirty slime,
In me, your fatherly yet lusty Ryme (same,
(For, these songs are their fruits) have wrought the

But though the ingendring force from whence they
 Be strong enough, and nature doth admit (came
 Seven to be borne at once; I send as yet
 But sixe; they say, the seventh hath still some maim;
 I choose your judgement which the same degree
 Doth with her sister, your invention, hold,
 As fire these drosse Rymes to purifie,
 Or as Elixar to change them to gold;
 You are that Alchymist which alwaies had (bad,
 Wit, whose one spark could make good things of

*To Sir H. W., at his going Ambassadour
 to Venice.*

After those reverend papers, whose soule is
 Our good & great Kings lov'd hand and fear'd
 By which to you he derives much of his (name,
 And (how he may) makes you almost the same,

A Taper of his Torch, a copie writ
 From his Originall, and a faire beame
 Of the same warme, and dazelling Sun, though it
 Must in another Sphere his vertue streame.

After those learned papers which your hand
 Hath stor'd with notes of use and pleasure too,
 From which rich treasury you may command
 Fit matter whether you will write or doe,

After those loving papers which friends send
 With glad grieve to your Sea-ward steps, fare well,
 Which

Which thicken on you now, as prayers ascend
To heaven in troopes at a good mans passing bel:

Admit this honest Paper, and allow
It such an audience as your selfe would aske;
What you must say at *Venice* this meanes now,
And hath for nature what you have for taske.

To sweare much love, not to be chang'd before
Honour alone will to your fortune fit;
Nor shall I then honour your fortune, more
Than I have done your noble-wanting-wit,

But 'tis an easier load (though both oppresse)
To want, then governe greatnesse; for we are
In that, our owne and onely businesse,
In this we must for others vices care.

'Tis therefore well your spirits now are plac'd
In their last Furnace, in Activitie;
Which fits them (Schooles and Courts and warres)
To touch and test in any best degree. (o'rpast)

For me, (if there be such a thing as I)
Fortune (if there be such a thing as she)
Spies that I beare so well her tyranny,
That she thinks nothing else so fit for me.

But though she part us: to heare my oft prayers
For your increase, God is as ne'r me here;
And to send you what I shall begge, his staires
In length and case are alike every where.

To M. M. H.

MAd paper stay, and grudge not here to burne
 With all those sonnes whom thy braine did
 At least lie hid with me, till thou returne (create,
 To rags againe, which is thy native state.

What though thou have enugh unworthinesse
 To come unto great place as others doe,
 That's much, emboldens, puls, thrusts, I confesse;
 But 'tis not all, thou shouldst be wicked too.

And, that thou canst not learne, or not of me,
 Yet thou wilt goe, Goe, since thou goest to her
 Who lacks but faults to be a Prince, for she,
 Truth, whom they dare not pardon, dares prefer.

But when thou com'st to that perplexing eye
 Which equally claimes *love* and *reverence* :
 Thou wilt not long dispute it, thou wilt die ;
 And, having little now, have then no sense.

Yet when her warme redeeming hand, which is
 A miracle ; and made such to worke more,
 Doth touch thee (sapsless leafe) thou grow'st by this
 Her creature ; glorify'd more than before.

Then as a mother which delights to heare
 Her early childe mis-speake halfe uttered words,
 Or, because majestie doth never feare
 Ill or bold speech, the Audience affords.

N

And

And then, cold speechlesse wretch, thou diest again,
 And wisely ; what discourse is left for thee ?
 From speech of ill, and her thou must abstaine,
 And is there any good which is not thee ?

Yet maist thou praise her servants, though not her,
 And wit, and vertue, and honour her attend, (erre
 And since they are but her cloathes, thou shalt not
 If thou her shape & beautie, & grace commend,

Who knowes thy destiny ? when thou hast done,
 Perchance her Cabinet may harbour thee,
 Whither all noble ambitious wits doe runne,
 A nest almost as full of good as thee,

When thou art there, if any, whom we know,
 Were fav'd before, and did that heaven partake,
 When she revolves his papers, marke what show
 Of favour, she, alone, to them doth make,

Marke, if to get them, she o'rskip the rest,
 Marke if she read them twice, or kisse the name ;
 Marke if she doe the same that they protest,
 Marke if she marke whither her woman came,

Marke if sleight things be objected, and o'rblowne,
 Marke if her oathes against him be not still
 Reserv'd, and that she grieve she's not her owne,
 And chides the doctrine that denies Freewill.

I bid thee not doe this to be my spie ;
 Nor to make my selfe her familiar ;

But

But so much I doe love her choyce, that I
Would faine love him that shall be lov'd of her.

To the Countesse of Bedford.

Honour is so sublime perfection,
And so refin'd; that when God was alone
And creaturelesse at first, himselfe had none;
But as of the elements, these which we tread,
Produce all things with which we are joy'd or fet,
And, these are barren both above our head:

So from low persons doth all honour flow;
Kings, whom they would have honoured, so us
And but *direct* our honour, not *bestow*. (show,

For when from herbs the pure part must be wonne
From grosse, by stilling, this is better done:
By despis'd dung, than by the fire of Sunne:

Care not then, Madam, how low your praises lie;
In labourers ballads oft more piety
God findes, than in *Te Deums* melodie.

And Ordinance rized on Towers so many mile
Send not their voyce, nor last so long a while,
As fires from th'earths low vaults in *Sicill* Ile.

Should I say I liv'd darker than were true,
Your radiation can all clouds subdue,
But one, 'tis best light to contemplate you,

You, for whose body God made better clay,
Or tooke Soules stuffe, such as shall late decay,
Or such as needs small change at the last day.

This, as an Amber drop enwraps a Bee,
Covering discovers your quick Soule; that wee (see.
May in your through-shine front our hearts thoughts

You teach (though we learn not) a thing unknown
To our late times, the use of specular stone, (shown
Through which all things within without were

Of such were Temples; so and such you are;
Being and *seeming* is your equall care;
And *vertues* whole *summe* is but *know* and *dare*.

Discretion is a wise mans Soule, and so
Religion is a Christians, and you know
How these are one; her yea, is not her no.

But as our Soules of growth and Soules of sense
Have birthright of our reasons Soule, yet hence
They flie not from that, nor seeke presidence:

Natures first lesson, so, discretion,
Must not grudge zeale a place, nor yet keep none,
Not banish it selfe, nor Religion,

Nor may we hope to foder still and knit
These two, and dare to breake them; nor must wit
Be colleague to Religion, but be it.

In those poore types of God (round circles) so
Religions types the peecelesse centers flow,
And are in all the lines which alwayes goe.

If either ever wrought in you alone
Or principally, then Religion
Wrought your ends, and your wayes discretion.

Goe thither still, goe the same way you went,
Who so would change, doe covet or repent;
Neither can reach you, great and innocent.

To the Countesse of Huntingdon.

THat unripe side of earth, that heavy clime
That gives us man up now, like *Adams* time
Before he eat; mans shape, that would yet bee
(Knew they not it, and fear'd beasts companie)
So naked at this day, as though man there
From Paradise so great a distance were,
As yet the newes could not arrived bee
Of *Adams* tasting the forbidden tree;
Depriv'd of that free state which they were in,
And wanting the reward, yet beare the sinne.

But, as from extreme hights who downward looks,
Sees men at childrens shapes, Rivers at brookes,
And loseth younger formes; so, to your eye,
These (*Madame*) that without your distance lie,
Must either mist, or nothing seeme to be,
Who are at home but wits mere *Atomi*.
But, I who can behold them move, and stay,
Have found my selfe to you, just their midway;

And now must pity them : for, as they doe
 Seeme sick to mee, just so must I to you,
 Yet neither will I vex your eyes to see
 A sighing Ode, nor crosse-arm'd Elegie.
 I come not to call pity from your heart,
 Like some white-liver'd dotard that would part
 Else from his slipperie soule with a faint groane,
 And faithfully, (without you smil'd) were gone.
 I cannot feele the tempest of a frowne,
 I may be rais'd by love, but not throwne downe,
 Though I can pitie those sigh twice a day,
 I hate that thing whispers it selfe away.
 Yet since all love is fever, who to trees
 Doth talk, doth yet in loves cold ague freeze.
 'Tis love, but, with such fatall weaknesse made,
 That it destroyes it selfe with its owne shade.
 Who first look't sad, griev'd, pind, and shew'd his
 Was he that first taught women, to disdain. (spaine,
 As all things were one nothing, dull and weake,
 untill this raw disorder'd heape did breake,
 And severall desires led parts away,
 Water declin'd with earth, the ayre did stay,
 Fire rose, and each from other but unty'd,
 Themselves unprison'd were and purify'd :
 So was love, first in vast confusion hid,
 An unripe willingnesse which nothing did,
 A thirst, an Appetite which had no ease,
 That found a want, but knew not what would please.
 What pretty innocence in those dayes mov'd ?
 Man ignorantly walk'd by her he lov'd ;
 Both sigh'd and enterchang'd a speaking eye,
 Both trembled and were sick, both knew not why.
 That

That naturall fearefulnesse that struck man dumbe;
Might well (those times considered) man become.
As all discoverers whose first assay
Finds but the place, after, the nearest way;
So passion is to womans love, about,
Nay, farther off, than when we first set out.
It is not love that sueth, or doth contend;
Love either conquers, or but meets a friend.
Man's better part consists of purer fire,
And findes it selfe allowed, ere it desire.
Love is wise here, keepes home, gives reason sway,
And journeyes not till it finde summer-way.
A weather-beaten Lover but once knowne,
Is sport for every girle to practise on. (know,
Who strives through womans scornes, women to
Is lost, and seekes his shadow to outgoe;
It must be sicknesse after one disdain.
Though he be call'd aloud, to looke againe.
Let others sinne, and grieve; one cunning sleight
Shall freeze my Love to CrySTALL in a night.
I can love first, and (if I winne) love still;
And cannot be remov'd, unlesse she will.
It is her fault if I unsure remaine,
She onely can untie, I binde againe.
The honesties of love with ease I doe,
But am no porter for a tedious woe.

But (Madame) I now thinke on you; and here
Where we are at our hights, you but appeare,
We are but clouds, you rise from our noon-ray,
But a foule shadow, not your breake of day.
You are at first hand all that's faire and right;
And others good reflects but backe your light.

You are a perfectnesse, so curious hit,
 That youngest flatteries doe scandall it,
 For, what is more doth what you are restraine,
 And though beyond, is downe the hill againe,
 We have no next way to you, we crosse to it;
 You are the straight line, thing prais'd, attribute,
 Each good in you's a light; so many a shade
 You make, and in them are your motions made.
 These are your pictures to the life. From farre
 We see you move, and here your *Zani's* are:
 So that no fountaine good there is, doth grow
 In you, but our dimme actions faintly show:

Then finde I, if mans noblest part be love,
 Your purest luster must that shadow move.
 The soule with body, is a heaven combin'd
 With earth, and for mans ease, nearer joyn'd.
 Where thoughts the starres of soule we understand,
 We guesse not their large natures, but command.
 And love in you, that bounty is of light,
 That gives to all and yet hath infinite.
 Whose heat doth force us thither to intend,
 But soule we finde too earthly to ascend,
 'Till slow accessse hath made it wholly pure,
 Able immortall clearnesse to endure.
 Who dare aspire this journey with a staine,
 Hath weight will force him headlong backe againe.
 No more can impure man retaine and move
 In that pure region of a worthy love:
 Then earthly substance can unforc'd aspire,
 And leave his nature to converse with fire: (speak;
 Such may have eye, and hand; may sigh, may
 But like swoln bubbles, whē they are high 't they brak
 Though

Yet I so well affect each part,
As (caus'd by them) I love my smart.

Say her disdainings justly must be grac't
with name of chaste,
And that she frownes left longing should exceed,
and raging breed;
So her disdaines can ne'r offend;
Unlesse selfe-love take private end.

'Tis love breeds love in me, and cold disdain
kils that againe,
As water causeth fire to fret and fume,
till all consume.
Who can of love more rich gift make,
Then to love selfe-love for loves sake?

I'll never dig in Quarry of an heart
to have no part,
Nor rest in fiery eyes, which alwayes are
Canicular.
Who this way would a Lover prove,
May shew his patience, not his love,

A frowne may be sometimes for physick good,
But not for food;
And for that raging humour there is sure
A gentler Cure.
Why barre you love of private end,
Which never should to publique tend?

To

*To the Countesse of Bedford.**Begun in France, but never perfected.*

THough I be *dead* and buried, yet I have
 (Living in you) Court enough in my grave,
 As oft as there I thinke my selfe to be,
 So many resurrections waken me;
 That thankfulnessse your favours have begot
 In me, embalmes me, that I doe not rot;
 This season as 'tis Easter, as 'tis spring,
 Must both to growth and to confession bring
 My thoughts dispos'd unto your influence, so
 These verses bud, so these confessions grow;
 First I confesse I have to others lent
 Your stock, and over prodigally spent
 Your treasure, for since I had never knowne
 Vertue and beautie, but as they are growne
 In you, I should not thinke or say they shine,
 (So as I have) in any other Mine;
 Next I confesse this my confession,
 For, 'tis some fault thus much to touch upon
 Your praise to you, where half rights seem too much
 And make your mindes sincere complexion blisht;
 Next I confesse my impenitence, for I
 Can scarce repent my first fault, since thereby
 Remote low Spirits, which shall ne'r read you,
 May in lesse lessons finde enough to doe,
 By studying eopies, not Originals,

*Desunt caetera.**To*

*A Letter to the Lady Carey, and Mrs Essex
Riche, from Amyens.*

MADAM,

HERE where by All All Saints invoked are,
'Twere too much schisme to be singular,
And 'gainst a practice generall to warre.

Yet turning to Saints, should my 'humilitie
To other Saint than you directed bee,
That were to make my schisme, heresie.

Nor would I be a Convertite so cold,
As not to tell it; If this be too bold,
Pardons are in this market cheaply sold.

Where because Faith is in too low degree,
I thought it some Apostleship in mee
To speake things which by faith alone I see.

That is, of you, who are a firmament
Of virtues, where no one is grown, or spent,
They are your materials, not your ornament.

Others whom we call vertuous, are not so
In their whole substance, but, their vertues grow
But in their humours, and at seasons show.

For when through tastelesse flat humilitie
In dowb'd men some harmelesnesse we see,
'Tis but his *flegme* that's *Vertuous*, and not Hee :

So

So is the Blood sometimes : Who ever ran
To danger unimportun'd, he was than
No better than a *sanguine* Vertuous man.

So cloysterall men, who, in pretence of feare
All contributions to this life forbear,
Have Vertue in *Melancholy*, and onely there.

Spirituall *Cholerique* Critiques which in all
Religions finde faults, and forgive no fall,
Have through this zeale, Vertue but in their Gall.

We are thus but parcell guilt; to Gold we are grown
When Vertue is our Soules complexion ;
Who knowes his Vertues name or place, hath none.

Vertue's but anguish, when 'tis severall,
By occasion wak'd, and circumstantiall,
True vertue is *Soule*, Alwaies in all deeds *All*.

This Vertue thinking to give dignitie
To your soule, found there no infirmitie,
For, your soule was as good Vertue as she ;

She therefore wrought upon that part of you
Which is scarce lesse than soule, as she could doe,
And so hath made your beautie, Vertue too.

Hence comes it, that your Beauty wounds not hearts
As others, with profane and sensuall Darts,
But as an influence, vertuous thoughts imparts.

But

But if such friends by the honour of your sight
Grow capable of this so great a light
As to partake your vertnes, and their might :

What must I thinke that influence must doe,
Where it findes sympathie and matter too,
Vertue, and beaustie of the same stufte, as you ?

Which is, your noble worthy sister ; shee
Of whom, if what in this my Extasie
And revelation of you both I see,

I should write here, as in short Galleries
The Master at the end large glassesties,
So to present the roome twice to our eyes :

So I should give this letter length, and say
That which I said of you ; there is no way
From either, but by the other not to stray.

May therefore this be enough to testifie
My true devotion, free from flatterie ;
He that beleeves himselfe, doth never lie.

To the Countesse of Salisbury. August. 1614.

FAire, great, and good, since seeing you we see
What heaven can doe, what any Earth can bee
Since now your beaustie shines, now when the Sun
Grownne stale, is to so low a value run,
That his dishevel'd beames, and scattered fires
Serve but for Ladies Periwigs and Tyres

In Lovers Sonnets : you come to repaire
Gods booke of creatures, teaching what is faire,
Since now, when all is withered, shrunk, and dry'd;
All vertues ebb'd out to a dead low tyde,
All the worlds frame being crumbled into sand,
Where every man thinkes by himselfe to stand,
Integritie, friendship, and confidence,
(Ciments of greatnesse) being vapour'd hence,
And narrow man being fill'd with little shares,
Court, Citie, Church, are all shops of small-wares,
All having blowne to sparkes their noble fire,
And drawne their sound gold ingot, into wyre;
All trying by a love of littlenesse
To make abridgements and to draw to lesse,
Even that nothing, which at first we were;
Since in these times your greatnesse doth appeare,
And that we learne by it, that man to get
Towards him that's infinite, must first be great.
Since in an age so ill, as none is fit
So much as to accuse, much lesse mend it,
(For who can judge, or witnesse of those times,
Where all alike are guilty of the crimes?)
Where he that would be good, is thought by all
A monster, or at best phantasticall:
Since now you durst be good, and that I doe
Discerne by daring to contemplate you,
That there may be degrees of faire, great, good,
Through your light, largenesse, vertue understood:
If in this sacrifice of mine, be shewne
Any small sparke of these, call it your owne.
And if things like these have been said by me
Of others; call not that Idolatric.

For

For had God made man first and man had seen
 The third daies fruits and flowers, & various green,
 He might have said the best that he could say
 Of those faire creatures which were made that day:
 And when next day he had admir'd the birth
 Of Sun, Moon, Stars, fairer than late-prais'd earth,
 He might have said the best that he could say,
 And not be chid for praising yesterday:
 So though some things are not together true;
 As, that another is worthiest, and, that you :
 Yet, to say so, doth not condemne a man,
 If when he spoke them, they were both true than,
 How faire a prooffe of this in our soule growes,
 We first have soules of growth, and sense; and those
 When our last soule, our soule immortall came,
 Were swallow'd into it, and have no name.
 Nor doth he injure those soules, which doth cast
 The power and praise of both them on the last;
 No more doe I wrong any, if I adore
 The same things now which I ador'd before,
 The subject chang'd, and measure; the same thing
 In a low constable, and in the King
 I reverence; His power to worke on me;
 So did I humbly reverence each degree
 Of faire, great, good, but more, now I am come
 From having found their *walks*, to find their *home*.
 And as I owe my first soules thankses, that they
 For my last soule did fit and mould my clay,
 So am I debtor unto them, whose worth
 Enabled me to profit, and take forth
 This new great lesson, thus to study you;
 Which none, not reading others, first, could doe.

Nor

Nor lack I light to read this booke, though I
 In a darke Cave, yea in a Grave doe lie;
 For as your fellow Angels, so you doe
 Illustrate them who come to study you.
 The first whom we in Histories doe finde
 To have profest all Arts, was one borne blinde:
 He lackt those eyes beasts have as well as wee,
 Not those, by which Angels are seen and see;
 So, though I'am borne without those eyes to live,
 Which Fortune, who hath none her selfe, doth give;
 Which are fit meanes to see bright courts and you,
 Yet may I see you thus, as now I doe;
 I shall by that all goodnesse have discern'd,
 And though I burne my Library, be learn'd.

To the Lady Bedford.

YOU that are she, and you that's double she;
 In her dead face, halfe of your selfe shall see;
 She was the other part, for so they doe
 Which build them friendships, become one of two;
 So two, that but themselves no third can fit
 Which were to be so, when they were not yet.
 Twinnes, though their birth *Cusco*, and *Musco* take,
 As divers starres one Constellation make,
 Pair'd like two eyes, have equall motion, so
 Both but one meanes to see, one way to goe;
 Had you dy'd first, a carcasse she had been;
 And we your rich Tombe in her face had seen;
 She like the soule is gone, and you here stay,
 Not a live friend, but th'other halfe of clay;
 And since you act that part, As men say, here

Lies such a Prince, when but one part is there ;
 And doe all honour and devotion due
 Unto the whole, so we all reverence you ;
 For such a friendship, who would not adore
 In you, who are all what both were before,
 Not all as if some perished by this,
 But so, as all in you contracted is ;
 As of this all, though many parts decay,
 The pure which elemented them shall stay ;
 And though diffus'd, and spread in infinite,
 Shall recollect, and in one All unite :
 So Madame, as her Soule to heaven is fled,
 Her flesh rests in the earth, as in the bed ;
 Her vertues doe, as to their proper spheare,
 Returne to dwell with you, of whom they were :
 As perfect motions are all circular,
 So they to you, their sea, whence lesse streames are.
 She was all spices, you all metals ; so
 In you two we did both rich Indies know.
 And as no fire, nor rust can spend or wast
 One dramme of Gold, but what was first shall last,
 Though it be forc'd in water, earth, salt, aire,
 Expans'd in infinite, none will impaire ;
 So, to your selfe you may additions take,
 But nothing can you lesse, or changed make.
 Seeke not in seeking new, to seeme to doubt ;
 That you can match her, or not be without ;
 But let some faithfull booke in her roome bee,
 Yet but of *Indith* no such booke as shee.

Sapho

Sapho to Phyllenis.

WHere is that holy fire, which *Verse* is said
 To have? is that inchanting force decay'd?
Verse that draws *Natures* worke, frō *Natures* law,
 Thee, her best worke, to her worke cannot draw.
 Have my teares quench'd my old *Poétique* fire;
 Why quench'd they not as well, that of *desire*?
 Thoughts, my minds creatures, often are with thee,
 But I, their maker, want their libertie;
 Onely thine image, in my heart, doth sit,
 But that is waxe, and fires environ it.
 My fires have driven, thine have drawne it hence;
 And I am rob'd of *Picture*, *Heart*, and *Sense*.
 Dwels with me still mine inkesome *Memory*.
 Which, both to keep, and lose, grieves equally.
 That tels me how faire thou art: I thou art so faire,
 As *gods*, when *gods* to thee I doe compare,
 Are grac'd thereby; And to make blinde men see,
 What things *gods* are, I say they are like to thee.
 For, if we justly call each silly *man*
 A little world, what shall we call thee than?
 Thou art not soft, and cleare, and straight, and faire,
 As *Downe*, as *Starres*, *Cedars*, and *Lillies* are,
 But thy right hand, and cheeke, and eye onely
 Are like thy other hand, and cheeke, and eye.
 Such was my *Phao* a while, but shall be never,
 As thou, wast, art, and, oh, maist thou be ever.
 Here lovers sweare in their *Idolatrie*,
 That I am such; but *Griefe* discolors me.
 And yet I grieve the lesse, lest griefe remove

My beautie, and make me unworthy of thy love.
 Playes some soft boy with thee, oh there wants yet
 A mutuall feeling which should sweeten it:
 His chinne, a thorny hairy unevennesse
 Doth threaten, and some daily change possesse.
 Thy body is a naturall *Paradise*,
 In whose selfe, unmanur'd, all pleasure lies,
 Nor needs *perfection*; why shouldst thou than
 Admit the tillage of a harsh rough man?
 Men leave behind them that which their sin shows,
 And are, as theeves trac'd, which rob when it snows,
 But of our dalliance no more signes there are,
 Than *fishes* leave in streames, or *Birds* in aire.
 And between us all sweetnesse may be had;
 All, all that *Nature* yeelds, or *Art* can adde.
 My two lips, eyes, thighs, differ from thy two,
 But so, as thine from one another doe:
 And, oh, no more; the likenesse being such,
 Why should they not alike in all parts touch?
 Hand to strange hand, lip to lip none denies;
 Why should they brest to brest, or thighs to thighs?
 Likenesse begets such strange self-flatterie,
 That touching my selfe all seemes done to thee.
 My selfe I embrace, and mine owne hands I kisse,
 And amorously thanke my selfe for this.
 Me, in my glasse, I call thee; But alas, *(glasse.*
 When I would kisse, teares dimme mine eyes, and
 O cure this loving madnesse, and restore
 Me to me; thee my *halfe*, my *all*, my *more*.
 So may thy cheekes red outweare scarlet die,
 And their white, whitenesse of the *Galaxy*,
 So may thy mighty amazing beauty move

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Envy in all women, and in all men love,
 And so be change and sicknesse farre from thee,
 As thou by comming neare, keep'st them from me.

To Ben. Johnson, 6. Jan. 1603.

THE State and mens affaires are the best plays
 Next yours, 'Tis nor more nor lesse thā due praise:
 Write, but touch not the much descending race
 Of Lords houses, so settled in worths place,
 As but themselves none thinke them usurpers,
 It is no fault in thee to suffer theirs,
 If the Queen Masque, or King a hunting goe,
 Though all the Court follow, Let them. We know
 Like them in goodnesse that Court ne'r will be,
 For that were vertue, and not flatterie.
 Forget we were thrust out, It is but thus,
 God threatens Kings, Kings Lords, as Lords doe us.
 Judge of strangers, Trust and beleeeve your friend,
 And so me; And when I true friendship end,
 With guilty cōscience let me be worse stung (tongue
 Then with *Pophams* sentence theeves, or *Cookes*
 Traitors are, Friends are our selves. This I thee tell
 As to my friend, and to my selfe is Counsell:
 Let for a while the times unthrifty rout
 Contemne learning, and all your studies flour.
 Let them scorne Hell, they will a Sergeant fear,
 More then we *them*; that, ere long God may forbear,
 But Creditors will not. Let them increase
 In riot and excesse as their meanes cease,
 Let them scorne him that made them, and still shun
 His Grace, but love the whore who hath undone

Them and their Soules. But ; that they that allow
 But one God, should have religions enough
 For the Queens Masque, & their husbands, for more
 Then all the Gentiles knew, or *Atlas* bore.
 Well, let all passe, and trust him who nor cracks
 The bruised Reed, nor quencheth smoaking flaxe.

To Ben. Jonson, 9. Novembris, 1603.

If great men wrong me, I will spare my selfe ;
 If meane I will spare them, I know the pelfe
 Which is ill got the Owner doth upbraid,
 It may corrupt a Judge, make me afraid
 And a Jury. But 'twill revenge in this,
 That, though himselfe be Iudge, he guiltie is,
 What care I though of weaknesse men taxe me?
 I had rather sufferer than doer be.
 That I did trust, it was my Natures praise,
 For breach of word I knew but as a phrase.
 That judgement is, that surely can comprise
 The world in precepts, most happy and most wise,
 What though? Though lesse, yet some of both have
 Who have learn'd it by use and misery. (we
 Poore I, whom every pety crosse doth trouble,
 Who apprehend each hurt that's done me double,
 Am of this (though it should sinke me) carelesse,
 It would but force me to a stricter goodnesse.
 They have great gaine of me, who gaine doe winne,
 (If such gaine be nortosse) from every sinne.
 The standing of great mens lives would afford
 A pretty summe, if God would sell his Word.
 He cannot ; they can theirs, and breake them too.

How

How unlike they are that they are likened to ?
 Yet I conclude, they are amidst my evils,
 If good, like Gods, the naught are so like devils.

To Sir Tho. Rowe. 1603.

Deare Tom;

TELL her if she to hired servants shew
 Dislike, before they take their leave they goe ;
 When nobler spirits start at no disgrace,
 For who hath but one minde, hath but one face.
 If then why I take not my leave she aske,
 Aske her againe why she did not unmaske.
 Was she or proud or cruell, or knew she
 'Twould make my losse more felt, and pityed me ?
 Or did she feare one kisse might stay for mee ?
 Or else was she unwilling I should goe ?
 I thinke the best, and love so faithfully,
 I cannot chuse but thinke that she loves me.
 If this prove not my faith, then let her trie
 How in her service I would fructifie.
 Ladies have boldly lov'd; bid her renew
 That decay'd worth, and prove the times past true.
 Then he whose wit and verse growes now so lame,
 With songs to her will the wild Irish tame.
 Howe'r, I'll weare the black and white ribband,
 White for her fortunes, blacke for mine shall stand.
 I doe esteeme her favour, not the stuffe ;
 If what I have was given, I have enough,
 And all's well, for had she lov'd, I had not had
 All my friends hate, for now departing sad
 I feele not that : Yet as the Rack the Gout

Cures, so hath *this* worse griefe *that* quite put out:
 My first disease nought but that worse cureth,
 Which (I dare foreſay) nothing cures but death.
 Tell her all this before I am forgot,
 That not too late ſhe grieve ſhe lov'd me not.

Burden'd with this, I was to depart leſſe
 Willing then thoſe which die, and not confeſſe,

The end of the Letters.

ANATOMIE OF THE WORLD.

Wherein,

By occaſion of the untimely death of
 Miſtris ELIZABETH DRURY,
 the frailty and the decay of this whole
 World is represented.

The firſt Anniverſary.

To the praiſe of the dead, and the
 ANATOMY.

WELL dy'd the World, that we might live to ſee
 This world of wit, in his Anatomie:
 No evill wants his good, ſo wilder heires
 Bedew their Fathers Tombes with forced teares,
 Whole

Whose state requites their loss:whiles thus we gain,
Well may we walke in blackes, but not complaine.
Yet how can I consent the world is dead
Whiles this Muse lives? which in his spirits stead
Seemes to informe a world; and bids it be,
In spight of loss or fraile mortality?

And thou the subject of this welborne thought,
Thrice noble maide, couldst not have found nor
A fitter time to yeeld to thy sad Fate, (sought
Then whiles this spirit liues that can relate

Thy worth so well to our last Nephewes eyne,
That they shall wonder both at his and thine:
Admired match! where strives in mutuall grace
The cunning pencill, and the comely face:

A taske which thy faire goodnesse made too much
For the bold pride of vulgar pens to touch;
Enough is us to praise them that praise thee,
And say, that but enough those praises bee,
Which, hadst thou liv'd, had hid their fearfull head
From the angry checkings of thy modest red:
Death barres reward and shame, when envy's gone,
And gaine, 'tis safe to give the dead their owne.

As then the wise Egyptians wont to lay
More on their Tombes, then houses: these of clay,
But those of brasse, or marble were: so wee
Give more unto thy Ghost, then unto thee.

Yet what we give to thee, thou gav'st to us,
And may'st but thanke thy selfe, for being thus:

Yet what thou gav'st and wert, O happy maide,
Thy grace profest all due, where 'tis repaid,

So these high songs that to thee suited bin,
Serve but to sound thy Makers praise and thine,

Which

Which thy deare soule as sweetly sings to him
 A mid the quire of Saints, and Seraphim,
 As any Angels tongues can sing of thee;
 The subjects differ, though the skill agree:
 For as by infant yeares men judge of age,
 Thy early love, thy vertues did presage
 What high part thou bear'st in those best of Songs,
 Whereto no burden, nor no end belongs.
 Sing on thou virgin Soule, whole lossefull gaine
 Thy lovesick parents have bewail'd in vaine;
 Never may thy name be in our songs forgot,
 Till we shall sing thy ditty and thy note.

An Anatomy of the World,

The first Anniversary.

When that rich Soule which to her heaven is (gone,
 Whó al doe celebrate, who know they have
 (For who is sure he hath a Soule, unlesse (one,
 It see, and judge, and follow worthinesse,
 And by deeds praise it: he who doth not this,
 May lodge an inmate soule, but 'tis not his)
 When that Queene ended here her progresse time,
 And, as t'her standing house to heaven did climbe;
 Where loath to make the Saints attend her long,
 She's now a part both of the Quire and Song:
 This World, in that great earthquake languished;
 For in a common bath of teares it bled,
 Which drew the strongest vitall spirits out:
 But succour'd them with a perplexed doubt,

Whether

Whether the world did lose, or gaine in this,
(Because since now no other way there is,
But goodnesse, to see her, whom all would see,
All must endeavour to be good as thee.)
This great consumption to a fever turn'd,
And so the world had fits; it joy'd, it mourn'd;
And, as men thinke, that Agues physick are,
And th'Ague being spent, give over care:
So thou sick world mistak'st thy selfe to be
Well, when alas, thou art in a Lethargie:
Her death did wound and tame thee than, and than
Thou might'st have better spar'd the Sunne, or man.
That wound was deepe, but 'tis more misery,
That thou hast lost thy sense and memory.
'Twas heavy then to heare thy voyce of moane,
But this is worse that thou art speechlesse growne.
Thou hast forgot thy name thou hadst; thou wast
Nothing but she, and her thou hast o'rpast.
For as a child kept from the fount, untill
A Prince, expected long, come to fulfill
The ceremonies, thou unnam'd had'st laid,
Had not her comming, thee her palace made:
Her name defin'd thee, gave thee forme, and frame,
And thou forgett'st to celebrate thy name.
Some moneths she hath been dead (but being dead,
Measures of time are all determined)
But long she hath been away, long, long, yet none
Offers to tell us who it is that's gone,
But as in States doubtfull of future heires,
When sicknesse without remedie impaires
The present Prince, they're loath it should be said,
The Prince doth languish or the Prince is dead:

So

So mankinde, feeling now a generall thaw,
 A strong example gone, equall to law;
 The Cymment which did faithfully compact,
 And give all vertues, now resolv'd and slack'd,
 Thought it some blasphemy to say she' was dead,
 Or that our weaknesse was discovered
 In that confession; therefore spoke no more,
 Then tongues, the Soule being gone, the losse de-
 But though it betoo late to succour thee, (plore.
 Sick World, yea, dead, yea putrified, since she
 Thy'intrinsique balme, and thy preservative,
 Can never be renew'd, thou never live,
 I (since no man can make thee live) will trie,
 What we may gaine by thy Anatomy.
 Her death hath taught us dearly, that thou art
 Corrupt and mortall in thy purest part.
 Let no man say, the world it selfe being dead,
 'Tis labour lost to have discovered
 The worlds infirmities, since there is none
 Alive to study this dissection;
 For there's a kinde of World remaining still,
 Though she which did inanimate and fill
 The world, be gone, yet in this last long night,
 Her Ghost doth walke, that is, a glimmering light,
 A faint weake love of vertue, and of good
 Reflects from her, on them which understood
 Her worth; and though she have shut in all day,
 The twilight of her memory doth stay;
 Which, from the carcasse of the old world, free,
 Creates a new world, and new creatures bee
 Produc'd: the matter and the stufte of this,
 Her vertue, and the forme our practise is:

And

And though to be thus elemented, arme
These creatures, from homeborn intrinsique harme,
(For all assum'd unto this dignitie,
So many weedlesse Paradises bee,
Which of themselves producē no venomous sinne,
Except some foraine Serpent bring it in)
Yet because outward stormes the strongest breake,
And strength it selfe by confidence growes weake,
This new world may be safer, being told
The dangers and diseases of the old:
For with due temper men doe them forgoe,
Or covet things, when they their true worth know,
There is no health; Phyisitians say that we,
At best, enjoy but a neutralitie.
And can there be worse sicknesse than to know,
That we are never well, nor can be so?
We are borne ruinous: poore mothers cry,
That Children come not right nor orderly,
Except they headlong come and fall upon
An ominous precipitation.
How witty's ruine, how importunate
Upon mankind? it labour'd to frustrate
Even Gods purpose; and made woman, sent
For mans reliefe, cause of his languishment;
They were to good ends, and they are so still,
But accessory, and principall in ill;
For that first marriage was our funerall:
One woman at one blow, then kill'd us all,
And singly, one by one they kill us now.
We doe delightfully our selves allow
To that consumption; and profusely blinde
We kill our selves to propagate our kinde,

And

And yet we doe not that ; we are not men :
 There is not now that mankinde, which was then,
 When as the Sunne and man did seeme to strive,
 (Joynt-tenants of the world) who should survive;
 When, Stagge, and Raven, and the long-liv'd tree,
 Compar'd with man, dy'd in minoritie;
 When, if a slow pac'd starre had stolne away
 From the observers marking, he might stay
 Two or three hundred yeares to see't againe,
 And then make up his observation plaine ;
 When as the age was long, the life was great ;
 Mans growth confest'd, and recompenc'd the meat;
 So spacious and large, that every Soule
 Did a faire Kingdome, and large Realme controule :
 And when the very stature, thus erect,
 Did that Soule a good way towards heaven direct,
 Where is this mankinde now ? who lives to age,
 Fit to be made *Methusalem* his page ?
 Alas, we scarce live long enough to trie
 Whether a true made clock run right or lie.
 Old Granfires talke of yesterday with sorrow :
 And for our children we reserve to morrow.
 So short is life, that every peasant strives,
 In a torne house, or field, to have three lives,
 And as in lasting, so in length is man,
 Contracted to an inch, who was a spanne ;
 For had a man at first in Forrests straid,
 Or ship-wrack'd in the Sea, one would have laid
 A wager, that an Elephant or Whale,
 That met him, would not hastily assaile,
 A thing so equall to him : now alas,
 The Fairies, and the Pygmies well may passe

As

As credible; mankinde decays so soone,
We're scarce our Fathers shadowes cast at noone:
Only death adds t'our length: nor are we growne
In stature to be men, till we are none.
But this were light, did our lesse volume hold
All the old Text; or had we chang'd to gold
Their silver, or dispos'd into lesse glasse
Spirits of vertue, which then scatter'd was:
But 'tis not so: w're not retir'd, but damp't;
And as our bodies, so our mindes are cramp't:
'Tis shrinking, not close weaving that hath thus,
In minde and body both bedwarfed us.
We seeme ambitious Gods whole worke t'undoe;
Of nothing he made us, and we strive too,
To bring our selves to nothing backe; and we
Doe what we can, to do't so soone as he:
With new diseases on our selves we warre,
And with new Physick, a worse Engine farre.
This man, this worlds Vice-Emperour, in whom
All faculties, all graces are at home;
And if in other creatures they appeare,
They're but mans Ministers, and Legats there,
To worke on their rebellions, and reduce
Them to Civilitie, and to mans use:
This man, whom God did wooe, and loth t'attend
Till man came up, did down to man descend:
This man so great, that all that is, is his,
Oh what a trifle, and poore thing he is!
If man were any thing, hee's nothing now:
Helpe, or at least some time to waste, allow
To his other wants, yet when he did depart
With her whom we lament, he lost his heart.

She,

She of whom th'Ancients seem'd to prophesie,
 When they call'd vertues by the name of She ;
 She, in whom vertue was so much refin'd,
 That for allay unto so pure a minde
 She took the weaker Sex : she that could drive
 The poysonous tincture, and the staine of Eve,
 Out of her thoughts and deeds ; and purifie
 All by a true religious Alchimy ;
 She, she is dead ; she's dead ; when thou know'st this ;
 Thou know'st how poore a trifling thing man is,
 And learn'st thus much by our Anatomy,
 The heart being perish'd, no part can be free,
 And that except thou feed (not banquet) on
 The supernaturall food, Religion,
 Thy better growth growes withered, and scant ;
 Be more than man, or thou'art lesse then an Ant.
 Then as mankind, so is the worlds whole frame
 Quite out of joynt, almost created lame :
 For, before God had made up all the rest,
 Corruption entred, and deprav'd the best :
 It seisd the Angels, and then first of all
 The world did in her cradle take a fall,
 And turn'd her braines, and took a generall maim ;
 Wronging each joynt of th'universall frame,
 The noblest part, man, felt it first : and than
 Both beasts and plants, curst in the curse of man :
 So did the world from the first houre decay,
 That evening was beginning of the day,
 And now the Springs and Summers which we see
 Like sonnes of women after fifty bee.
 And new Philosophy cals all in doubt,
 The Element of fire is quite put out :

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The Sunne is lost, and th'earth, and no mans wit
 Can well direct him where to look for it.
 And freely men confesse that this world's spent,
 When in the Planets, and the firmament
 They seek so many new; they see, that this
 Is crumbled out againe to his Atomies.
 'Tis all in peeces, all coherence gone,
 All just supply, and all Relation:
 Prince, Subject, Father, Son, are things forgot,
 For every man alone thinkes he hath got
 To be a Phoenix, and that then can be
 None of that kind, of which he is, but he.
 This is the worlds condition now, and now
 She that should all parts to reunion bow,
 She that had all magnetique force alone,
 To draw and fasten sundred parts in one;
 She whom wise nature had invented then
 When she observ'd that every sort of men
 Did in their voyage, in this worlds Sea stray,
 And needed a new Compasse for their way;
 She that was best, and first originall
 Of all faire copies, and the generall
 Steward to Fate; she whose rich eyes and brest
 Guile the West-Indies, and perfum'd the East,
 Whose having breath'd in this world, did bestow
 Spice on those Isles, and had them still smell so.
 And that rich Indie, which doth gold interre,
 Is but as single money cov'd from her;
 She to whom this world must it selfe referre,
 As Suburbs, or the Microcosme of her,
 She, she is dead: she's dead: when thou knowest
 Thou knowest how lame a creeple this world is. (this

And learn't thus much by our Anatomy,
 That this worlds generall sicknesse doth not lye
 In any humour, or one certain part;
 But as thou sawest it rotten at the heart,
 Thou seest a Hectique fever hath got hold
 Of the whole substance, not to be contrould,
 And that thou hast but one way, not to admit
 The worlds infection, to be none of it,
 For the worlds subtilt immateriall parts
 Feel this consuming wound, and ages darts.
 For the worlds beauty, is decay'd, or gone,
 Beauty, that's colour, and proportion,
 We think the heavens enjoy their Sphericall,
 Their round proportion embracing all,
 But yet their various and perplexed course,
 Observ'd in divers ages, doth enforce
 Men to find out so many Eccentrique parts,
 Such divers down-right lines; such overthwarts,
 As disproportion that pure forme: It rears
 The Firmament in eight and forty spheres,
 And in these Constellations then arise
 New stars, and old doe vanish from our eyes:
 As though heav'n suffer'd earthquakes, peace or
 When new towers rise and old demolish'd are. (W
 They have impal'd within a Zodiacke
 The free-born Sun, and keep twelve signes awake
 To watch his steps; the Goat and Crab controule
 And fright him back, whoe he to either Pole
 (Did not these tropiques fetter him) might runne:
 For his course is not found, nor can the Sunne
 Performe Cycles, or maintain his way
 One inch direct, but where he rose to day

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He comes no more but with a dazening line,
 Steales by that point, and so is Serpentine!
 And seeming weary of his reeling thus,
 He means to sleep, being now faine nearer us.
 So, of the Starres which boast that they doe runne
 In Circle still, none ends where he began,
 All their proportion's time it takes, it swells!
 For of Meridians, and Parallels,
 Man hath wove'd out a net, and this net thrown
 Upon the Heavens, and now they are his own,
 Loth to goe up the hill, or labour thus
 To goe to heaven, we make heaven come to us.
 We spur, we raine the Starres, and in their race
 They are diversly content to obey our pace,
 But keeps the earth her round proportion still:
 Dots not a Tennis or higher hill
 Rise so high like a Rock, that one might think
 The floating Moon would shipwreck there and sink:
 Seas are so deep, that Whales being struck to day,
 Perchance to morrow leasse it middle way
 Of their widd journeys end, the bottom, die;
 And men, to sound depths, so much the more,
 As one might justly thinke, that there would rise
 At once hereof, one of th' Antipodies
 If under all, a world infernal be,
 (Which sure is Iphigons, except that we
 Invent another torment, that there must
 Millions into a straight hot room be thrust)
 Then fondness and roundness have no more
 Are these but warts, and pockholes in the face
 Of th' earth: I thinke so but yet confesse in this
 The worlds proportion is as this

That those two legges whereon it doth rely,
 Reward and punishment, are bent awry:
 And, Oh, it can no more be questioned,
 That beauries best proportion is dead,
 Since even griefe it selfe, which now alone
 Is left us, is without proportion.
 She by whose lines proportion should be
 Examined, measure of all Symmetry,
 Whom had that Ancient seen, who thought soules
 Of Harmony, he would at next have said:
 That Harmony was she, and thence inferre
 That soules were but Resulcances from her,
 And did from her into our bodies gee,
 As to our eyes, the formes from objects flow:
 She, who if those great Doctors truly said
 That the Arke to mans proportion was made,
 Had been a type for that, as that might be
 A type of her in this, that contrary
 Both Elements and Passions liv'd at peace
 In her, who paus'd all Civill warre to cease.
 She, after whom, what forme soe'er we see,
 Is discord and rude incongruity.
 She, she is dead, she's dead; when thou know'st she
 Thou knowest how ugly a monster this world is.
 And learn'st thus much by our Anatomy,
 That here is nothing to enamour thee:
 And that not onely faults in inward parts,
 Corruptions in our brains, or in our hearts,
 Poysoning the fountains, whence our actions spring,
 Endanger us: but that if every thing
 Be not done fildy and in proportion,
 To satisfie wise, and good lookers on,

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Since most men be such as most think they be,
They are lothsome too, by this deformity.
For good, and well, must in our actions meet;
Wicked is not much worse then indifferet.
But beauties other second Element,
Colour, and lustre now, is as near spent.
And had the world his just proportion,
Were it a ring still, yet the stone is gone.
As a compassionate Turcoyle, which doth tell
By looking pale, the wearer is not well.
As gold fals sick being stung with Mercury,
All the worlds parts of such complexion be.
When nature was most busie, the first week,
Swadling the new-born earth, God seem'd to like
That she should sport her self sometimes, and play,
To mingle and vary colours every day:
And then, as though she could not make enow,
Himself his various Rainbow did allow.
Sight is the noblest sense of any one,
Yet sight hath onely colour to feed on,
And colour is decay'd: summers robe grows
Dusky, and like an oft dyed Garment shews.
Our blushing red, which us'd in cheeks to spread,
Is inward sunk, and onely our soules are red.
Perchance the world might have recovered,
If she whom we lament had not been dead:
But she, in whom all white, and red, and blew
(Beauties ingredients) voluntary grew,
As in an unvert Paradise, from whom
Did all things verdure, and their lustre come,
Whose composition was miraculous,
Being all colour, all diaphanous,

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(For Ayre, and Fire but thicke grosse bodies were,
And liveliest stones but drowlic and pale to her,
She, she is dead: she's dead: when thou know'st this,
Thou knowest how wan a Ghost this our world is:
And learn'st thus much by our Anatomy,
That it should more affright then pleasure thee,
And that, since all faire colour then did sink,
'Tis now but wicked vanity, to think
To colour vicious deeds with good pretence,
Or with bought colours to illude mens sense.
Nor in ought more this worlds decay appears,
Then that her influence the heaven forbears,
Or that the Elements doe not feele this,
The father or the mother barren as,
The clouds conceive not raine, or doe not powre,
In the due birth time, down the balmy showre;
Th'ayre doth not motherly sit on the earth,
To hatch her seasons, and give all things birth;
Spring-times were common cradles, but are tombs;
And false-conceptions fill the generall wombs;
Th'ayre shewes such Meteors, as none can see,
Not onely what they mean, but what they be,
Earth such new wormes, as would have troubled
Th'Egyptia *Mages*, to have made more such, (much
What Artist now dares boast that he can bring
Heaven hither, or constellate any thing,
So as the influence of those starres may be
Imprison'd in a Herbe, or Charme or Tree,
And doe by touch, all which those stars could doe;
The art is lost, and correspondence too,
For heaven gives little, and the earth takes lesse,
And man least knows their trade and purposes.

If this commerce 'twixt heaven and earth were not
Embarr'd, and all this traffique quite forgot,
She, for whose losse we have lamented thus,
Would worke more fully, and pow'rfully on us:
Since herbes, and roots by dying lose not all;
But they, yea ashes too, are medicinall,
Death could not quenche her vertue so, but that
It would be (if not follow'd) wondred at:
And all the world would be one dying swan,
To sing her funerall praise, and vanish than.
But as some Serpents poyson hurteth not,
Except it be from the live Serpent shot,
So doth her vertue need her here, to fit
That unto us; she working more then it.
But she, in whom to such maturitie
Vertue was grown, past growth, that it must die;
She, from whose influence all impression came,
But by receivers impotencies, lame,
Who, though she could not transubstantiate
All states to gold, yet gilded every state,
So that some Princes have some temperance;
Some Counsellors, some purpose to advance
The common profit; and some people have
Some stay, no more then Kings should give to crave;
Some women have some taciturnity,
Some Nunneries some graines of chastity.
She that did thus much, and much more could doe,
But that our Age was Iron, and rusty too,
She, she is dead, she's dead, when thou know'st this,
Thou know'st how dry a Cander this world is.
And learn'st thus much by our Anatomy,
That 'tis in vaine to dew, or mollifie

If with thy teares, or sweat, or bloud : nothing
 Is worth our travaile, griefe, or perishing,
 But those rich joyes which did possesse her heart,
 Of which she's now partaker, and a part.
 But as in cutting up a man that's dead,
 The body will not last out, to have read
 On every part, and therefore men direct
 Their speech to parts, that are of most effect;
 So the worlds carcasle would not last, if I
 Were punctuall in this Anatomy;
 Nor smells it well to hearers, if one tell (well,
 Them their disease, who faine would thinke they're
 Here therefore be the end : and blessed maid,
 Of whom is meant what ever hath been said,
 Or shall be spoken well by any tongue, (song,
 Whose name refines coorse lines, and makes prose
 Accept this tribute, and his first years rent,
 Who till his dark short tapers end be spent,
 As oft as thy feast sees this widowed earth,
 Will yearly celebrate thy second birth,
 That is, thy death; for though the soule of man
 Be got when man is made, 'tis born but than
 When man doth die, our bodie's as the wombe,
 And, as a Mid-wife, death directs it home.
 And you her creatures, whom she works upon,
 And have your last, and best concoction
 From her example and her vertue; if you
 In reverence to her doe thinke it due,
 That no one should her praises thus rehearse,
 As matter fit for Chronicle, not verse;
 Vouchsafe to call to mind that God did make
 A last, and lasting'st peece, a song. He spake

To

To Moses to deliver unto all
 That song, because he knew they would let fall
 The Law, the Prophets, and the History,
 But keep the song still in their memory:
 Such an opinion; in due measure, made
 Me this great office boldly to invade:
 Nor could incomprehensiblenesse deterre
 Me from thus trying to imprison her;
 Which when I saw that a strict grave could doe,
 I saw not why verse might not doe so too.
 Verse hath a middle nature, Heaven keeps Soules,
 The Grave keeps bodies, Verse the Fame enroules.

A funerall Elegy.

Is losse to trust a Tombe with such a guest,
 Or to confine her in a marble chest,
 Alas, what's Marble, tear, or Propyrie,
 Pris'd with the Chrysolite of either eye,
 Or with those Pearles, and Rubies, which she was
 Ioyne the two Indies in one Tombe, 'tis glasse;
 And so is all to her materials,
 Though every inch were ten Escurials;
 Yet she's demolish'd: can we keep her then
 In works of hands, or of the wits of men?
 Can these memorials, ragges of paper, give
 Life to that name, by which name they must live?
 Sickly, alas, short liv'd, Abortive be
 Those carcasse verses, whose soule is not she,
 And can she, who no longer would be she,
 (Being such a Tabernacle) stoop to be
 In paper wrapt; or when she would not lie

In

In such an house, dwell in an Elegy?
 But 'tis no matter; we may well allow
 Verse to live so long as the world will now,
 For her death wounded it. The world contains
 Princes for armes, and Counsellors for braines,
 Lawyers for tongues, Divines for hearts, and more,
 The rich for stomacks, and for backs the poore;
 The officers for hands, Merchants for feet,
 By which, remote and distant Countreys meet:
 But those fine spirits, which doe tune, and set
 This Organ, are those peeces, which beget
 Wonder and love; and these were shee; and shee
 Being spent, the world must needs deerepit be;
 For since death will proceed to triumph still,
 He can find nothing, after her, to kill,
 Except the world it self, so great was she.
 Thus brave and confident may Nature be,
 Death cannot give her such another blow,
 Because she cannot such another show.
 But must we say she's dead? may't not be said
 That as a sundred clock is peecemeale laid,
 Not to be lost, but by the Makers hand
 Repolish'd, without errour then to stand;
 Or as the Affrique Niger streame enwombs
 It selfe into the earth, and after comes
 (Having first made a Naturall bridge, to passe
 For many leagues) farre greater then it was,
 May't not be said, that her grave shall restore
 Her, greater, purer, firmer, then before?
 Heaven may say this, and joy in't, but can we
 Who live, and lack her here, this vantage see?
 What is't to us, alas, if there have been

An

An Angel made a Throne, or Cherubin,
We lose by't: and as aged men are glad
Being tastelesse grown, to joy in joyes they had;
So now the sick starv'd world must feed upon
This joy, that we had her, who now is gon.
Rejoyce then Nature, and this world, that you,
Fearing the last fires hastening to subdue
Your force and vigour, ere it were neare gon,
Wisely bestow'd and laid it all on one;
One, whose cleare body was so pure and thinne,
Because it need disguise no thought within,
'Twas but a through-lightscarf her mind & enroules
Or exhalation breath'd out from her Soule.
One, whom all men who durst no more, admir'd;
And whom, who ere had worth enough, desir'd;
As when a Temple's built, Saints emulate
To which of them it shall be consecrate.
But, as when heaven lookes on us with new eyes,
Those new starres every Artist exercise,
What place they should assigne to them they doubt,
Argue, and agree not, till those starres goe out:
So the world studied whose this peece should be,
Till she can be no bodies else, nor she:
But like a lampe of Balsamum, desir'd
Rather than dorne, then last, she soon expir'd,
Cloath'd in her virgin white integritie,
For marriage, though it doth not stain, doth die.
To scape th' infirmities which wait upon
Woman, she went away, before sh' was one;
And the worlds busie noyse to overcome,
Tooke so much death as serv'd for *Opium*;
For though she could not, nor could chuse to die,
Sh'ath

Sh'ath yeelded to too long an extasie:
 He which not knowing her sad History,
 Should come to read the book of destiny,
 How faire, and chaste, humble, and high she'ad been,
 Much promis'd, much perform'd, at not fifteen,
 And measuring future things, by things before,
 Should turn the leafe to read, and read no more,
 Would think that either destiny mistooke,
 Or that some leaves were torne out of the booke,
 But 'tis not so; Fate did but usher her
 To years of reasons use, and then infer
 Her destiny to her selfe, which liberty
 She took, but for thus much, thus much to die,
 Her modesty not suffering her to be
 Fellow-Commissioner with Destinie,
 She did no more but die; if after her
 Any shall live, which dare true good prefer;
 Every such person is her delegate,
 T'accomplish that which should have been her Fate.
 They shall make up that Book, and shal have thanks
 Of Fate, and her, for filling up their blanks.
 For future vertuous deeds are Legacies,
 Which from the gift of her example rise;
 And 'tis in heav'n part of spirituall mirth,
 To see how well the good play her, on earth,

OF

OF THE
PROGRESSE
 OF THE SOULE

Wherein

By occasion of the Religious death
 of Mistris **ELIZABETH DRURY**,
 the incommodities of the Soule in
 this life, and her exaltation in the
 next, are contemplated.

The second Anniversary

The Harbinger to the **PROGRESSE**

Two Soules move here, and mine, (a third) must
 Paces of admiration, and of love; (move
 Thy Soule (deare Virgin) whose this tribute is,
 Mov'd from this mortall Spheare to lively blisse;
 And yet moves still, and still aspires to see
 The worlds last day, thy glories full degree
 Like as those starres which thou o'r-lookest fixe,
 Are in their place, and yet still moved are;
 No soule (whiles with the luggage of this clay
 Is clogg'd in) can follow thee halfe way.

Or

Or see thy flight, which doth our thoughts outgoe
 So fast, as now the lightning moves but slow :
 But now thou art as high in heaven flown
 As heaven's from us; what soule besides thine own
 Can tell thy joyes, or say he can relate
 Thy glorious Journals in that blessed state ?
 I envy thee (Rich soule) I envy thee,
 Although I cannot yet thy glory see :
 And thou (great spirit) which hers follow' d hast
 So fast, as none can follow thine so fast,
 So farre, as none can follow thine so farre,
 (And if this flesh did not the passage barre,
 Hadst caught her) let me wonder at thy flight
 Which long ago hadst lost the vulgar sight,
 And now mak' st proud the better eyes, that they
 Can see the lessened in thine ayery way ;
 So while thou mak' st her soule by progresse known
 Thou mak' st a noble progresse of thine own,
 From this worlds carkasse having mounted high
 To that pure life of immortality ;
 Since thine aspiring thoughts themselves to raise,
 That more may not beseem a creatures praise,
 Yet still thou vow' st her more ; and every yeare
 Mak' st a new progresse, while thou wandrest here ;
 Still upward mount, and let thy makers praise
 Honour thy Laura, and adorne thy layes,
 And since thy Muse her head in heaven throuds
 Oh let her never stoop below the clouds,
 And those glorious sainted soules may know
 Or what we doe, or what we sing below,
 Those acts, those songs shall still content them best
 Which praise those awful Powers that make them
 Oblect.

OF THE
P R O G R E S S E
OF THE SOULE.

The second Anniversary.

Nothing could make me sooner to confesse
That this world had an everlastingnesse,
Then to consider that a year is runne,
Since both this lower worlds, and the Suns Sun,
The Lustre and the vigour of this all
Did see, it were blasphemy to say, did fall.
But as a ship which hath strook saile doth run
By force of that force which before it won:
Or as sometimes in a beheaded man,
Though at those two Red seas, which freely ranne,
One from the Trunke, another from the Head,
His soule be said, to her eternal bed,
His eyes will twinkle, and his tongue will roll,
As though he beckned and call'd back his soule,
He graspes his hands, and he pulls up his feet,
And seemes to reach, and to step forth to meet
His soule; when all these motions which we saw,
Are but as Ice, which crackles at a thaw:
Or as a Rave, which in moist weather, rings
Her knell alone, by cracking of her strings.
So struggles this dead world, now she is gone
For there is motion in corruption.
As some dayes are, at the Creation nam'd,
Before

Before the Sun, the which fram'd days, was fram'd:
 So after this Sunn's set, some new appeares,
 And orderly vicissitude of yeares.
 Yet a new deluge, and of *Lethe* flood,
 Hath drown'd us all, All have forgot all good,
 Forgetting her, the main reserve of all;
 Yet in this deluge, grosse and generall,
 Thou seest me strive for life; my life shall bee,
 To be hereafter prais'd for praising thee,
 Immortall maid, who though thou wouldst refuse
 The name of mother, be unto my Muse
 A Father, since her chaste Ambition is
 Yearly to bring forth such a child as this.
 These Hymnes may work on future wits, and so
 May great Grand-children of thy praises grow.
 And so, though not revive, embalm and spice
 The world, which else would putrifie with vice.
 For thus, Man may extend thy progenie,
 Untill man doe but vanish, and not die.
 These Hymnes thy issue may encrease so long,
 As till Gods great *Venite* change the song.
 Thirst for that time, O my insatiate soule,
 And serve thy thirst with Gods safe-sealing Bowle.
 Be thirsty still, and drink still till thou goe
 To th'only Health, to be Hydraptique so,
 Forget this rotten world: And unto thee
 Let thine own times as an old story bee,
 Be not concern'd: study not why nor when
 Doe not so much as not beleve a man.
 For though to erre, be worst, to try truths forth
 Is farre more businesse then this world is worth.
 The world is but a carkasse; thou art fed

By

By it, but as a worm that carcasſe bred;
 And why ſhould'ſt thou poor worm, conſider more
 When this world will grow better than before.
 Then thoſe thy fellow worms doe think upon
 That carcasſes laſt reſurrection;
 Forget this world, and ſcarce think of it ſo,
 As of old clothes, caſt off a yeare agoe.
 To be thus ſtupid is Alacrity;
 Men thus Lethargique have beſt Memory.
 Look upward; that's towards her, whoſe happy ſtate
 We now lament not, but congratulate.
 She, to whom all this world was but a ſtage;
 Where all ſate hearkning how her youthfull age
 Should be imploy'd; becauſe in all ſhe did,
 Some figure of the golden times was hid.
 Who could not lack, what e' this world could give,
 Becauſe ſhe was the form that made it live;
 Nor could complain that this world was unſit
 To be ſtaid in, then when ſhe was in it,
 ſhe that firſt try'd indifferene deſires
 By vertue, and vertue by religious fires.
 She to whoſe perſon Paradiſe adher'd,
 As Courts to Princes; ſhe whoſe eyes enſph'erd
 Star-light enough, & have made the South controule
 (Had ſhe been there) the Star-full Northern Pole;
 She, ſhe is gone; ſhe's gone when thou know'ſt this.
 What fragmentary rubbidge this world is
 Thou knoweſt, and that it is not worth a thought;
 He honours too much that thinks it nought.
 Think then, my ſoul; that death is but a Groom,
 Which brings aſſ apour to the outward room,
 Whence thou ſhaſt ſee firſt a little glimmering light;

And after brings it neerer to thy sight :
 For such approaches doth heaven make in death :
 Think thy selfe labouring now with broken breath
 And think those broken and soft Notes to be
 Division, and thy happiest Harmony.
 Think thee laid on thy death-bed, loose and slack;
 And think that, but unbinding of a pack,
 To take one precious thing, thy soule from thence.
 Think thy selfe parch'd with feavers violence,
 Anger thine ague more, by calling it
 Thy Physick; chide the slacknesse of the fit.
 Think that thou hear'st thy knell, and think no more;
 But that, as Bells call'd thee to Church before,
 So, this to the Triumphant Church calls thee.
 Think Satans Sergeants round about thee bee,
 And think that but for Legacies they thrust;
 Give one thy Pride, to nother give thy Lust:
 Give them those sins which they gave thee before,
 And trust th' immaculate blood to wash thy score.
 Think thy friends weeping round, & think that they
 Weep but because they goe not yet thy way.
 Think that they close thine eyes, and think in this
 That they confesse much in the world, amisse,
 Who dare not trust a dead mans eye with that,
 Which they from God and Angels cover not.
 Think that they shroud thee up, & think frō thence
 They re-invest thee in white innocence.
 Think that thy body rots, and (if so low,
 Thy soul exalted so, thy thoughts can goe.)
 Think thee a Prince, who of themselves create
 Worms, which insensibly devour their state:
 Think that they bury thee, and think that right

Layes

Layes thee to sleep but a Saine Lucies night;
 Think these things cheerfully, and if thou be
 Browne, or flack, remember then that she,
 She whose complexion was so even made,
 That which of her ingredients should invade
 The other three, no fear, no Art could guesse
 So far were all remov'd from more or lesse
 But as in Mithridate, or just perfumes,
 Where all good things bring mee, no one presumes
 To govern, or to triumph on the rest,
 Onely because all wile, no part was best
 And as, though all do know, that quantities
 Are made of lines, and lines from points arise,
 None can these lines or quantities unjoynt,
 And say, this is a line, or this a point:
 So though the Elements and humours were
 In her, one could not say, this governs there,
 Whose even constitution might have won
 Any disease to venture on the Sould
 Rather then her, and make a spirit fear
 That he too dissolving subject were
 To whose proportions if we would compare
 Cubes, th'are unstable; Circles; Angular;
 Shee who was such a chain as Fate employes
 To bring Mankind all Fortunes injoyes
 So fast, so even wrought, as one would think;
 No accidents could threaten any link;
 She, she embrac'd a sicknesse, gave it meat,
 The purest blood, and breath, that e'er was eat
 And hath taught us, that though a good man hath
 Title to heaven, and pleas'd by his Faith;
 And though he may pretend a conquest, since
 Heaven

Heaven was content to suffer violence,
 Yea though he plead a long possession too, (doe,)
 (For they are in heaven on earth who heavens work
 Though he had right and power and place, before,
 Yet death must usher and unlock the dore;
 Think further on thy selfe, my Soule, and think
 How thou at first wast made but in a sink;
 Think that it argued some infirmity,
 That those two souls, which then thou foundst in me
 Thou fedst upon, and drew'st into thee both
 My second soul of sense, and first of growth.
 Think but how poor thou wast, how obnoxious;
 Whom a small lump of flesh could poison thus.
 This curd'd milk, this poor unlitter'd whelp
 My body, could beyond escape or help,
 Infect thee with Originall sin, and thou
 Could'st neither then refuse, nor leave it now.
 Think that no stubborn sullen Anchorit,
 Which fixt to a pillar, or a grave, doth sit
 Bedded, and bath'd in all his ordures, dwells
 So foully as our souls in their first-built Cels,
 Think in how poor a prison thou didst lie,
 After, enabled but to suck, and cry,
 Think, when 'twas grown to most, 'twas a poor In
 A Province pack'd up in two yards of skin,
 And that usurp'd, or threatned with a rage
 Of sicknesses, or their true Mother, Age.
 But think that death hath now enfranchis'd thee,
 Thou hast thy 'xpanzion now, and liberty
 Think that a rusty Peece discharged, is flown
 In peeces, and the bullet is his own
 And freely lies; this to thy Soule allow

Think

Think thy shēl broke, think thy soul hatcht but now,
 And think this slow-pac'd soul which late did cleave
 The body, and went but by the bodies leave,
 Twenty perchance or thirty mile a day,
 Dispatches in a minute all the way
 Twixt heaven, and earth; shee staves not in the ayre,
 To look what Meteors there themselves prepare;
 She carries no desire to know, nor sense,
 Whether th'aires middle region be intense;
 For th'Element of fire, she doth not know,
 Whether she pass'd by such a place or no;
 She baits not at the Moon, nor cares to try
 Whether in that new world men live, and dy.
Venus retards her, nor t'enquire how she
 Can (being one star) *Hesper* and *Hesper* be;
 He that charm'd *Argus* eyes, sweet *Mercury*,
 Works not on her, who now is grown all eye;
 Who if she meet the body of the Sun,
 Goes throw, nor staying till his course be run;
 Who finds in *Mars* his Camp no Corps of Guard;
 Nor is by *Jove*, nor by his father barr'd;
 But ere she can consider how she went,
 At once is at, and through the firmament.
 And as these stars were but so many beads
 Strung on one string, speed undistinguish'd leads
 Her through those sphears, as through the beads, &
 Whose quick successio makes it stit one thing: (string
 As doth the pith, which lest our bodies slack,
 Strings fast the little bones of neck and back;
 So by the soul doth death string Heaven and Earth;
 For when our soul enjoyes her third birth,
 (Creation gave her one, a second, grace,)

Heaven is as near, and present to her face,
 As colours are, and objects in a room;
 Where darkness was before, when Tapers come;
 This must, my Soule, thy long-shore Progress be
 To advance these thoughts; Remember then that she,
 She, whose fair body no such prison was,
 But what a Soule might well be pleas'd to passe
 An Age in her; she whose rich beauty lent
 Mintage to other beauties, for they went
 But for so much as they were like to her;
 She, in whose body (if we dare prefer
 This low world, to so high a mark as she)
 The Western ovalure, Eastern splentry,
 Europe, and Africk, and the unknown rest,
 Were easily found, or what in them was best;
 And when we have made this large discovery
 Of all in her some one part then will be
 Twenty such parts, whose plenty and riches is
 Enough to make twenty such worlds as this;
 She, whom had they known, who did first betroth
 The Tutelar Angels, and assigned one, both
 To Nations, Cities, and to Companies,
 To functions, offices, and dignities,
 And to each severall man, to him, and him,
 They would have given her one for every line;
 She, of whose soule, if we may say, 'twas gold,
 Her body was the Diamond, and did hold
 Many degrees of that we understood
 Her by her sight, her pure, and eloquent blood
 Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought,
 That one might almost say, her body thought;
 She, she thus richly and largely hous'd, is gone.

And

And chides us slow-pac'd snails who crawl upon
 Our prisons prison, earth, nor think us well,
 Longer then whil'st we bear our brittle shell,
 But 'twere but little to have chang'd our room,
 If, as we were in this our living Tombe
 Oppress'd with ignorance, we still were so,
 Poor soules, in this thy flesh what dost thou know?
 Thou know'st thy selfe so little, as thou know'st not,
 How thou didst die, nor how thou wast begot.
 Thou neither know'st, how thou at first cam'st in,
 Nor how thou took'st the poyson of mans sin,
 Nor dost thou, (though thou know'st that thou art
 By what way thou art made immortall, know. (so)
 Thou art too narrow, wretch, to comprehend
 Even thy selfe, yea though thou would'st but bend
 To know thy body. Have not all soules thought
 For many ages, that our body's wrought
 Of aire, and fire, and other Elements?
 And now they think of new ingredients,
 And one Soule thinks one, and another way
 Another thinks, and 'tis an even lay.
 Know'st thou but how the stone doth enter in
 The bladders have, and never break the skin?
 Know'st thou how blood, which to the heart doth
 Doth from one ventricle to th'other goe (flow,
 And for the putrid stufte which thou dost spit,
 Know'st thou how thy lungs have attracted it?
 There are no passages, so that there is
 (For ought thou know'st) piercing of substances.
 And of those many opinions which men raise
 Of Nails & Hairs, dost thou know which to praise?
 What hope have we to know our selves, when we

Know not the least things, which for our use bee
 We see in Authors, too stiffe to recant;
 A hundred controversies of an Ant;
 And yet one watches, starves, freezes, and sweats,
 To know but Catechismes and Alphabets
 Of unconcerning things, matters of fact;
 How others on our stage their parts did Act;
 What *Cesar* did, yea, and what *Cicero* said;
 Why grass is green, or why our blood is red;
 Are mysteries which none have reach'd unto,
 In this low form, poore soule, what wilt thou do
 When wilt thou shake off this Pedantry,
 Of being taught by sense, and Fantasie;
 Thou look'st through spectacles; small things seem
 Below; But up unto the Watch-towre get, (great
 And see all things despoil'd of fallacies;
 Thou shalt not peep through lattices of eyes,
 Nor heare through Labyrinths of eares, nor learn
 By circuit, or collections to discern.
 In heaven thou straight know'st all, concerning it,
 And what concerns it not, shalt straight forget.
 There thou (but in no other schoole) maist be
 Perchance, as learned and, as full, as thee,
 She who all Libraries had thoroughly read
 At home in her owne thoughts, and practis'd
 So much good as would make as many more:
 She whose example they must all implore,
 Who would or doe, or thinke well, and confesse
 That all the vertuous Actions they expresse,
 Are but a new, and worse edition
 Of her some one thought or one action:
 She, who in th' art of knowing Heaven, was growne

Here

Here upon earth to such perfection,
That she hath, ever since to heaven she came,
(In a farre fairer print,) but read the same;
Shee, she not satisfied with all this waight,
(For so much knowledge as would over-fraight
Another, did but ballast her) is gone
As well t'enjoy, as get perfection,
And calls us after her, in that she took,
(Taking her selfe) our best and worthiest book,
Return not, my soule, from this extasie,
And meditation of what thou shalt be,
To earthly thoughts, till it to thee appeare,
With whom thy conversation must be there.
With whom wilt thou converse? what station
Canst thou choose out free from infection;
That will not give thee theirs, nor drinke in thine;
Shalt thou not find a spongie slack Divine
Drink and suck in th instructions of great men,
And for the word of God vent them agen?
Are there not some Courts (and then, no things be
So like as Courts) which in this let us see,
That wits, and tongues of Libellers are weake,
Because they doe more ill then these can speake?
The poyson's gone through all, poysons affect
Chiefly the chiefest parts: but some effect
In nailes, and haire, yea excrements will show;
So lies the poyson of sinne in the most low.
Up, up, my drowie soule, where thy new care
Shall in the Angels songs no discord heare;
Where thou shalt see the blessed Mother-maid
Joy in not being that, which men have said,
Where she is exalted more for being good,
Then

Then for her interest of Mother-hood,
 Up to those Patriarchs, which did longer sit
 Expecting Christ, then they have enjoy'd him yet.
 Up to those Prophets, which now gladly see
 Their Prophecies grown to be History.
 Up to th' Apostles, who did bravely run
 All the Suns course, with more light then the Sun
 Up to those Martyrs, who did calmly bleed
 Oyle to th' Apostles Lamps, dew to their seed,
 Up to those Virgins, who thought, that almost
 They made ioyntenants with the Holy Ghost,
 If they to any should his Temple give.
 Up, up, for in that Squadron there doth live
 She, who hath carried thither new degrees
 (As to their number) to their dignities.
 Shee, who being to her selfe a State, enjoy'd
 All royalties which any State employ'd
 For she made wars, and triumph'd; reason still
 Did not o'rthrow, but rectifie her will:
 And she made peace, for no peace is like this;
 That beaurty, and chastity together kisse:
 She did high justice, for she crucifi'd
 Every first motion of rebellions pride:
 And she gave pardons, and was liberall,
 For, onely her selfe except, she pardoned all:
 She royn'd, in this, that her impression gave
 To all our actions all the worth they have:
 She gave protections; the thoughts of her brest,
 Satans rude Officers could ne'r arrest.
 As these prerogatives being met in one,
 Made her a sovereign State; Religion
 Made her a Church; and these two made her all.

She

She who was all this All, and could not fall
To worse, by company, (for she was still
More Antidote, then all the world was ill.)
She, she doth leave it, and by Death, survive
All this, in Heaven; whither who doth not strive
The more, because she's there; he doth not know
That accidentall joyes in Heaven doe grow.
But pause, my soule; And study, ere thou fall
On accidentall joyes, th'essentiall.
Still before Accessories doe abide
A triall, must the principall be tride,
And what essentiall joy canst thou expect
Here upon earth? what permanent effect
Of transitory causes? Dost thou love
Beauty? (And beauty worthy't is to move)
Poor coulsener coulsener, *that* she, and *that* thou,
Which did begin to love, are neither now.
You are both fluid, chang'd since yesterday;
Next day repairs, (but ill) last dayes decay.
Nor are, (although the river keep the name)
Yesterdayes waters, and to dayes the same.
So flowes her face, and thine eyes; neither now,
That Saint, nor Pilgrime, which your loving vow
Concern'd, remains; but whil't you think you be
Constant, y'are hourly in inconstancy.
Honour may have pretence unto our love,
Because *that* God did live so long above
Without this Honour, and then lov'd it so,
That he at last made creatures to bestow
Honour on him, nor that he needed it,
But that, to his hands man might grow more fit.
But since all Honours from inferiours flow,

(For

(For they doe give it; Princes doe but show
 Whom they would have so honour'd) and that this
 On such opinions, and capacities
 Is built, as rise and fall, to more and lesse:
 Alas, 'tis but a casuall happinesse.
 Hath ever any man to 'himselſe assign'd
 This or that happinesse to arrest his mind,
 But that another man which takes a worse,
 Thinks him a foole for having tane that course
 They who did labour Babels towre to erect,
 Might have considered, that for that effect,
 All this whole solid Earth could not allow
 Nor furnish forth materialls enow;
 And that his Center, to raise such a place,
 Was farre too little to have been the Base;
 No more affords this world, foundation
 To erect true joy, were all the meanes in one.
 But as the Heathen made them severall gods
 Of all Gods benefites, and all his rods,
 (For as the Wine, and Corne, and Onions are
 Gods unto them, so Agues be, and Warre)
 And as by changing that whole precious Gold
 To such small Copper coynes, they lost the old,
 And lost their onely God, who ever must
 Be sought alone, and not in such a thrust:
 So much mankind true happinesse mistakes;
 No joy enjoys that man, that many makes.
 Then, Soule, to thy first pitch worke up againe;
 Know that all lines which circles doe containe,
 For once that they the Center touch, doe touch
 Twice the circumference; and be thou such
 Double on heaven thy thoughts on earth employ'd
 All

All will not serve; onely who have enjoy'd
 The sight of God in fulnesse, can think it;
 For it is both the object, and the wit.
 This is essentiall joy, where neither he
 Can suffer diminution, nor wee;
 'Tis such a full, and such a filling good;
 Had th' Angels once look'd on him, they had stood.
 To fill the place of one of them, or more,
 Shee whom we celebrate is gone before.
 Shee, who had here so much essentiall joy,
 As no chance could distract, much lesse destroy;
 Who with Gods presence was acquainted so,
 (Hearing, and speaking to him) as to know
 His face in any naturall Stone or Tree,
 Better then when in Images they be:
 Who kept by diligent devotion,
 Gods Image, in such reparation,
 Within her heart, that what decay was growne,
 Was her first Parents fault and not her owne:
 Who being sollicit to any act,
 Still heard God pleading his safe precontract:
 Who by a faithfull confidence, was here
 Betroth'd to God, and now is married there;
 Whose twilights were more clear than our mid-day;
 Who dreamt devouthier than most use to pray;
 Who being here fill'd with grace, yet strove to be
 Both where more grace, and more capacity
 At once is given: she to Heaven is gone,
 Who made this world in some proportion
 A Heaven, and here became unto us all,
 Joy, (as our joyes admit) essentiall
 But could this low world joyes essentiall touch,

Heavens

Heavens accidentall joyes would passe them much,
 How poor and lame must then our casuall be
 If thy Prince will his subjects to call thee
My Lord, and this doe swell thee, thou art than,
 By being greater, grown to be lesse Man.
 When no Phyfitian of redresse can speak,
 A joyfull casuall violence may break
 A dangerous Apostem in thy brest;
 And whil'st thou joy'st in this, the dangerous rest,
 The bag may rise up, and so strangle thee.
 What e'r was casuall, may ever bee
 What should the nature change? or make the same
 Certain, which was but casuall, when it came
 All casuall joy doth loud and plainly say,
 Onely by comming, that it can away,
 Onely in Heaven joyes strength is never spent,
 And accidentall things are permanent.
 Joy of a souls arrivall ne'r decays;
 For that soul ever joyes, and ever stayes.
 Joy that their last great Consummation
 Approches in the Resurrection;
 When earthly bodies more celestiall
 Shall be, then Angels were, for they could fall;
 This kind of joy doth every day admit
 Degrees of growth, but none of losing it.
 In this fresh joy, 'tis no small part that shee,
 She, in whose goodnesse, he that names degree,
 Doth injure her; 't'is losse to be call'd best,
 There where the stufte is not such as the rest;
 Shee, who lest such a body, as even shee,
 Onely in Heaven could learn, how it can be
 Made better; for she rather was two souls,

Or like to full on both sides written Rols,
Where eyes might read upon the outward skin,
As strong Records for God, as minds within.
Shee, who by making full perfection grow,
Peeces a Circle, and still keeps it so,
Long'd for, and longing for it, to heaven is gone,
Where she receives, and gives addition.

Here in a place, where mis-devotion frames
A thousand prayers to Saints, whose very names
The ancient Church knew not, Heaven knows not
And where what lawes of Poetry admit, (yet,
Lawes of Religion have at least the same,
Immortall Maid, I might invoke thy name.
Could any Saint provoke that appetite,
Thou here should'st make me a French convertite.
But thou would'st not; nor would'st thou be content,
To take this, for my second years true Rent,
Did this coyn bear any other stamp, than his,
That gave thee power to doe, me, to say this:
Since his will is, that to posterity,
Thou should'st for life and death a pattern be,
And that the world should notice have of this,
The purpose and th'authority is his,
Thou art the Proclamation; and I am
The Trumpet, at whose voice the people came.

EPICEDESA

EPICEDDES

AND

OBSEQUIES

Vpon

The deaths of sundry Personages.

Elegie on Prince HENRY.

Looke to me faith, and looke to my faith, God;
For both my centers feel this period.
Of waight one center, one of greatnesse is;
And Reason is that center, Faith is this;
For into our reason flow, and there doe end
All, that this naturall world doth comprehend:
Quotidian things, and equidistant hence,
Shut in, for man, in one circumference:
But for th' enormous greatnesse, which are
So disproportion'd, and so angulare,
As is Gods Essence, place, and providence,
Where, how, when, what soules doe, departed hence,
These things (eccentrique else) on faith doe strike;
Yet neither all, nor upon all, alike.
For reason, put to her best extension,
Almost meets faith, and makes both centers one.
And nothing ever came so neare to this,
As conception of that Prince wee misse.
For all that faith might credit mankind could,
Reason still seconded, that this Prince would,

If then least moving of the Center, make
More, than if whole hell belch'd, the world to shake,
What must this doe, centers distracted so,
That we see not what to believe or know?
Was it not well believ'd till now, that he,
Whose reputation was an extasie,
On neighbour States, which knew not why to wake,
Till he discover'd what waies he would take;
For whom, what Princes angled, when they tryed,
Met a *Torpedo*, and were stupified;
And others studies, how he would be bent,
Was his great fathers greatest instrument,
And activ'st spirit, to convey and tie
This soule of peace, to Christianity;
Was it not well believ'd, that he would make
This generall peace, th'Eternall overtake,
And that his times might have stretcht out so farre,
As to touch those of which they emblemes are?
For to confirm this just belief, that now
The last daies came, we saw heav'n did allow,
That, but from his aspect and exercise,
In peacefull times rumours of warres should rise.
But now this faith is heresie: we must
Still stay, and vex our great grand-mother, Dust:
Oh, is God prodigall? hath he spent his store
Of plagues on us; and onely now when more
Would ease us much, doth he grudge miserie;
And will not let's enjoy our curse; to die!
As for the earth thrown lowest down of all,
'Twere an ambition to desire to fall,
So God, in our desire to die, doth know
Our plot for ease, in being wretched so:

R

These

Therefore we live, though such a life we have,
 As but so many mandrakes on his grave.
 What had his growth and generation done,
 When, what we are, his putrefaction
 Sustaines in us, Earth, which griefs animate ?
 Nor hath our world now, other Soule than that.
 And could grief get so high as heav'n, that Quire,
 Forgetting this their new joy, would desire
 With grief to see him) he had staid below,
 To excuse our errours they foreknow.
 Is th'other center, Reason, faster then? (men)
 Where should we look for that, now we 'are not
 For if our Reason be our connexion
 Of causes, now to us there can be none.
 For, as if all the substances were spent,
 'Twere madnesse, to enquire of accident,
 So is't to look for reason, he being gone,
 The onely subject reason wrought upon.
 If Fate have such a chain, whose divers links
 Industrious man discerneth, as he thinks,
 When miracle doth come, and so steale in
 A new link, man knowes not where to begin :
 At a much deader fault must reason be,
 Death having broke off such a link as he.
 But now, for us, with busie proof to come,
 That we have no reason, would prove we had some.
 So would just lamentations : Therefore we
 May safelier say, that we are dead, than he,
 So, if our griefs we doe not well declare,
 We 'have double excuse, he's not dead; and we are.
 Yet I would not die yet ; for though I be
 Too narrow to thinke him, as he is he,

(O

(Our Soules best baiting and mid-period,
 In her long journey, of considering God)
 Yet, (no dishonour) I can reach him thus,
 As he embrac'd the fires of love, with us.
 Oh may I, (since I live) but see or heare,
 That she-Intelligence which mov'd this spheare,
 I pardon Fate, my life : who ere thou be,
 Which hast the noble conscience, thou art she,
 I conjure thee by all the charmes he spoke,
 By th' oathes, which onely you two never broke,
 By all the soules ye sigh'd, that if you see
 These lines, you wish, I knew your history.
 So much, as you, two mutuall heav'ns were here,
 I were an Angel, singing what you were.

To the Countesse of Bedford.

MADAME,

I Have learned by those lawes wherein I am a
 little conversant, that he which bestowes any
 cast upon the dead, obliges him which is dead; but
 not the heire ; I doe not therefore send this paper
 to your Ladiship, that you should thanke me for
 it, or thinke that I thank you in it ; your favours
 and benefits to me are so much above my merits,
 that they are even above my gratitude, if that
 were to be judged by words, which must expresse
 it : But, Madame, since your noble brothers for-
 tune being yours, the evidences also concerning it

R 2

are yours : so his vertues being yours, the evidences concerning that belong also to you, of which by your acceptance this may be one peece, in which qualitie I humbly present it, and as a testimony how intirely your family possesseth

Your Ladiships most humble

and thankfull servant,

JOHN DONNE,

Obsequies to the Lord Harringtons brother.

To the Countesse of Bedford.

FAire soul, which wast, not onely as all souls bee,
Then when thou wast infused, harmony,
But did'st continue so ; and now dost beare
A part in Gods great Organ, this whole Spheare :
If looking up to God, or down to us,
Thou find that any way is pervious,
'Twixt heav'n and earth, and that mens actions do
Come to your knowledge, and affections too,
See, and with joy, me to that good degree
Of goodnesse growne, that I can study thee,
And by these meditations refin'd,
Can unapparell and inlarge my mind,
And so can make by this soft extasie,
This place a map of heaven, my self of thee.
Thou seest me here at midnight, now all rest ;
Times dead-low water ; when all mindes devest

To morrowes businesse, when the labourers have
Such rest in bed, that their last Church-yard grave,
Subject to change, will scarce be a type of this,
Now when the Client, whose last hearing is
To morrow, sleeps, when the condemned man,
(Who when he opes his eyes, must shut them than
Againe by death,) although sad watch he keep,
Doth practise dying by a little sleep,
Thou at this midnight seest me, and as soon
As that sunne rises to mee, midnight's noon,
All the world grows transparent, and I see
Through all both Church and State, in seeing thee;
And I discern by favour of this light,
My self, the hardest object of the sight.
God is the glasse; as thou when thou dost see
Him who sees all, seest all concerning thee:
So, yet unglorified, I comprehend
All, in these mirrours of thy wayes and end;
Though God be our true glasse, through which we
All, since the being of all things is hee, (see
Yet are the trunks which do to us derive
Things, in proportion, fit by perspective,
Deeds of good men: for by their being here,
Vertues, indeed remote, seem to be neare.
But where can I affirme or where arrest
My thoughts on his deeds? which shall I call best?
For fluid vertue cannot bee look'd on,
Nor can indure a contemplation;
As bodies change, and as I doe not weare
Those spirits, humours, blood I did last yeare,
And, as if on a stream I fix mine eye,
That drop, which I look'd on, is presently

Pusht with more waters from my sight, and gone :
So in this sea of vertues, can no one
Bee' insisted on, Vertues as rivers passe,
Yet still remaines that vertuous man there was;
And as if man feed on mans flesh, and so
Part of his body to another owe,
Yet at the last two perfect bodies rise,
Because God knowes where every Atome lies ;
So, if one knowledge were made of all those,
Who knew his minutes well, he might dispose
His vertues into names, and ranks ; but I
Should injure Nature, Vertue, and Destinie,
Should I divide and discontinue so
Vertue, which did in one intirenesse grow.
For as he that should say, spirits are fram'd
Of all the purest parts that can be nam'd,
Honours not spirits half so much, as he
Which saies they have no parts, but simple be :
So is 't of vertue, for a point and one
Are much intirer than a million,
And had Fate meant to' have had his vertues told,
It would have let him live to have been old.
So, then, that vertue in season, and, then, this,
We might have seen, and sayd, that now he is
Witty, now wise, now temperate, now just :
In good short lives, vertues are faine to thrust,
And to be sure betimes to get a place,
When they would exercise, lack time, and space.
So was it in this person, forc'd to be
For lack of time, his own Epitome,
So to exhibite in few yeares as much,
As all the long breath'd Chronicles can touch.

As when an Angel down from heav'n doth flie,
Our quick thought cannot keep him company,
We cannot thinke, now he is at the Sun, (run,
Now through the Moon, now he through th'air doth
Yet when he is come, we know he did repair
To all 'twixt Heav'n and Earth, Sun, Moon, & Air,
And as this Angel in an instant knowes,
And yet we know, this sodain knowledge growes,
By quick amassing severall formes of things,
Which he successively to order brings; (goe
When they, whose slow-pac'd lame thoughts cannot
So fast as he, think that he doth not so;
Iust as a perfect reader doth not dwell
On every syllable, nor stay to spell,
Yet without doubt he doth distinctly see,
And lay together every A, and B;
So, in short liv'd good men, is not understood
Each severall vertue, but the compound good,
For, they all vertues paths in that pace tread,
As Angels goe, and know, and as men read,
O why should then these men, these lumps of balm
Seat hither the worlds tempest to becalm,
Before by deeds, they are diffus'd and spread,
And so make us alive themselves be dead?
O Soule, O circle, why so quickly bee
Thy ends, thy birth, and death clos'd up in thee?
Since one foot of thy compasse still was plac'd
In heav'n, the other might securely, have pac'd
In the most large extent through every path, (hath.
Which the whole world, or man the abridgement
Thou know'st, that though the tropique circles have
(Yea & those smal ones which the Poles engrave,)

All the same roundnesse, evennesse, and all
 The endlesnesse of the Equinoctiall :
 Yet, when we come to measure distances,
 How here, how there, the Sunne affected is,
 When he doth faintly work, and when prevaile ;
 Onely great circles, then, can be our scale :
 So though thy circle to thy selfe expresse
 All, tending to thy endlesse happinesse;
 And we by our good use of it may trie,
 Both how to live well (young) and how to die,
 Yet since we must be old, and age indures
 His Torrid Zone at Court, and calentures
 Of hot ambitions, irreligions ice,
 Zeales agues; and hydropique avarice,
 (Infirmities, which need the scale of truth,
 As well, as lust and ignorance of youth ;)
 Why didst thou not for these give medicines too,
 And by thy doing set us what to do ?
 Though as small pocket-clocks, whose every wheel
 Doth each mismotion and distemper feel,
 Whose *hands* get shaking palsies, and whose *string*
 (His sinewes) slackens, and whose *Soul*, the spring,
 Expires, or languishes, whose pulse, the *flee*,
 Either beats not, or beats unevenly,
 Whose voyce, the *Bell*, doth rattle or grow dumbe,
 Or idle, as men, which to their last houres come,
 If these clocks be not wound, or be wound still,
 Or be not set, or set at every will,
 So, youth is easiest to destruction,
 If then we follow all, or follow none.
 Yet, as in great clockes, which in steeples chime,
 Plac'd to inform whole townis, to 'mploy their time,

An error doth more harme, being generall,
When small clocks faults onely 'on the wearer fall.
So worke the faults of age, on which the eye,
Of children, servants, or the State relie, (soul,
Why wouldst not thou then, which hadst such a
A clock so true, as might the Sunne controul,
And daily hadst from him, who gave it thee,
Instructions, such as it could never bee
Disordered, stay here, as a generall
And great Sun-dyall, to have set us All?
Oh why wouldst thou be an instrument
To this unnaturall course, or why consent
To this, not miracle, but prodigie,
That when the ebbs longer than flowings be,
Vertue, whose flood did with thy youth begin,
Should so much faster ebbe out, than flow in?
Though her flood were blown in, by thy first breath,
All is at once sunke in the whirle-poole death,
Which word I would not name, but that I see
Death else a desert, growne a Court by thee.
Now I am sure that if a man would have
Good company, his entry is a grave.
Me thinkes all Cities, now but Ant.hils bee,
Where, when the severall labourers I see,
For children, house, provision taking paine,
They are all but Ants, carrying eggs, straw, & grain;
And Church-yards are our cities, unto which
The most repaire, that are in goodnesse rich.
There is the best concourse and confluence,
There are the holy suburbs, and from thence
Begins Gods Citie, New Jerusalem,
Which doth extend her utmost gates to them;

At that gate then, Triumphant soule, dost thou
 Begin thy Triumph, But since lawes allow
 That at the Triumph day, the people may,
 All that they will, 'gainst the Triumpher say,
 Let me here use that freedome, and expresse
 My grief, though not to make thy triumph lesse,
 By law to Triumphs none admitted be,
 Till they as Magistrates get victory,
 Though then to thy force, all youths foes did yeild,
 Yet till fit time had brought thee to that field,
 To which thy rank in this state destin'd thee,
 That there thy counsels might get victory,
 And so in that capacity remove
 All jealousies 'twixt Rince and Subjects love,
 Thou could'st no title to this Triumph have,
 Thou didst intrude on death, usurpe a grave.
 Then (though victoriously) thou hadst fought as yet
 But with thine own affections, with the heat
 Of youths desires, and colds of ignorance,
 But till thou should'st successfully advance
 Thine armes 'gainst forain enemies, which are
 Both Envie, and Acclamation popular,
 (For, both these Engines equally defeat,
 Though by a divers Mine, those which are great)
 Till then thy warre was but a civill Warre,
 For which to Triumph none admitted are;
 No more are they, who though with good success,
 In a defensive warre, their power expresse.
 Before men triumph, the dominion
 Must be *enlarg'd*. and not *preserv'd* alone;
 Why should'st thou then, whose battels were to win
 Thy self, from those straits nature put thee in,

And

And to deliver up to God that state,
Of which he gave thee the Vicariate,
(Which is thy soul and body) as intire
As he, who takes endeavours doth require,
But didst not stay, t' inlarge his Kingdome too,
By making others, what thou didst to do;
Why shouldst thou Triumph now, when Heav'n no
Hath got by getting thee, than 'chad before? (more
For, Heav'n and thou, even when thou livedst here,
Of one another in possession were;
But this from Triumph most disables thee,
That, that place which is conquered, must bee
Left safe from present warre, and likely doubt
Of imminent commotions to break out:
And hath he left us so? or can it bee
His territory was no more than Hee?
No, we were all his charge, the Diocis
Of every exemplar man, the whole world is,
And he was joyned in commission
With Tutelar Angels, sent to every one.
Put though this freedom to upbraide, and chide
Him who Triumph'd, were lawfull, it was ty'd
With this, that it might never reverence have
Unto the Senate, who this triumph gave;
Men might at Pompey jeast, but they might not
At that Authority, by which he got
Leave to Triumph, before by age he might
So, though triumphant soul, I dare to write
Mov'd with a reverentiall anger, thus,
That thou so early wouldst abandon us;
Yet I am farre from daring to dispute
With that great soveraignty, whose absolute
Prerogative

Prerogative hath thus dispens'd with thee,
 'Gainst natures lawes, which just impugn'ers be
 Of early triumphs; And I (though with pain)
 Lessen our losse, to magnifie thy gain
 Of triumph, when I say, It was more fit,
 That all men should lack thee, than thou lack it.
 Though then in our time, be not suffered
 That testimony of love, unto the dead,
 To die with them, and in their graves be hid,
 As Saxon wives, and French soldarii did;
 And though in no degree I can expresse
 Griefe in great Alexanders great excesse,
 Who at his friends death made whole townes deveh
 Their wals and bulwarks, which became them best
 Doe not faire soule this sacrifice refuse,
 That in thy grave I doe interre my Muse,
 Which by my griefe, great as thy worth, being call
 Behind hand, yet hath spoke, and spoke her last.

Elegie on the Lady Markham.

MAN is the World, and death th' Ocean,
 To which God gives the lower parts of man.
 This Sea invirons all, and though as yet
 God hath set marks, and bounds, 'twixt us and it,
 Yet doth it roare, and gnaw, and still pretend,
 And breakes our bank, when ere it takes a friend.
 Then our land waters (tears of passion) vent;
 Our waters, then above our firmament,
 (Teares which our Soul doth for her sinnes let fall)
 Take all a brackish taste, and Funerall.

And

And even thole teares, which should wash sin, are sin;
We, after Gods *No*, drowne the world again.
Nothing but man of all invenom'd things
Doth work upon it selfe with inborne stings.
Teares are false Spectacles, we cannot see
Through passions mist, what we are, or what she.
In her this Sea of death hath made no breach,
But as the tide doth wash the slimie beach,
And leaves embroder'd workes upon the sand,
So is her flesh refin'd by deaths cold hand.
As men of China, 'after an ages stay
Doe take up Porcelane, where they buried Clay :
So at this grave, her limbeck (which refines
The Diamonds, Rubies, Saphires, Pearles and Mines
Of which, this flesh was) her soul shall inspire
Flesh of such stuffe, as God, when his last fire
Annuls this world, to recompence it, shall,
Make and name them th' Elixar of this All.
They say, the sea, when it gaines, loseth too,
If carnall Death (the younger brother) doe
Vsurpe the bodie; 'our soul, which subject is
To th' elder death, by sinne, is freed by this;
They perish both, when they attempt the just;
For, graves our Trophies are, and both death's dust.
So, unobnoxious now she hath buried both;
For, none to death finnes, that to sinne is loath.
Nor doe they die, which are not loath to die,
So hath she this and that virginie.
Grace was in her extremely diligent,
That kept her from sinne, yet made her repent.
Of what small spots pure white complains ! Alas,
How little poyson cracks a crysell glasse ?

She

She sinn'd but just enough to let us see
 That Gods Word must be true, All sinners be,
 So much did zeale her conscience rarifie,
 That extreme truth lack'd little of a lie;
 Making omissions, acts; laying the touch
 Of sinne, on things that sometime may be such.
 As *Moses* Cherubins, whose natures do
 Surpasse all speed, by him are winged to :
 So would her soul, already 'in heaven, seeme then,
 To climbe by teares, the common stayrs of men,
 How fit she was for God, I am content
 To speak, that death his vain hast may repent.
 How fit for us, how even and how sweet,
 How good in all her titles, and how meet,
 To have reform'd this forward heresie,
 That women can no parts of friendship bee;
 How Morall, how Divine, shall not be told,
 Lest they that heare her vertue, think her old.
 And lest we take deaths part, and make him glad
 Of such a prey, and to his triumph adde,

Elegie on Mistris Boulstred.

DEath I recant, and say, unsaid by me
 What ere hath slip'd, that might diminish thee.
 Spirituall treason, atheisme 'tis, to say,
 That any can thy Summons disobey.
 Th'earths face is but thy Table; there are set
 Plants, cattell, men, dishes for Death to eate.
 In a rude hunger now he millions drawes
 Into his bloody, or plaguy, or sterv'd jaws.

Now

Now he will seem to spare, and doth more waste,
Eating the best first, well preserv'd to last.
Now wantonly he spoyles, and eates us not,
But breaks off friends, and lets us piecemeale rot?
Nor will this earth serve him; he sinkes the Deep
Where harmelesse fish Monastique silence keep.
Who (were Death dead) the Roes of living sand
Might sponge that element, and make it land.
He rounds the aire, and breaks the hymnique notes
In birds, Heavens choristers, organique throates,
Which (if they did not die) might seem to be
A tenth rank in the heavenly hierarchie.
O strong and long-liv'd Death, how cam'st thou in?
And how without Creation didst begin?
Thou hast, and shalt see dead, before thou dyest,
All the foure Monarchies, and Antichrist.
How could I think thee nothing, that see now
In all this All, nothing else is, but thou?
Our births and lives, vices and vertues, bee
Wastefull consumptions, and degrees of thee.
For, we to live, our bellows weare, and breath,
Nor are we mortall, dying, dead, but death.
And though thou beest, (O mighty bird of prey,)
So much reclaim'd by God, that thou must lay
All that thou kill'st at his feet, yet doth hee
Reserve but few, and leaves the most for thee.
And of those few, now thou hast overthrowne
One whom thy blow makes, not ours, nor thine own;
She was more stories high: hopelesse to come
To her Soul, thou' hast offer'd at her lower roome.
Her Soul and body was a King and Court:
But thou hast both of Captain miss'd and fort.

As

As houses fall not, though the Kings remove,
 Bodies of Saints rest for their souls above.
 Death gets 'twixt souls and bodies such a place
 As sinne insinuates 'twixt just men and grace,
 Both work a separation, no divorce.
 Her Soul is gone to usher up her Coarse,
 Which shall be almost another soul, for there
 Bodies are purer, then best souls are here.
 Because in her, her vertues did outgoe
 Her yeares, would'st thou, & emulous death, do so,
 And kill her young to thy losse? must the cost
 Of beautie, and wit, apt to doe harme, be lost?
 What though thou found'st her prooffe 'gainst sins of
 Oh, every age a diverse sinne pursu'th: (youth?
 Thou should'st have stay'd, and taken better hold,
 Shortly, ambitious: covetous, when old,
 She might have prov'd: and such devotion
 Might once have stray'd to superstition.
 If all her vertues must have growne, yet might
 Abundant vertue have bred a proud delight.
 Had shee persever'd just, there would have been
 Some that would sinne, mis-thinking she did sinne.
 Such as would call her friendship, love, and faine
 To sociablenesse, a name, prophane,
 Or sinne by tempting, or, not daring that,
 By wishing, though they never told her what.
 Thus mightst thou have slaine more souls had'st thou
 Thy self, and to triumph, thine armie lost, (not crost
 Yet though these wayes be lost, thou hast left one,
 Which is, immoderate griefe that she is gone.
 But we may scape that sinne, yet weep as much,
 Our tears are due, because we are not such.

Some

Some tears, that knot of friends, her death must cost,
Because the chaine is broke, though no link lost.

Elegie on his Admistis.

BY our first strange and fatall interview
By all desires which thereof did ensue,
By our long starving hopes, by that remorse
Which my words masculine, perswasive force
Begot in thee, and by the memory
Of hurts, which spies and rivals threatned me,
I calmelv beg. But by thy fathers wrath,
By all paines, which want and divorcement hath;
I conjure thee, and all the oathes which I
And thou have sworn to seale joynt constancy,
Here I unswear, and overswear them thus,
Thou shalt not love by wayes so dangerous
Temper, ô faire Love, loves impetuous rage,
Be my true Mistis still, not my feign'd Page,
I'll go, and, by thy kinde leave, leave behinde
Thee, onely worthy to nurse in my minde,
Thirst to come back; ô if thou die before,
My soule from other lands to thee shall soare;
Thy (else Almighty) beaurty cannot move
Rage from the Seas, nor thy love teach them love,
Nor tame wilde Boreas harshnesse; Thou hast read
How roughly he in pieces shivered
Faure Orithea, whom he swore he lov'd.
Fall ill or good, 'tis madnesse to have prov'd
Dangers unurg'd; Feed on this flatterie,
That absent Lovers one in th'other be.

Dissemble nothing, not a boy, nor change
 Thy bodies habit, nor minde, be not strange
 To thy self onely. All will spie in thy face
 A blushing womanly discovering grace.
 Richly cloath'd Apes, are call'd Apes, and as soone
 Eclips'd as bright we call the Moone the Moone,
 Men of France, changeable Chamelions,
 Spittles of diseases, thops of fashions,
 Loves fuellers, and the rightest company
 Of Players, which upon the worlds stage be,
 Will quickly know thee, and no lesse, alas!
 Th'indifferent Italian, as we passe
 His warme land, well content to thinke thee Page,
 Will hate thee with such lust, and hideous rage,
 As *Lots* faire guests were vext. But none of these
 Nor spongy hydropique Dutch shall thee displease,
 If thou stay here. O stay here, for, for thee
 England is onely a worthy Gallerie,
 To walk in expectation, till from thence
 Our greatest King call thee to his presence.
 When I am gone, dreaune me some happinesse,
 Nor let thy lookes our long hid love confesse,
 Nor praise, nor dispraise me, nor blesse, nor curse,
 Openly loves force, nor in bed fright thy Nurse
 With midnights startings, crying out, oh, oh,
 Nurse, o my love is slaine, I saw him go
 O're the white Alpes alone; I saw him, I,
 Assail'd, fight, taken, stabb'd, bleed, fall, and die.
 Augure me better chance, except dread love
 Thinke it enough for me to have had thy love.

Elegy

Elegie.

MADAME,

THat I might make your Cabinet my tombe,
 And for my fame, which I love next my soule;
 Next to my soule provide the happiest roome,
 Admit to that place this last funerall scrowle.
 Others by Wills give Legacies, but I
 Dying of you do beg a Legacie.

My fortune and my will this custome break,
 When we are senselesse grown to make stones speak,
 Though no stone tell thee what I was, yet thou
 In my graves inside see what thou art now:
 Yet th'art not yet so good; till us death lay
 To ripe and mellow thee, w'are stubborne clay,
 Parents make us earth, and soules signifie
 Vs to be glasse, here to grow gold we lie;
 Whilst in our soules sinne bred and pamper'd is,
 Our soules become worme-eaten Carkasses.

Elegie on Mistris Boulstred.

DEath be not proud, thy hand gave not this blow,
 Sinne was her captive, whence thy power doth
 The executioner of wrath thou art, (How
 But to destroy the just is not thy part.
 Thy comming, terrour, anguish, grief denounces;
 Her happy state, courage, ease, joy pronounces.

From out the CrySTALL palace of her brest,
 The clearer soule was call'd to endlesse rest, (threats,
 (Not by the thundering voyce, wherewith God
 But, as with crowned Saints in heaven he treats,) And,
 waited on by Angels, home was brought,
 To joy that it through many dangers sought,
 The key of mercy gently did unlock
 The doors 'twixt heaven and it, when life did knock.

Nor boast, the fairest frame was made thy prey,
 Because to mortall eyes it did decay;
 A better witnesse than thou art, assures,
 That though dissolv'd, it yet a space endures;
 No dram thereof shall want or losse sustaine,
 When her best soule inhabits it againe.
 Go then to people curst before they were,
 Their soules in Triumph to thy conquest beare,
 Glory not thou thy selfe in these hot teares
 Which our face, not for her, but our harme weares.
 The mourning livery given by Grace, not thee, (be,
 Which wils our soules in these streams washt should
 And on our hearts, her memories best tombe,
 In this her Epitaph doth write thy doome.
 Blinde were those eys, saw not how bright did shine
 Through fleshes misty vaile those beams divine;
 Deafe were the eares, not charm'd with that sweet
 Which did i'th spirits instructed voice aboꝝd; (soud
 Of flint the conscience, did not yeeld and melt,
 At what in her last act it saw and felt.

Weep not, nor grudge then, to have lost her sight,
 Taught thus, our after stay's but a short night;
 But by all soules not by corruption choaked
 Let in high rais'd notes that power be invoked,

Calm

Calme the rough seas, by which she sayles to rest,
From sorrowes here, to a kingdome ever blest,
And teach this hymne of her with joy, and sing,
The grave no conquest gets, Death hath no sting.

Elegie on the L.C.

Sorrow, that to this house scarce knew the way,
Is, Oh, heire of it, our All is his prey,
This strange chance claims strange wonder, & to us
Nothing can be so strange, as to weep thus;
'Tis well his lifes loud speaking workes deserve,
And give praise too, our cold tongues could not serve:
'Tis well, he kept teares from our eyes before,
That to fit this deep ill, we might have store.
Oh, if a sweet bryer climbe up by a tree,
If to a paradise that transplanted be,
Or fell'd, and burnt for holy sacrifice,
Yet, that must wither, which by it did rise,
As we for him dead: though no family
Ere rigg'd a soule for heavens discovery
With whom more Venturers more boldly dare
Venture their states, with him in joy to share,
We lose what all friends lov'd, him, he gains now
But life by death, which worst foes would allow,
If he could have foes, in whose practise grew
All vertues, whose name subtle Schoolemen knew;
What ease, can hope that we shall see 'him, beget,
When we must die first, and cannot die yet?
His children are his pictures, Oh they be
Pictures of him dead, senselesse, cold as he.

Here needs no marble Tombe, since he is gone,
He, and about him, his, are turn'd to stone.

Vpon Mr. Thomas Coryats Crudities.

X
Oh to what height will love of greatnesse drive
Thy learned spirit, *Sesqui-superlative*?
Venice vast lake thou hadst seen, & would seek than,
Some vaster thing, and found'st a Curtizan.
That in-land Sea, having discovered well,
A Cellar gulfe, where one might faile to hell
From *Heidelberg*, thou long'st to see: and thou
This booke, greater then all, producest now.
Infinite worke, which doth so far extend,
That none can study it to any end.
'Tis no one thing, it is not fruit nor roote.
Nor poorely limited with head or foot.
If man be therefore man, because he can
Reason and laugh, thy booke doth halfe make man.
One halfe being made, thy modestie was such,
That thou on th'other half wouldst never touch.
When wilt thou be at full, great Lunatique?
Not till thou exceed the world? Canst thou be like
A prosperous nose-borne wenne, which sometimes
To be far greater than the mother nose? (grows
Go then, and as to thee when thou didst go,
Munster did Townes and *Gesner* Authors show;
Mount now to *Gallo-belgium*; appear
As deep a Statesman as a Garretier.
Homely and familiarly, when thou com'st back,
Talke of *Will. Conquerour*, and *Presters* lack.

Go bashfull man, lest here thou blush to looke
Vpon the progresse of thy glorious booke,
To which both Indies sacrifices send;
The West sent gold, which thou didst freely spend,
Meaning to see't no more upon the presse.
The East sends hither her deliciousnesse; (thence,
And thy leaves must imbrace what comes from
The Myrrhe, the Pepper, and the Frankincense.
This magnifies thy leaves; but if they stoope
To neighbour wares, when Merchants do unhoope
Voluminous barrels; if thy leaves do then
Convey these wares in parcels unto men;
If for vast Tons of Currans, and of Figs,
Of medicinall and Atomatique twigs,
Thy leaves a better method do provide,
Divide to pounds, and ounces sub-divide;
If they stoope lower yet, and vent our wares
Home-manufactures to thick popular Faires,
If omni-pregnant there, upon warme stalls,
They hatch all wares for which the buyer calls;
Then thus thy leaves we justly may commend,
That they all kinde of matter comprehend.
Thus thou, by means which th'Ancients never took,
A Pandect mak'st, and universall book.
The bravest Heroes for publike good,
Scattered in divers Lands their limbs and blood.
Worst malefactors, to whom men are prize,
Do publike good, cut in Anatomies;
so will thy booke in peeces; for a Lord
Which casts at Portescues, and all the board
Provide whole books; each leafe enough will be
For friends to passe time, and keep company.

Can all carouse up thee? no, thou must fit
 Measures; and fill out for the half-pint wit:
 Some shall wrap pills, and save a friends life so,
 Some shall stop muskets, and so kill a foe.
 Thou shalt not ease the Criticks of next age
 So much, at once their hunger to assuage:
 Nor shall wit-pirats hope to finde thee lye
 All in one bottome, in one Librarie.
 Some Leaves may paste strings there in other books,
 And so one may, which on another looks,
 Pilfer alas a little wit from you;
 But hardly much; and yet I think this true.
 As *Sibyls* was, your booke is mysticall,
 For every peece is as much worth as all.
 Therefore mine impotency I confesse,
 The healths which my braine bears must be far lesse;
 Thy Gyant-wit orethrowes me, I am gone;
 And rather then read all, I would reade none.

I. D.

The end of Funerall Elegies.

Sonnet. The Token.

SEND me some Tokens, that my hope may live,
 Or that my caselesse thoughts may sleep & rest;
 Send me some honey to make sweet my hive,
 That in my passions I may hope the best.
 I beg nor ribbond wrought with thine owne hands,
 To knit our loves in the fantastick straine
 Of new-toucht youth; nor Ring to shew the stands
 Of our affection, that as that's round and plaine,
 So

So should our loves meet in simplicity.

No, nor the Coralls which thy wrist infold,
Lac'd up together in congruity, (hold.

To shew our thoughts should rest in the same

No, nor thy picture, though most gracious,

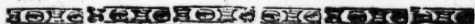
And most desired, 'cause 'tis like thee best ;

Nor witty Lines, which are most copious,

Within the Writings which thou hast address.

Send me nor this, nor that, t'increase my score,

But swear thou thinkst I love thee, and no more.



LETTERS.

HEN. GOODERE.

E*Tiam vulgari linguâ scripta testantur litera
nos amicorum meminisse, sed alienâ, nos de il-
lis meditari. In illis enim affulgent nobis de ami-
cis cogitatiuncula, sed ut matutina stella transe-
unt, & evanescent : In his autem haeremus, &
immoramur, & amicos uti solem ipsum perma-
nentem nobiscum degentemque contemplamur ;
Habes cur latinè. Ipsius etiam scribendi audi ra-
tionem. Peto consilium, in quo simul amicitiam
profiteor meam, tuamque agnosco : Etenim non
libenter nosmetipsos exuimus aut ingenii pruden-
tia*

tiave dotibus aliorum nos fatemur indigos. Nec
 certè quicquam quisquam (sit modo ingenuus) ei
 denegabit à quo consilium petiit. Quod enim di-
 vina sapientia extremum charitatis terminum
 posuerat, animam ponere, idem regularum Eccle-
 siæ tractatores (quod ipsimet Canonici crassam æ-
 quitatem vocant) de fama & honore cedendo as-
 serunt & usurpant. Certè, non tam beneficiis ob-
 noxii quàm consiliis reddimur. Sed ad rem. Phi-
 losophentur otiosiores, aut quibus otia sua negotia
 appellare lubet: Nobis enim nos dudum perspicui
 sumus & fenestrati. Elucescit mihi nova, nec in-
 opportuna, nec inutilis (paulò quàm optaram for-
 tassìs magis inhonora) occasio externa visendi reg-
 na, liberosque perquam amantiissima conjugis cha-
 rissima pignora, ceteraque hujus aura oblectamen-
 ta, aliquot ad annos relinquendi. De hoc ut te-
 cum agerem te convenire cupio. Quod (etsi nec
 id recussem) nollem in adibus Barlotianis. Habeo
 cur abstineam. Amicitia enim nec veteris, nec
 ita stricta munera paulò quàm deceat impruden-
 tiori impetu mihi videor ibi peregisse. Prandere si
 vacat foras, aut cenare, horulamve perdere po-
 meridianam, aut matutinam, liceat mihi illud a-
 pud Rabbinum Tincombum jam commoranti per
 te intelligere, & satis mihi fiet. Interim seponas
 oro chartulas meas, quas cum sponsione cito red-
 hibitionis

hibitionis (ut barbarè sed cum ingeniosissimo Apollinari loquar) accepisti. Inter quas, si epigrammata mea Latina, & Catalogus librorum satyricus nq̃ sunt, non sunt; extremum judicium, hoc est, manum ultimam jamjam subitura sunt. Earum nonnulla Purgatorium suum passura, ut correctiores emanent. Alia quorum me inscio in mundum erepserunt, exempla tamen in archetypis igne absumpta fatebuntur se à me ad Inferos damnata esse. Reliqua quæ aut virgines sunt (nisi quod à multis contrectata) aut ita infelicitè steriles, ut ab illis nulla ingenta sunt exemplaria, penitus in annihilationem (quod flagitiosissimis non minatur Deus) corruent & dilabentur. Vale & amore meo frui, quem vetat fortuna sola ne uti possis. Et nisi animo candido ingenuave mea libertate gaudere malis, habe tibi mancipium

JO. DONNE.

De

DE LIBRO CUM MU-
tuaretur, Impresso, Domi à pueris
frustratim lacerato, & post reddito
Manuscripto.

Doctissimo Amicissimoque v.
D. D. Andrews.

Parturiant madido quæ nixu præla, recepta,
Sed quæ scripta manu sunt, veneranda magis.
Transit in Sequanæ Mænus; Victoris in ades,
Et Francofurtum, te revehente meat.
Qui liber in pluteos, blattis, cinerique relictos,
Si modo sit præli sanguine tinctus, abit,
Accedat calamo scriptus, reverenter habetur,
Involat & veterum scrinia summa Patrum.
Dicat Apollo modum; Pueros infundere libro
Nempe vetustatem canitiemque novo.
Nil mirum, medico pueros de semine natos,
Hæc nova fata libro posse dedisse novo.
Si veterem faciunt pueri, qui nuperus, Annon
Ipse Pater, Juvenem, me dabit arte, senem?
Hei miseris senibus! nos vertit dura senectus
Omnes in pueros, neminem at in Juvenem.
Hoc tibi servasti præstandum, Antique Dierum,
Quo viso, & vivit, & juvenescit Adam.
Interea, infirmæ fallamus tædia vite,
Libris, & Cælorum emulâ amicitia.
Hos inter, qui à te mihi redditus iste libellus,
Non mihi tam charus, tam meus, ante fuit.

I. D.

T^o

To Sir H. G.

I Send not my Letters as tribute, nor interest, nor recompence, nor for commerce, nor as testimonials of my love, nor provokers of yours, nor to justify my custome of writing, nor for a vent and utterance of my meditations; For my Letters are either above or under all such offices, yet I write very affectionately, and I chide and accuse my selfe of diminishing that affection which sends them, when I ask my selfe why. Onely I am sure that I desire that you might have in your hands letters of mine of all kindes, as conveyances and deliverers of me to you, whether you accept me as a friend, or as a patient, or as a penitent, or as a Bedesman, for I decline no jurisdiction, nor refuse any tenure. I would not open any doore upon you, but look in when you open it. Angels have not, nor affect not other knowledge of one another, then they list to reveale to one another. It is then in this onely, that friends are Angels, that they are capable and fit for such revelations when they are offered. If at any time I seeme to study you more inquisitively, it is for no other end, but to know how to present you to God, in my prayers, and what to ask of him for you; for even that holy exercise may not be done inopportunately, nor importunately. I finde little errour in that Grecians counsell, who sayes, If thou aske any thing of God, offer no sacrifice, nor aske elegantly, nor vehemently, but remember that thou wouldst not give to such

an asker. Nor is his other countryman, who affirms sacrifice of blood to be so unproportionable to God, that perfumes, though much more spirituall, are too grosse; Yea words which are our subtlest and delicate outward creatures, being composed of thoughts & breath, are so muddy, so thick, that our thoughts themselves are so, because (except at the first rising) they are ever leavened with passions and affections. And that advantage of neerer familiaritie with God, which the Act of incarnation gave us, is grounded upon Gods assuming us, not our going to him. And our accesses to his presence are but his descents into us. And when we get any thing by prayer, he gave us before hand the thing and the petition: for, I scarce thinke any ineffectuall prayer free from both sinne and the punishment of sin: Yet as God seposed a seventh of our time for his exterior worship, and as his Christian Church early presented him a Type of the whole yeare in a Lent, and after imposed the obligation of canonique houres, constituting thereby morall Sabbaths every day. I am far from dehorting those fixed devotions: But I had rather it were bestowed upon thanksgiving than petition, upon praise than prayer. Not that God is indebted by that, or wearied by this; All is one in the receiver, but not in the sender. And thanks doth both offices. For nothing doth so innocently provoke new graces, as gratitude. I would also rather make short prayers than extend them, though God can neither be surprised, nor besieged: for long prayers have more of the man, as ambition of eloquence, and a complacency in the worke, and more of the devill

by

by often distractions : For after in the beginning we have well intreated God to hearken, we speake no more to him. Even this letter is some example of such infirmity ; which being intended for a letter, is extended and strayed into a Homily. And whatsoever is not what it was purposed, is worse. Therefore it shall at last end like a letter by assuring you I am, &c.

To Sir H. G.

SIR,

Nature hath made all bodies like, by mingling & kneading up the same elements in every one. And amongst men, the other nature, custom, hath made every minde like some other. We are patterns or copies, we inform or imitate. But as he hath not presently attained to write a good hand, which hath equalled one excellent Master in his A, another in his B, much lesse he which hath sought all the excellent masters, & employed all his time to exceed in one letter, because not so much an excellency of any nor every one, as an evennesse and proportion, and respect to one another gives the perfection ; So is no man vertuous by particular example. Nor he which doth all actions to the pattern of the most valiant, or liberall, which Histories afford : Nor he which chuses from every one their best actions, & thereupon doth something like those. Perchance such may be *in via perficiendorum*, which Divines allow to Monasticall life, but not *Perfectionem*, which, by them is onely due to Prelacy. For vertue is even, & continuall, and the same, and can therefore
breake

break no where, nor admit ends, nor beginnings; it is not onely not broken, but not tyed together. He is not vertuous, out of whose actions you can pick an excellent one. Vice and her fruits may be seene, because they are thick bodies, but not vertue, which is all light. And vices have swellings and fits, and noise, because being extreame, they dwell far asunder, and they maintaine both a forraigne war against vertue, and a civill against one another, and affect soverainity, as vertue doth society. The later Physitians say that when our naturall inborne preservative is corrupted or wasted, and must be restored by a like extracted from other bodies, the chief care is, that the mummy have in it no excellling quality, but an equally digested temper: And such is true vertue. But men who have preferred money before all, thinke they deale honourably with vertue, if they compare her with mony: And think, that as mony is not called base, till the alloy exceed the pure: So they are vertuous enough, if they have enough to make their actions currant, which is, if either they get praise, or (in a lower abasing) if they incurre not infamy or penalty. But you know who said, *Angusta innocentia est ad legem bonum esse*, which rule being given for positive lawes, severe mistakers apply even to Gods law, and (perchance against his commandment) binde themselves to his counsels, beyond his lawes. But they are worse, that thinke that because some men formerly wastfull, live better with halfe their rents, then they did with all, being now advantaged with discretion and experience, therefore our times need lesse morall vertue than the first, because

cause we have Christianity, which is the use and application of all vertue. As though our religion were but an art of thrift, to make a little vertue goe farre. For as plentiful springs are fittest, and best become large Aqueducts, so doth much vertue such a steward and officer as a Christian. But I must not give you a Homily for a letter, I said a great while since, that custome made men like; We who have been accustomed to one another are like in this, that we love not businesse. This therefore shall not be to you nor me a busie letter, I end with a Probleme, whose end is, to make for his fellowes. I pray before you ingulfe your self in the Progresse, leave them for me, and such other of my papers as you will lend me till your returne. And besides this allegoricall lending, lend me truly your counsels. And love God and me whilst I love him and you.

To the La. G.

MADAM,

I Am not come out of England, if I remaine in the noblest part of it, your minde; Yet I confesse, it is too much diminution to call your minde any part of England, or this world, since every part even of your body, deserves titles of higher dignity. No Princee would be loath to die, that were assured of so faire a tombe to preserve his memory. But I have a greater advantage then so; For, since there is a religion in friendship, and a death in absence, to make up an entire friend, there must be an

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heaven

heaven room and there can be no heaven so proportionall to that religion, and that death, as your favour, and I am gladder that it is a heaven, then that it were a Court, or any other high place of this world, because I am likelier to have a room there, then here, and better cheap: Madam, my best treasure is time, and my best imployment of that (next my thoughts of thankfulness for my redeemer) is to study good wishes for you, in which, I am by continuall meditation, so learned, that any creature (except your own good Angell) when it would doe you most good, might be content to come and take instructions from

Your humble and affectionate
 Amyens the
 7. of Feb.
 here, 1611.

I. D.

To my honour'd friend G. G. Esquire.

SIR,
 N either your letters, nor silence, needs excuse, your friendship is to me an abundant possession, though you remember me but twice in a year: He that could have two harvests in that time, might justly value his land at a high rate; but, Sir, as we doe not onely then thank our land, when we gather the fruit, but acknowledge that all the year she doth many motherly offices in preparing it: so is not

friendship

friendship then onely to be esteemed, when she is delivered of a letter, or any other reall office, but in her continuall propensnesse and inclination to doe it. This hath made me easie in pardoning my long silences, and in promising my self your forgivenesse for not answering your letter sooner. For my purpose of proceeding in the profession of the law, so farre as to a title you may be pleased to correct that imagination, wheresoever you finde it. I ever thought the study of it my best entertainment, and pastime, but I have no ambition, nor designe upon the stile. Of my Anniversaries, the fault that I acknowledg in my self, is to have descended to print any thing in verse, which though it have excuse even in our times by men who professe, and practise much gravity; yet I confesse I wonder how I declin'd to it, and doe not pardon my self; But for the other part of the imputation of having said too much, my defence is, that my purpose was to say as well as I could: for since I never saw the Gentlewoman, I cannot be understood to have bound my self to have spoken just truths, but I would not be thought to have gone about to praise her, or any other in ryme; except I took such a person, as might be capable of all that I could say: If any of those Ladies think that *Mistress Dremy* was not so, let that Lady make her self fit for all those praises in the book, and they shall be hers. Sir, this messenger makes so much haste, that I cry you mercy for spending any time of this letter in other employment, then thanking you for yours. I hope before *Christmas* to see England, & kisse your hand, which shall ever, (if it disdain not that office)

hold all the keyes of the liberty and affection, and
all the faculties of

Your most affectionate

Peris the 14 of April,
here, 1612.

servant,

I. D.

To my honour'd friend G. G. Esquire.

SIR,

I Should not onely send you an account by my servant, but bring you an account often by my selfe, (for our letters are our selves, and in them absent friends meet) how I doe, but that two things make me forbear that writing; first, because it is not for my gravity to write of feathers, and strawes; and in good faith I am no more, considering in my body, or fortune; and then because whensoever I tel you how I doe, by a letter, before that letter comes to you, I shall be otherways then when it left me: At this time (I humbly thank God) I am onely not worse, for I should as soon look for Roses, at this season of the year, as look for increase of strength; and if I be no worse all spring, then now, I am much better, for I make account those Church-services which I am loath to decline, will spend somewhat; & if I can gather so much as will bear my charges, recover so much strength at London, as I shall spend at London, I shall not be loath to be left in that state I am now,
after

after that is is done; but, I doe but discourse, I do not wish; life, or health, or strength, I thank God, enter not into my prayers, for my self: for others they often doe, and amongst others, for your self and son, whom I beseech God to blesse with the same blessings which I beg for the children, and for the person of

Your friend and humble servant

Alery hatch,

Novemb. 2.

in Christ Iesus,

1630.

I. D.

To my honour'd friend G. G. Esquire.

SIR,

THIS advantage you and my other friends have by my frequent fevers, that I am so much the oftener at the gates of heaven, and this advantage by the solitude, and close imprisonment, that they reduce me to after, that I am thereby the oftner at my prayers, in which I shall never leave out your happinesse, and I doubt not, but amongst his many other blessings God wil adde some one to you for my prayers. A man would be almost content to die, (if there were no other benefit in death) to heare of so much sorrow, and so much good testimony from good men, as I (God be blessed for it) did upon the report of my death; yet I perceive it went not thorow

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all,

all, for one writ to me, that some (and he said of my friends) conceived I was not so ill as I pretended, but withdrew my self to live at ease, discharged of preaching: It is an unfriendly, and God knowes, an ill-grounded interpretation, for I have always been sorryer when I could not preach, then any could be they could not heare me. It hath been my desire (and God may be pleased to grant it) that I might die in the Pulpit, if not that, yet that I might take my death in the Pulpit, that is, die the sooner by occasion of those labours. Sir, I hope to see you about Candlemas, about which time also will fall my Lent Sermon at Court, except my Lord Chamberlaine beleewe me to be dead, and leave me out, for as long as I live, and am not speechlesse, I would not decline that Service. I have better leasure to write then you to read, yet I will not oppresse you with too much letter: God blesse you and your Son, as I wish.

Your poore friend and servant

January 7.

1630.

in Christ Iesus,

I. D.

To Sir H. G.

SIR,

THIS Tuesday morning, which hath brought me to London, presents me with all your letters. Me thought it was a rent day, I mean such as yours, and not

not as mine: And yet such too, when I considered how much I ought you for them. How good a mother, how fertile and abundant the understanding is if she have a good Father. And how well friendship performs that office. For that which is denyed in other generations is done in this of yours. For here is superfatation, child upon child, and, that which is more strange, twinnes at a latter conception. If in my second religion, friendship, I had a conscience, either *Errantem* to mistake good and bad and indifferent, or *Opinantem* to be ravished by others opinions or examples, or *Dubiam* to adhere to neither part, or *scrupulosam* to incline to one, but upon reasons light in themselves or indiscussed in me (which are almost all the diseases of conscience) I might mistake your often, long, and busie letters, and fear you did but intreat me to have mercy upon you, and spare you. For you know our Court took the resolution, that it was the best way to dispatch the French Prince back again quickly to receive him solemnly, ceremoniously, and expensively, when he hoped a domestique and durable entertainment. I never meant to excell you in waight nor price, but in number and bulk: I thought I might: Because he may cast up a greater summe who hath but forty small moneys, then he with twenty Portugueses. The memory of friends, (I mean onely for letters) neither enters ordinarily into busied men, because they are ever imployed within, nor into men of pleasure, because they are never at home. For these wishes therefore which you won out of your pleasure and recreation, you were as excusable to me if you write

seldome, as Sir H. Wotton is, under the oppression of
 businesse, or the necessity of seeming so: Or more
 then he, because I hope you have both pleasure and
 businesse. Onely to me, who have neither, this omis-
 sion were sinne. For though writing be not of the
 precepts of friendship, but of the counsells: yet, as in
 some cases to some men counsells become precepts,
 though not immediately from God, yet very roundly
 and quickly from his Church, (as selling and divi-
 ding goods in the first time, continence in the Roma-
 Church, and order and decency in ours) so to me
 who can doe nothing else, it seems to binde my con-
 science to write. And it is sinne to doe against the
 conscience, though that erre. Yet no mans letters
 might be better wanted then mine, since my whole
 letter is nothing else but a confession that I should
 and would write. I ought you a letter in verse before
 by mine own promise, and now that you think you
 have hedged in that debt by a greater by your letter
 in verse. I think it now most seasonable and fashio-
 nall for me to break. At least to write presently were
 to accuse my self of not having read yours so often
 as such a letter deserves from you to me. To make
 my debt greater (for such is the desire of all, who
 cannot or mean not to pay) I pray read these two
 problemes: for such light flashes as these have been
 my hawkings in my Surry journies. I accompany
 them with another ragge of verses, worthy of that
 name for the smalnesse, and age, for it hath long lye-
 among my other Papers, & laughs at them that have
 adventured to you: for I think till now you saw it
 not, and neither you, nor it should repent it. Sir, if I
 were

were any thing, my love to you might multiply it, and dignifie it: But infinite nothings are but one such: Yet since even Chymeræes have some name and titles, I am also

Yours,

To Sir H. G.

S I R,
IN the history or stile of friendship, which is best written both in deeds and words, a letter which is of a mixed nature, and hath something of both, is a mixt parenthesis: It may be left out, yet it contributes, though not to the being, yet to the verdure, and freshtinesse thereof. Letters have truly the same office, as oaches. As these amongst light and empty men, are but fillings, and pauses, and interjections: but with weightier, they are sad attestations: So are letters to some complement, and obligation to others. For mine, as I never authorized my servant to lie in my behalfe, (for if it were officious in him, it might be worse in me) so I allow my letters much lesse that civil dishonesty, both because they go from me more considerately, and because they are permanent, for in them I may speak to you in your chamber a year hence before I know not whom, and not hear my selfe. They shall therefore ever keep the sincerity and intemeratenesse of the fountain, whence they are derived. And as where-soever these leaves fall, the root is in my heart, so shall they, as that sucks good affections towards you there, have ever true impressions thereof. Thus much
 infor-

information is in very leaves, that they can tell what the tree is, and these can tell you I am a friend, and an honest man. Of what generall use, the fruit should speake, and I have none: and of what particular profit to you, your application and experimenting should tell you, and you can make none of such a nothing; yet even of barren Sycamores, such as I, there were use, if either any light flashings, or scorching vehemencies, or sudden showres made you need so shadowy an example or Remembrance. But (Sir) your fortune and minde doe you this happy injury, that they make all kinde of fruits uselesse unto you; Therefore I have placed my love wisely where I need communicate nothing.

All this, though perchance you read it not till Michaelmas, was told you at Michin: 13. Aug. 1607.

To Sir H. C.

SIR,

It should be no interruption to your pleasures to heare me often say, that I love you, and that you are as much my meditation as my self: I often compare not you and me, but the Sphere in which your resolutions are, and my wheel. Both I hope concentricke to God: for me thinks the new Astronomy is thus applicable well, that we which are a little Earth should rather move towards God, then that hee which is fulfilling, and can come no whither, should move towards us. To your life full of variety, nothing is old, nor new to mine. And as to that life, all stickings

tickings and hesitations seem stupid and stony, so to this, all flurd slipperinesses and transitory migrations seem giddy and feathery. In that life one is ever in the porch or postern, going in or out, never within his house, himself: It is a garment made of remnants, a life ravel'd out into ends, a line discontinued, and a number of small wretched points; useless, because they concur not: A life built of past and future, not proposing any constant present, they have more pleasures then we, but no more pleasure: they joy oftner, we longer; and no man but of so much understanding as may deliver him from being a fool, would change with a mad-man, which had a better proportion of wit in his often *Lucidis*. You know, they which dwell farthest from the Sunne, if in any convenient distance, have longer days, better appetites, better digestion, better growth, and longer life. And all these advantages, have their mindes who are well removed from the scorplings, and dazlings and exhalings of the worlds glory; but neither of our lives are in such extreames; for you living at Court without ambition, which would burn you, or envy which would devour others, live in the Sun, not in the fire; and I which live in the Country without stupifying, am not in darknesse, but in shadow, which is no light, but a pallid, waterish and diluted one. As all shadowes are of one colour if you respect the body from which they are cast (for our shadowes upon clay will be dirty, and in a garden, green and flowery,) so all retirings into a shadowy life are alike from all causes, and alike to the barbarousness and insipid dulnesse of the country: Onely the im-

ployment,

ployment, and that upon which you cast and bestow your pleasure, businesse or books, gives it the tin-
 sure or beauty. But truly wheresoever we are, if we
 can but tell our selves truly what and where we
 would be, we may make any state and place such :
 For we are so composed, that if abundance, or glo-
 ry scorch and melt us, we have an earthly cave, our
 bodies, to goe into by consideration, and coole our
 selves : and if we be frozen, and contracted with
 lower and dark fortunes, we have within us a torch,
 a soul, lighter and warmer then any without : wee
 are therefore our owne umbrella's, and our owne
 Sunnes. These Sir, are the Sallads, and Onyons of
 Michin, sent to you with as wholsome affection as
 your other friends send Melons and Quelque choses
 from Court and London. If I present you not as good
 dyet as they, I would yet say grace to theirs, and bid
 much good doe it you I send you, with this a letter
 which I sent to the Countesse. It is not my use nor
 duty to doe so. But for your having of it, there were
 but two consents, and I am sure you have mine, and
 you are sure you have hers. I also writ to her Ladi-
 ship for the verses she shewed in the garden, which I
 did not onely to extort them, nor onely to keep my
 promise of writing, for that I had done in the other
 letter, and perchance she hath forgotten the pro-
 mise, nor onely because I think my letters just good
 enough for a Progresse, but because I would write
 apace to her, whilst it is possible to expresse that
 which I yet know of her, for by this growth I see
 how soon she will be ineffable.

To the Countesse of Bedford.

Happiest and worthiest Lady,

I Do not remember that ever I have seen a petition in verse; I would not therefore be singular, nor add these to your other papers. I have yet adventured so near as to make a petition for verse, it is for those your Ladiship did me the honour to see in Twickenham garden, except you repent your making and having mended your judgment by thinking worse, that is, better, because juster, of their subject. They must needs be an excellent exercise of your wit, which speak so well of so ill. I humbly beg them of your Ladiship, with two such promises, as to any other of yours compositions were threatnings: That I will not shew them, and that I will not beleieve them; And nothing should be so used which comes from your braine or heart. If I should confesse a fault in the boldnesse of asking them, or make a fault by doing it in a longer letter, your Ladiship might use your stile and old fashion of the Court towards me, and pay me with a pardon. Here therefore I humbly kisse your Ladiships fair learned hands, and wish you good wishes and speedy grants.

Your Ladiships servant,

JOHN DOWNE.

To

To Sir H. G.

SIR,

BECAUSE I am in a place and season where I see every thing bud forth. I must do so too, & vent some of my meditations to you, the rather because all other buds being yet without taste or vertue, my letters may be like them. The pleasantnes of the season displeases me. Every thing refreshes; and I wither, and grow older, and not better. My strength diminishes, and my load grows, & being to passe more & more storms, I find that I have not only cast out all my ballast, which nature and time gives, reason & discretiō, & so am as empty & light as vanity can make me, but I have over-fraight my self with vice, & so am ridiculously subject to two contrary wrackes, sinking and over-setting, and under the iniquity of such a disease as enforces the patient when he is almost starv'd, not only to fast, but to purge; for I have much to take in, and much to cast out. Sometimes I think it easier to discharge my self of vice then of vanity, as one may sooner carry the fire out of a room, then the smoke. And then I see it was a new vanity to think so. And when I thinke sometimes that vanity, because it is thin and ayrie, may be expelled with vertue or business, or substantiall vice; I find that I give entrance therby to new vices; Certainly as the earth & water, one sad, the other fluid, make but one body, so to vice, and vanity, there is but one *Centrū morbi*. And that which latter Physitians say of our bodies, is fitter for our mindes; for that which they call destruction, which

(which is a corruption and want of those fundamentall parts wherof we consist) is vice: And that *Colletio Stercoris* (which is but the excrement of that corruption) is our vanity and indiscretion. Both these have but one root in me, and must be pulled out at once, or never. But I am so farre from digging to it, that I know not where it is. For it is not in mine eyes onely, but in every sense, not in my concupiscence onely, but in every power and affection. Sir I was willing to let you see how impotent a man you love, not to dishearten you from doing so still (for my vices are not infectious, nor wandering, they came not yesterday, nor mean to goe away to day: They lye not, but dwell in me, & see themselves so welcome, and finde in me so good bad company of one another, that they will not change, especially to one not apprehensive, nor easily accessible) but I doe it that your counsell might cure me, and if you deny that, your example shall, for I will as much strive to be like you, as I will wish you to continue good.

To Sir H. G.

I Hope you are now well come to London, & well, and wel comforted in your fathers health & love, and well contented that we ask you how you do, & tell you how we are, which yet I cannot of my self; If I knew that I were ill, I were well; For we consist of three parts, a Soul, and Body, and Minde: which I call those thoughts & affections, and passions, which neither Soul nor body hath alone, but have beene begotten

begotten by their communication, as Musick results out of our breath and a Cornet. And of all these the diseases are cures, if they be known. Of our Souls sicknesses, which are sinnes, the knowledge is to acquire knowledge, and that is her physick, in which we are not dieted by drams and scruples, for we cannot take too much. Of our bodies infirmities, though our knowledge be partly *ab extrinseco*, from the opinion of the Physitian, and that the subject and matter be flexible, and various, yet their rules are certain; and if the matter be rightly applied to the rule, our knowledge thereof is also certain. But of the diseases of the minde, there is no Criterium, no Canon, no rule; for our own tast and apprehension and interpretation should be the judge, and that is the disease it selfe. Therefore some times when I finde my selfe transported with jollity, & love of company, I hang leads at my heels, and reduce to my thoughts my fortunes, my years, the duties of a man, of a friend, of a husband, of a father, and all the incumbencies of a family. When sadnesse dejects me, either I counter-mine it with another sadnesse, or I kindle squibbs about me again, and flie into sportfulnessse and company. And I finde ever after all, that I am like an Exorcist, which had long laboured about one, which at last appears to have the Mother, that I still mistake my disease. And I still vex my selfe with this because if I know it not, no body can know it. And I comfort my selfe because I see dispassioned men are subject to the like ignorances. For divers mindes out of the same thing often draw contrary conclusions, as Augustine thought devout Anthony to be therefore

misled

full

full of the holy Ghost, because, not being able to
 reade, he could say the whole Bible, and interpret it.
 And Thyraus the Jesuite for the same reason doth
 think all the Anabaptists to be possessed. And as
 often out of contrary things men draw one conclusi-
 on. As, To the Roman Church, Magnificence and
 Splendor hath ever been an argument of Gods fa-
 vour: and Poverty and affliction, to the Greek. Out
 of this variery of mindes it proceeds, that though all
 our Soules would goe to one end, Heaven; and all
 our bodies must goe to one end, the earth; yet our
 third part, the minde, which is our naturall Guide
 here, chuses to every man a severall way. Scarce any
 man likes what another doth, nor advisedly, that
 which himself. But, Sir, I am beyond my purpose;
 I meant to write a letter, and I am falne into a dis-
 course, and I doe not onely take you from some bu-
 sinesse, but I make you a new businesse by drawing
 you into these meditations. In which yet let my o-
 pennesse be an argument of such love as I would
 have expresse in some worthier fashion.

The end of the Letters,

U IN-


INFINITATI SACRUM

16. Augusti 1601.

METEMPSYCHOSIS.

Poëma Satyricon.

EPISTLE.

 Thers at the Porches and en-tries of their buildings set their Armes; I, my picture; if any colours can deliver a minde so plain, and flat, and through light as mine. Naturally at a new Author, I doubt, and stick, and doe not say quickly, good. I cen-sure much and taxe; And this liberty costs me more then others, by how much my own things are worse then others. Yet I would not be so rebellious against my self, as not to doe it, since I love it; nor so un-just to others, to doe it *sine talione*. As long as I give them as good hold upon me, they must pardon me my bitings. I forbid no reprehender, but him that like the Trem Councell

Epistle.

Councell forbids not books, but Authors, damning what ever such a name hath or shall write. None writes so ill, that he gives not something exemplary, to follow, or fly. Now when I begin this book, I have no purpose to come into any mans debt, how my stock will hold out I know not; perchance waste, perchance increase in use; If I doe borrow any thing of Antiquity, besides that I make account that I pay it to posterity, with as much, and as good: you shall still finde me to acknowledge it, and to thank not him onely that hath digg'd out treasure for me, but that hath lighted me a candle to the place. All which I will bid you remember, (for I will have no such Readers as I can teach) is, that the Pythagorean doctrine doth not onely carry one soul from man to man, nor man to beast, but indifferently to plants also: and therefore you must not grudge to finde the same soul in an Emperour, in a Posthorse, and in a Maceron, since no unreadinesse in the soul. but an indisposition

Epistle.

in the Organs works this. And therefore though this soul could not move when it was a Melon, yet it may remember, and can now tell me, at what lascivious banquet it was serv'd. And though it could not speake, when it was a Spider, yet it can remember, and now tell me, who used it for poyson to attain dignity. How ever the bodies have dull'd her other faculties, her memory hath ever been her own, which makes me so seriously deliver you by her relation all her passages from her first making when she was that apple which Eve ate, to this time when she is she, whose life you shall finde in the end of this book.

I hope you will find me as I am
(I hope you will find me as I am)

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THE PROGRESSE
OF THE SOULE.

First Song.

I.



Sing the progresse of a deathlesse
soule,
Whom Fate, which God made, doe
doth not controule,
Plac'd in most shapes; all times be-
fore the law

Yoak'd us, and when, and since, in this I sing,
And the great worldt'his aged evening,
From infant morn, through manly noon I draw,
What the cold Chaldee, or silver Persian saw,
Greek brasse, or Roman iron, is in this one;
A work to'outweare *Seths* pillars, brick and stone,
And (holy writ excepted) made to yeeld to none.

II.

Thy, eye of Heaven, this great Soul envies not,
By thy male force, is all we have begot.
In the first East, thou now beginst to shine,
Suck'st early balme, and Iland spices there,

And wilt anon in thy loose-rein'd careere
 At Tagus, Po, Sene, Thames, and Danow dine,
 And see at night thy Western land of Mine,
 Yet hast thou not more Nations seen then thee,
 That before thee one day began to be, (outlive thee.
 And thy fralle light being quench'd, shall long, long

III.

NOr holy *Ianus* in whose soveraign boate
 The Church, and all the Monarchies did floate;
 That swimming Colledge, and free Hospitall
 Of all mankind, that Cage and vivary
 Of fowles, and beasts, in whose wombe, Destiny
 Us, and our latest nephewes did install
 (From thence are all deriv'd, that fill this All)
 Didst thou in that great stewardship embark
 So diverse shapes into that floating park, (spark.
 As have been moved, and inform'd by this heavenly

IV.

Great Destiny the Commissary of God,
 That hast mark'd out a path and period
 For every thing, who, where we off-spring tooke,
 Our ways and ends, seest at one instant. Thou
 Knot of all causes, thou whose changelesse brow
 Ne'r smiles nor frownes, ô vouchsafe thou to look
 And shew my story, in thy eternall book.
 That (if my prayer be fit) I may understand
 So much my self, as to know with what hand,
 How scant, or liberall this my lifes race is spand.

TO my sixe lusters almost now out-wore,
 Except thy booke owe me so many more,
 Except my legend be free from the letts
 Of steep ambition, sleepey poverty,
 Spirit quenching sicknesse, dull captivity,
 Distracting businesse, and from beauties nets,
 And all that cals from this, and t'others whets,
 O let me not launch out, but let me save
 Th'expende of brain and spirit; that my grave
 His right and due, a whole unwasted man may have.

VI.

But if my dayes be long, and good enough,
 In vaine this sea shall enlarge, or enrough
 It selfe; for I will through the wave, and some,
 And hold in sad lone ways, a lively spright
 Make my darke heavy Poem light, and light.
 For though through many straights, & lands I roam,
 I launch at Paradise, and I saile towards home.
 The course I there began, shall here be staid,
 Sailes hoised there, stroke here, and Anchors laid
 In Thames, w^{ch} were at Tygris, & Euphrates waied,

VII.

For the great soule which here amongst us now
 Doth dwell, and moves that hand, and tongue, &
 W^{ch} as the Moone the sea moves us, to heare (brow,
 Whose story, with long patience you will long;
 (For 'tis the crown, and last straine of my song)
 This soule to whom *Lusher* and *Alabamer* were

Prisons of flesh; this soule which oft did teare,
 And mend the wracks of th' Empire, and late Rome;
 And liv'd when every great change did come,
 Had first in Paradise, a low, but fatall roome.

VIII.

YEt no low room, nor then the greatest, lesse,
 If (as devout and sharp men fitly guesse)
 That Crosse, our joy, and grieve, (where nailes did tie
 That All, which always was all, every where,
 Which could not sinne, and yet all sinnes did beare;
 Which could not die, yet could not chuse but die;)
 Stood in the selfe-same room in Calvary,
 Where first grew the forbidden learned tree,
 For on that tree hung in securitie (free
 This soule made by the Makers will from pulling

IX.

PPrince of the Orchard, faire as dawning morn,
 Fent'd with the law, and ripe as soon as born
 That apple grew, which this soule did enlive
 Till the then climbing serpent, that now creeps
 For that offence, for which all mankind weeps,
 Took it, and t'her whom the first man did wive
 (Whom and her race, onely forbiddings drive)
 He gave it, she, t'her husband, both did eate;
 So perished the eaters, and the meat, (sweet
 And we (for treason taints the bloud) thence die &

MAn all at once was there by woman slain,
 And one by one we are here slain o'r again

By

By them. The mother poysoned the well-head,
The daughters here corrupt us, Rivolets,
No smalness scapes, no greatnesse breaks their nets,
She thrust us out, and by them we are led
Astray, from turning, to whence we are fled.
Were prisoners judges, 'twould seem rigorous,
She sinn'd, we bear; part of our pain is, thus (us.
To love them, whose fault to this painful love yoa'k'd

XI.

SO fast in us doth this corruption grow,
That now we dare aske why we should be so,
Would God (disputes the curious Rebelle) make
A law, and would not have it kept? Or can
His creatures will crosse his? Of every man
For one, will God (and be just) vengeance take?
Who sinn'd? 'twas not forbidden to the Snake
Nor her, who was not then made; nor is 't writ
That *Adam* cropt, or knew the Apple, yet
The worm, and she, and he, and we endure for it.

XII.

BUT snatch me heavenly Spirit, from this vain
Reckoning their vanity, lesse is their gain
Then hazard still to meditate on ill, (toyes
Though with good mind, their reasons like those
Of glassie bubbles, which the gamesome boyes
Stretch to so nice a thinnesse through a quill,
That they themselves break, and do themselves spill,
Arguing is heretiques game, and Exercise
As wrasslers perfects them; Not liberties (heresies.
Of speech, but silence; hands, not tongues, end

XIII.

XIII.

Just in that instant when the serpents gripe
 Broke the sleight veines, and tender conduit pipe,
 Through which this soul frō the trees root did draw
 Life, and growth to this Apple, fled away,
 This loose soule, old, one and another day.
 As lightning, which one scarce dares say, he saw,
 'Tis so soon gone, (and better prooffe the law
 Of sense, then faith requires) swiftly she flew
 T'a dark and foggy Plot; Her, her fates threw (anew.
 There through th'earthpores, & in a Plāt hous'd her

XIV.

The plant thus abled, to it selfe did force
 A place, where no place was; by natures course
 As aire from water, water fleets away
 From thicker bodies, by this root throng'd so
 His spungy confines gave him place to grow:
 Just as in our streets, when the people stay
 To see the Prince and so fill up the way
 That weefels scarce could passe, whē she comes nere
 They throng, and cleave up, and a passage cleare,
 As if for that time their round bodies flatned were.

XV.

His right Arm he thrust out towards the East,
 Westward his left; th'ends did themselves digest
 Into ten lesser strings, these fingers were:
 And as a slumberer stretching on his bed;
 This way he this, and that way scattered
 His other legge, which feet with toes up beare;
 Grew

Grew on his middle part, the first day, haire,
To show, that in loves businesse he should still
A dealer be, and be us'd, well or ill :
His apples kindle; his leaves, force of conception kil.

XVI.

A Mouth but dumbe, he hath; blind eyes, deafe
And to his shoulders dangle subtile hairs; (cares,
A young *Colossus* there he stands upright,
And as that ground by him were conquered,
A leafe garland weares he on his head
Enchas'd with little fruits, so red and bright
That for them you would call your loves lips white,
So, of alone unhaunted place possesse
Did this soules second Inne, built by the guest
This living buried man, this quiet mandrake, rest.

XVII.

NO lustfull woman came this plant to grieve,
But 'twas because there was none yet but Eve :
And she (with other purpose) kill'd it quite ;
Her sinne had now brought in infirmities,
And so her cradled child, the moist-red eyes
Had never shut, nor slept since it saw light,
Poppy she knew, she knew the mandrakes might ;
And tore up both, and so could her childs blood ;
Unvertuous weeds might long unvex'd have flood;
But hee's short liv'd, that with his death can doe
(most good.

XVIII.

TO an unfetter'd souls quick nimble haste (pac'd:
Are falling starres, and hearts thoughts, but slow
Thinner

Thinner then burnt aire flies this soule, and she
Whom four new coming, and four parting Suns
Had found, and left the Mandrakes tenant, runs
Thoughtlesse of change, when her firm destiny
Confin'd, and enjail'd her, that seem'd so free,
Into a small blew shell, the which a poor
Warm bird orespread, & sat still evermore, (dore.
Till her inclos'd child kickt, and pick'd it selfe a

XIX.

Out crept a sparrow, this soules moving Inne,
On whose raw armes stiffe feathers now begin-
As childrens teeth through gummies, to break with
His flesh is jelly yet, and his bones threds, (pain,
All a new downy mantle overspreads.

A mouth he opes, which would as much contain
As his late house, and the first houre speaks plain,
And chirps aloud for meat. Meat fit for men
His father steales for him, and so feeds then (hen.
One, that within a moneth, will beate him from his

XX.

IN this worlds youth wise nature did make hast,
Things ripened sooner, and did longer last;
Already this hot cock in bush and tree,
In field and rent o'rflutters his next hen,
He askes her not, who did so taste, nor when,
Nor if his sister or his neece she be,
Nor doth she pule for his inconstancy
If in her sight he change, nor doth refuse
The next that calls; both liberty do use, (freely chuse.
Where store is of both kindes, both kindes may

XXI.

XXI.

MEn, till they took laws which made freedome
 Their daughters & their sisters did ingress, (less,
 Till now, unlawfull, therefore ill 'twas not
 So jolly, that it can move this soul. Is
 The body, so free of his kindnesse,
 That self-preserving it hath now forgot,
 And slackneth so the soules, and bodies knot,
 Which temperance straitens; freely on his she friends
 He blood, and spirit, pith, and marrow spends,
 Ill steward of himself, himself in three years ends.

XXII.

Else might he long have liv'd; man did not know
 Of gummy blood, which doth in hollow grow,
 How to make bird-lime, nor how to deceive
 With fain'd cals, his nets, or enwrapping snare
 The free inhabitants of the plyant ayre.
 Man to beget, and woman to conceive
 Askt not of roots, nor of cock-sparrowes; leave
 Yet chuseth he, though none of these he feares,
 Pleasantly three, then straitned twenty years
 To live, and to encrease his race himself outwears.

XXIII.

This coale with overblowing quench'd and dead,
 The soul from her too active organs fled
 To a brook; a female fishes sandy Roe
 With the males jelly, newly leav'ned was,
 For they had intertouch'd as they did passe,
 And

And one of those small bodies, fitted so,
 This soule inform'd, and abled it to row
 It selfe with finny oares, which she did sit,
 Her scales seem'd yet of parchment, and as yet
 Perchance a fish, but by no name you could call it.

XXIV.

When goodly, like a ship in her full trim,
 A Swan, so white that you may unto him
 Compare all whitenesse, but himselfe to none,
 Glided along, and as he glided watch'd,
 And with his arched neck this poor fish catch'd :
 It mov'd with state, as if to look upon
 Low things it scorn'd, and yet before that one
 Could think he sought it, he had swallowed cleare
 This, and much such, and unblam'd, devour'd there
 All, but who too swift, too great, or wel armed were.

XXV.

Now swome a prison in a prison put,
 And now this Soul in double wals was shut,
 Till melted with the Swans digestive fire,
 She left her house the fish, and vapor'd forth ;
 Fate not affording bodies of more worth
 For her as yet, bids her againe retire
 T'another fish, to any new desire
 Made a new prey; For, he that can to none
 Resistance make, nor complaint, is sure gone,
 Weaknesse invites, but silence feasts oppression.

XXVI.

Pace with the native streame, this fish doth keep,
 And journies with her towards the glassie deep,
 But

But oft retarded, once with a hidden net (taught
Though with great windowes, (for when need first
These tricks to catch food, then they were not
As now, with curious greedinesse to let (wrought
None scape, but few, and fit for use to get,)
As, in this trap a ravenous Pike was tane,
Who, though himselfe distressed, would faine have slaine
This wretch; So hardly are ill habits left again.

X X V I I.

Here by her smallnesse she two deaths or'past,
Once innocence scap'd, & left the oppressor fast;
The net through-swome, she keeps the liquid path,
And whether she leape up sometimes to breath
And sucke in ayre, or finde it underneath,
Or working parts like mills, or limbeckes hath
To make the water thinne, and ayre like faich
Cares not, but safe the Place she's come unto
Where fresh, with salt wayes meet, and what to doe
She knows not, but between both makes a boord
(or two.

X X V I I I.

So farre from hiding her guests, water is,
That she shoves them in bigger quantities
Then they are. Thus her doubtfull of her way,
For game and not for hunger a sea Pie
Spied through this traiterous spectacle, from high,
The seely fish where it disputing lay,
And t'end her doubts and her, beares her awy,
Exalted she's, but to the exalters good,
(As are by great ones, men which lowly stood,)
It's rais'd to be the Raisers instrument and food.

XXX.

X X I X.

IS any kinde subject to rape like fish?
 Ill unto man they neither doe, nor wish,
 Fishers they kill not, nor with noise awake,
 They doe not hunt, nor strive to make a prey
 Of beasts, nor their young sonnes to bear away;
 Fowles they pursue not, nor doe undertake
 To spoyle the nests industrious birds doe make;
 Yet them all these unkinde kindes feed upon,
 To kill them is an occupation,
 And laws make Fasts, and Lents for their destruction.

X X X.

A Sudden stiffe land-winde in that selfe houre
 To sea-ward forc'd this bird, that did devoure
 The fish; he cares not, for with ease he flies,
 Fat gluttonies best oratour: at last
 So long he hath flowne, and hath flowne so fast,
 That leagues o'r-past at sea, now tyr'd he lies,
 And with his prey, that till then languisht dies:
 The soules no longer foes, two ways did erre,
 The fish I follow, and keep no calender
 Of the other; he lives yet in some great officer.

X X X I.

INto an embryo fish, our Soule is thrown,
 And in due time thrown out again, and grown
 To such vastnesse, as if unmanacled
 From Greece, Morea were, and that by some
 Earthquake unrooted, loose Morea swome,
 Or seas from Africks body had severed

And

And torne the hopefull Promontories head;
This fish would seem these, and when all hopes faile,
A great ship overfet, or without faile (this whale
Hulling, might (when this was a whelp) be like

XXXII.

AT every stroke his brazen finnes doe take,
More circles in the broken sea they make
Then cannons voyces, when the ayre they teare;
His ribbes are pillars, and his high arch'd roof
Of bark that blunts best steel, is thunder-proof,
Swimme in him swallow'd Dolphins, without feare,
And feel no sides as if his vast womb were
Some Inland sea, and ever as he went
He spouted rivers up, as if he meant
To joyne our seas, with seas above the firmament.

XXXIII.

HE hunts not fish, but as an officer,
Stayes in his Court, at his owne net, and there
All suitors of all sorts themselves enthrall;
So on his back lies this whale wantoning,
And in his gulse-like throate suckes every thing
That passeth neare. Fish chaseth fish, and all,
Flyer and follower, in this whirlpool fall;
O might not States of more equalitie
Consist? and is it of necessity (must die?
That thousand guilelesse smals, to make one great,

XXXIV.

NOW drinkes he up seas, and he eats up flocks,
He j ustsle lands, and he shakes firme rocks.

Now in a roomfull house this soule doth floate,
 And like a Prince she sends her faculties
 To all her limbs, distant as Provinces.
 The Sun hath twenty times both Crab and Goat
 Parched, since first launch'd forth his living boat,
 'Tis greatest now and to destruction
 Nearest; There's no pause at perfection,
 Greatnesse a period hath, but hath no station.

X X X V.

TWO little fishes, whom he never harm'd,
 Nor fed on their kind, two not thoroughly arm'd
 With hope that they could kill him, nor could doe
 Good to themselves by his death: they did not eat
 His flesh, nor suck those oyls, which thence outstreat,
 Conspir'd against him, and it might undoe
 The plot of all, that the plotters were two,
 But that they fishes were, and could not speake.
 How shall a Tyran wise strong projects breake,
 If wretches can on them the common anger wreak.

X X X V I.

THE sail-fin'd Thresher, and steel-beak'd Sword.
 Onely attempt to doe, what all doe wish. (fish
 The Thresher backs him: and to beate begins;
 The sluggish Whale yeelds to oppression,
 And hids himselfe from shame and danger, down
 Begins to sink; the sword-fish upward spins,
 And gores him with his beake; his staffe-like finnes
 So well the one, his sword the other plies,
 That how a scoffe; and prey, this tyran dies. (panies
 And (his owne dole) feeds with himselfe all com.

X X X V I.

XXXVII.

Who will revenge his death? or who will call
Those to account, that thought and wrought
The heirs of slain kings, we see 'are often so (his fall:
Transported with the joy of what they get,
That they, revenge and obsequies forget,
Nor will against such men the people goe,
Because he's now dead, to whom they should show
Love in that act. Some kings by vice being grown
To need of subjects love, that of their own (shown.
They think they lose, if love be to the dead Prince

XXXVIII.

This Soule now free from prison, and passion,
Hath yet a little indignation
That so small hammers should so soone downe beat
So great a cattle. And having for her house
Got the strait cloyster of a wretched mouse
(As basest men, that have not what to eate,
Nor enjoy ought, doe farre more hate the great
Than they, who good repos'd estates possesse, (lesse
This Soule, late taught that great things might by
Be slain, to gallant mischief doth her selfe addresse.

XXXIX.

Natures great master-peece, an Elephant,
The onely harmelesse great thing; the giant
Of beasts, who thought none had, to make him wise,
But to be just, and thankfull, loth t' offend
(Yet nature hath given him no knees to bend)
Himselfe he up-props, on himselfe relies,

And foe to none; suspects no enemies,
Still sleeping stood; vext not his fantasie
Black dreames, like an unbent bow carelessly
His sinewy Proboscis did remissly lie.

X L.

IN which as, in a gallery this mouse
Walk'd, & survey'd the roomes of this vast house,
And to the braine, the soules bed-chamber, went,
And gnaw'd the life cords there; Like a whole town
Cleane undermin'd, the flaine beast tumbled downe;
With him the murth'rer dies, whom envy sent
To kill, not scape; for, onely he that meant
To die, did ever kill a man of better roome,
And thus he made his foe, his prey, and tombe:
Who cares not to turn back, may any whither come.

X L I.

NExt, hous'd this Soule a Wolves yet unborne
Till the best midwife, Nature, gave it help (whelp
To issue. It could kill, as soone as goe:
Abel, as white, and mild as his sheep were,
(Who, in that trade, of Church, and kingdomes, there
Was the first type) was still infested so,
With this wolfe, that it bred his losse and woe;
And yet his bitch, his sentinell, attends
The flock so neare, so well warns and defends, (tends
That the wolfe, (hopelesse else) to corrupt her in-

X L I I.

HE tooke a course, which since, succesfully,
Greate men have often taken, to espie

The

The counsels, or to break the plots of foes,
To *Abels* tent he stealeth in the darke,
On whose skirts the bitch slept; ere she could barked,
Attach'd her with strait gripes, yet he call'd those
Embracements of love; to loves worke he goes,
Where deeds move more then words; nor doth she
Nor much resist, nor needs he straiten so (show,
His prey, for, were she loose, she would not bark
(nor goe'

XLIII.

HE hath ingag'd her; his, she wholly bides;
Who not her owne, none others secrets hides.
If to the flock he come, and *Abel* there,
She faines hoarse barkings, but she biteth not,
Her faith is quite, but not her love forgot.
At last a trap, of which some every where
Abel had plac'd, ends all his losse, and feare,
By the wolves death; and now just time it was
That a quick soule should give life to that masse
Of blood in *Abels* bitch, and thither this did passe.

XLIV.

SOME have their wives, their sisters some begot;
But in the lives of Emperours you shall not
Reade of a lust the which may equall this;
This wolfe begot himselfe, and finished
What he began alive, when he was dead.
Sonne to himselfe, and father too, he is
A ridling lust, for which Schoolemen would misse
A proper name. The whelp of both these lay
In *Abels* tent, and with soft *Moaba*,
His sister; being young, it us'd to sport and play.

XLV.

HE soone for her too harsh, and churlish grew,
 And *Abel* (the dam dead) would use this new
 For the field, being of two kindes thus made,
 He, as his dam, from sheep drove wolves away,
 And as his Sire, he made them his own prey.
 Five yeares he liv'd, and cozened with his trade,
 Then hopelesse that his faults were hid, betraid
 Himselfe by flight, and by all followed,
 From dogs, a wolfe; from wolves a dogge he fled;
 And like a spie to both sides false, he perished,

XLVI.

IT quickned next a rayfull Ape, and so
 Game some it was, that it might freely goe
 From tent to tent, and with the Children play,
 His organs now so like theirs he doth finde,
 That why he cannot laugh and speake his minde,
 He wonders. Much with all, most he doth stay
 With *Adams* fift daughter *Siphatecia*,
 Doth gaze on her, and, where she passeth, passe,
 Gathers her fruits, and tumbles on the grasse,
 And wisest of that kinde, the first true lover was.

XLVII.

HE was the first that more desir'd to have
 One than another; first that ever did crave
 Love by mute signes, and had no power to speake;
 First that could make love faces, or could doe
 The valters sombersalts, or us'd to wooe
 With hobbing gambols, his own bones to breake

To make his Mistris merry ; or to wreake
Her anger on himselfe. Sinnes against kinde
They easily do, that can let feed their mind (do find.
With outward beauty, beauty they in boyes & beasts

XLVIII.

BY this missed, too low things men have prov'd,
And too high; beasts and angels have been lov'd;
This Ape, though else through-vain, in this was wise,
He reach'd at things too high, but open way
There was, and he knew not the would say nay ;
His toyes prevaile not, likelier meanes he tries,
He gazeth on her face with teare-shot eyes,
And up lifts subtly with his russet pawe
Her kidskin apron without feare or awe (law.
Of nature; nature hath no goale, though she hath

XLIX.

F'rst she was filly and knew not what he meant,
That vertue, by his touchies chafte and spent,
Succeeds an itchie warmth, that melts her quite,
She knew not first, nor cares not what he doth,
And willing halfe and more, more then halfe wroth,
Shee neither puls nor pushes, but out-right
Now cries, and now repents; when *Thelemite*
Her brother, entred, and a great stone threw
After the Ape, who, thus prevented flew. (new.
This house thus batter'd down, the soule posselt a

L.

AND whether by this change she lose or win (in,
 she comes out next, where th' Ape wold have gon
Adam and *Eve* had mingled bloods; and now
 Like Chymiques equall fires, her temperate wombe
 Had stew'd and form'd it : and part did become
 A spongie liver, that did richly allow,
 Like a free conduit, on a high hils brow,
 Life-keeping moysture unto every part,
 Part hardned it selfe to a thicker heart,
 Whose busie furnaces lifes spirits doe impart.

L I.

ANother part became the Well of sense,
 The tender well arm'd feeling brain, frō whence,
 Those sinewy strings which doe our bodies tie,
 Are ravel'd out, and fast there by one end,
 Did this Soule limbs, these limbs a soule attend,
 And now they joyn'd, keeping some qualitie
 Of every past shape ; she knew treachery,
 Rapine, deceit, and lust, and ills enough
 To be a woman. *Themeck* she is now,
 Sister and wife to *Cain*, *Cain* that first did plow.

L II.

WHO ere thou beest that read'st this sullen Writ
 Which just so much courts thee, as thou dost
 Let me arrest thy thoughts; wonder with me, (it,
 Why plowing, building, ruling and the rest,
 Or most of those arts, whence our lives are blest,
 By cursed *Caines* race invented be,

And

And blest *Seth* vex us with Astronomy:
There's nothing simply good, nor ill alone,
Of every qualitie Comparifon
The onely measure is, and judge, Opinion.

The end of the Progresse of the Soule.

HOLY SONNETS.

La Corona.

1. *D*Eigne at my hands this crowne of prayer ^{(praise,} and
Weav'd in my lone devout melancholy,
Thou which of good, hast, yea art treasure,
All changing unchang'd, Ancient of dayes,
But doe not with a vile crowne of fraile bayes,
Reward my Muses white sinceritie,
But what thy thorny crowne gain'd, that give me,
A crowne of Glory, which doth flowre alwayes,
The ends crowne our workes, but thou crown'st our ^{(ends,}
For at our ends begins our endlesse rest,
The first last end now zealously posselt,
With a strong sober thirst, my soule attends,
Tis time that heart and voyce be lifted high,
Salvation to all that will is nigh.

ANNUNTIATION.

2 *Salvation to all that will is nigh,*
That all, which alwayes is all every where,
Which cannot sin, & yet all sins must beare,
Which cannot die, yet cannot chuse but die,

Loe,

Loe, faithfull Virgin, yeehds himselfe to lie
 In prison, in thy wombe; and though he there
 Can take no sinne, nor thou give, yet hee'll weare
 Taken from thence, flesh, which deaths force may
 Ere by the speares time was created thou (trie,
 Wast in his mind, who is thy Sonne, and Brother,
 Whom thou conceiv'st conceived; yea thou art now
 Thy Makers maker, and thy Fathers mother,
 Thou hast light in dark, and shutt'st in little roome,
Immensitie cloyster'd in thy deare wombe.

NATIVITIE.

3 *Immensitie cloyster'd in thy deare wombe,*
 Now leaves his welbelov'd imprisonment,
 There he hath made himselfe to his intent
 Weake enough, now into our world to come:
 But oh, for thee, for him, hath th' Inne no roome?
 Yet lay him in this stall, and from the Orient,
 Starres, and wisemen will travell to prevent
 Th' effects of *Herods* jealous generall doome.
 Seest thou my Soule, with thy Faiths eye, how he
 Which fills all place, yet none holds him doth lie?
 Was not his pity towards thee wondrous high,
 That would have need to be pried by thee:
 Kisse him, and wirth him into Egypt goe,
With his kinde mother, who partakes thy woe.

TEMPLE.

4 *With his kinde mother, who partakes thy woe,*
 Iofphorne back; see where your child doth sit,
 Blowing, yea blowing out those sparks of wit,
 Which himselfe on the Doctors did bestow;

The

The Word but lately could not speake, and doe
 It suddenly speakes wonders: whence comes it,
 That all which was, and all which should be writ,
 A shallow seeming childe should deeply know?
 His Godhead was not soule to his manhood,
 Nor had time mellowed him to this ripnesse,
 But as for one which hath a long taske, 'tis good,
 With the Sunne to begin his businesse,
 He in his ages morning thus began,
By miracles exceeding power of man.

CRUCIFYING.

5 *By miracles exceeding power of man,*
 He saith in some, envie in some began,
 For, what weak spirits admire, ambitious hate;
 In both affections many to him ranne,
 But Oh! the worst are most they will and can,
 Alas, and doe, unto the immaculate,
 Whose creature Fate is, now prescribe a Fate,
 Measuring life-lives it finite to span,
 Nay to an inch. Lee where condemned he
 Peares his owne crosse with paine, yet by and by
 When it beares him, he must beare more and die.
 Now thou art lifted up, draw me to thee,
 And at thy death giving such liberall dole,
Moist with one drop of thy blood, my dry soule.

RESURRECTION.

6 *Moist with ore drop of thy blood, my dry soule,*
 Shall (though she now be in extreame degree
 Too stony hard, and yet too freshly) be
 Freed by that drop, from being starr'd hard or soft,
 And.

And life by this death abled shall controll
 Death, whom thy death shue nor shall to me
 Feare of first or last death bring miserie,
 If in thy life booke my name thou inroul;
 Flesh in that long sleep is not putrified,
 But made that there, of which, and for which 'twas;
 Nor can by other meanes be glorified.
 May then sinnes sleep & death soon from me passe,
 That wak't from both, I againe risen may
Salute the last, and ever lasting day.

ASCENSION.

7 Salute the last, and ever lasting day.
 Joy at the uprising of this Sunne, and Sonne,
 Yee whose true teares, or tribulation
 Have purely washt, or burnt your drossie clay;
 Behold the Highest parting hence away,
 Lightens the dark clouds, which he treads upon,
 Nor doth he by ascending, show alone,
 But first he, and he first enters the way.
 O strong Ramm, which hast batter'd heaven for me,
 Mild lambi^{w^{ch}} with thy blood hast mark'd the path;
 Bright torch, which shin'st, that I the way may see,
 Oh, with thy own blood quench thy own just wrath,
 And if thy holy Spirit my Muse did raise,
Deigne at my hands this crown of prayer & praise.

Holy Sonnets.

THou hast made me, and shall thy worke decay?
 Repaire me now, for now mine end doth haste,

I runne to death, and death meets me as fast,
 And all my pleasures are like yesterday,
 I dare not move my dimme eyes any way,
 Despaire behinde, and death before doth cast
 Such terrour, and my feeble flesh doth waste
 By sinne in it, which it t'wards hell doth weigh;
 Onely thou art above, and when towards thee
 By thy leave I can look, I rise againe;
 But our old subtle foe so tempteth me,
 That not one houre my selfe I can sustaine,
 Thy Grace may wing me to prevent his art,
 And thou like adamant draw mine iron heart.

II.

AS due by many titles I resigne
 My selfe to thee, ô God. First I was made
 By thee, and for thee; and when I was decay'd,
 Thy blood bought that, the which before was thine;
 I am thy Sonne, made with thy selfe to shine,
 Thy servant, whose paines thou hast still repaid,
 Thy sheep, thine Image, and till I betray'd
 My selfe, a temple of thy Spirit divine;
 Why doth the devill then usurp on me?
 Why doth he steale, nay ravish that's thy right?
 Except thou rise and for thine own work fight,
 Oh I shall soone despaire, when I shall see
 That thou lov'st mankinde well, yet wilt not chuse
 And Satan hates me, yet is loath to lose me. (me,

III.

O Might those sighes and teares return againe
 Into my breast and eyes, which I have spent,
 That

That I might in this holy discontent
 Mourn with some fruit, as I have mourn'd in vain,
 In mine Idolatry what showers of rain
 Mine eyes did wait? what griefs my heart did rene?
 That sufferance was my sinne I now repent,
 'Cause I did suffer I must suffer paine.
 Th' hydropique drunkard, & night-scouting thiefe,
 The itchy Lecins, and selfe tickling proud
 Have the remembrance of past joyes, for reliefe
 Of coming ill. To (poore) me is allow'd
 No ease for long, yet vehement grieve hath been
 Th' effect and cause, the punishment and sinne.

I V.

O I my black Soul now thou art summoned
 By sicknesse deaths Herald and champion;
 Thou art like a pilgrim, which abroad hath done
 Treason, and durst not turne to whence he is fled,
 Or like a thiefe, which till deaths doome be read,
 Wisheth himselfe delivered from prison;
 But damnd and hal'd to execution,
 Wiseth that still he might be imprisoned;
 Yet grace, if thou repent, thou canst not lack;
 But who shall give thee that grace to beginne?
 Oh make thy selfe with holy mourning black,
 And red with blushing, as thou art with sinne;
 Or wash thee in Christs blood, which hath this
 That being red, it dyes red soules to white. (might

V.

I Am a little world made cunningly
 Of Elements, and an Angelike spright,

But

But black sinne hath betraid to endlesse night,
 My worlds both parts, and oh both parts must die.
 You which beyond that heave which was most high,
 Have found new sphears, and of new land can write.
 Powre new seas in mine eyes, that so I might
 Drowne my world with my weeping earnestly,
 Or wash it if it must be drown'd no more:
 But oh it must be burnt, alas the fire
 Of lust and envie, burnt it heretofore,
 And made it fouler, Let their flames retire,
 And burne me O Lord, with a fiery zeale
 Of thee and thy house, which doth in eating heale.

VI.

This is my playes last scene, here heavens appoint
 My pilgrimages last stile; and my race
 Idly, yet quickly runne, hath this last pace,
 My spans last inch, my minutes last point,
 And gluttonous death will instantly unjoynt
 My body and soule, and I shall sleep a space,
 But my ever-waking part shall see that face,
 Whole seare already makes my every joynt:
 Then, as my soul, to Heaven her first seat, takes flight,
 And earth-borne body in the earth shall dwell,
 So, fall my sinnes, that all may have their right,
 To where they are bred, and would presse me to hell.
 Impute me righteous, thus purg'd of evill,
 For thus I leave the world, the flesh, the devill.

VII.

AT the round earths imagin'd corners, blow
 Your trumpets, Angels, and arise, arise

From

From death, you numberlesse infinities
 Of soules, and to your scattered bodies goe,
 All whom the flood did, and fire shall o'rthrow,
 All whom warre, dearth, age, agues, tyrannies,
 Despaire, law chance hath slaine, and you whose eies
 Shall behold God, and never taste Deaths woe,
 But let them sleep, Lord, and me mourne a space,
 For, if above all these my sinnes abound,
 'Tis late to aske abundance of thy grace,
 When we are there. Here on this lowly ground,
 Teach me how to repent; for that's as good
 As if thou had'st seal'd my pardon, with thy blood.

V I I I.

IF faithfull soules be alike glorifi'd
 As Angels, then my fathers soule doth see,
 And adds this even to full felicitie,
 That valiantly I helms wide mouth o'rstride:
 But if our mindes to these soules be descride,
 By circumstances and by signes that be
 Apparent in us not immediately,
 How shall my mindes white truth by them be try'd?
 They see idolatrous lovers weep and mourne,
 And stile blasphemous Conjurers to call
 On Iesus name, and Pharisaicall
 Dissemblers feigne devotion. Then turne
 O penfive soule, to God, for he knowes best
 Thy griefe, for he put it into my brest.

I X.

IF poysons minerals, and if that tree,
 Whose fruit threw death on (else immortall) Ius,
 if

If lecherous goats, if serpents envious
 Cannot be damn'd, alas, why should I be?
 Why should intent or reason, borne in me,
 Make sinnes, else equall, in me more hainous?
 And mercy being easie, and glorious
 To God; in his sterne wrath, why threatens he?
 But who am I that dare dispute with thee?
 O God, oh! of thine onely worthy blood,
 And my teares, make a heavenly Lethean flood,
 And drowne in it my sinnes black memory;
 That thou remember them, some claime as debt,
 I thinke it mercy if thou wilt forget.

X.

Death be not proud, though some have called thee
 Mighty and dreadfull, for, thou art not so,
 For, those, whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow,
 Die not, poore death, nor yet canst thou kill me.
 From rest and sleep, which but thy picture be:
 Much pleasure thē from thee, much more must flow,
 And soonest our best men with thee doe goe,
 Rest of their bones, and soules delivery (men,
 Thou art slave to Fate, chance, kings, and desperate
 And dost with poyson, warre, and sicknesse dwell,
 And poppy, or charmes can make us sleep as well,
 And better than thy stroke; why swell'st thou then?
 One short sleep past, we wake eternally,
 And death shall be no more, death thou shalt die.

XI.

Spit in my face, you Iewes, and pierce my side,
 Buffet, and scoffe, scourge, and crucifie me,
 For

For I have sinn'd, and sinn'd, and onely he,
 Who could doe no iniquitie, hath dyed:
 But by my death can not be satisfied
 My sinnes, which passe the Lewes impietie:
 They kill'd once an inglorious man, but I
 Crucifie him daily being now glorified.
 O let me then his strange love still admire:
 Kings pardon, but he bore our punishment.
 And *Jacob* came cloath'd in vile harsh attire,
 But to supplant, and with gainefull intent:
 God cloath'd himsele in vile mans flesh, that so
 He might be weake enough to suffer woe.

XII.

Why are we by all creatures waited on?
 Why doe the prodigall elements supply
 Life and food to me, being more pure than I,
 Simpler and further from corruption?
 Why brook'st thou ignorant horse, subjection?
 Why dost thou bull, and bore so seclily
 Dissenable weaknesse, and by one mans stroke die,
 Whose whole kind you might swallow & feed up?
 Weaker I am, worse is me, and worse than you,
 You have not sinn'd, nor need be timorous,
 But wonder at a greater, for to us
 Created nature doth these things subdue,
 But their Creator, whom sinne, nor nature tyed,
 For us, his Creatures, and his foes, hath dyed,

XIII.

What if this present were the worlds last night?
 Mark in my heart, O soul, where thou dost dwell

The picture of Christ crucifi'd, and tell
Whether his countenance can thee affright,
Teares in his eyes quench the amazing light,
Blood fills his frownes, which from his pierc'd head
And can that tongue adjudge thee unto hell, (fell,
Which pray'd forgiveness for his foes fierce spight?
No, no; but as in my idolatrie
I said to all my profane mistresses,
Beautie, of pitie, foulness onely is
A signe of rigour: so I say to thee,
To wicked spirits are horrid shapes assign'd,
This beauteous forme assumes a piteous mind.

XIV.

Batter my heart, three person'd God; for, you
As yet but knock, breathe, shine, & seek to mend;
That I may rise, and stand, o'rthrow me, 'and bend
Your force, to break, blow, burn, and make me new.
I, like an usurpt towne, to another due,
Labour to admit you, but oh, to no end.
Reason your Viceroy in me, me should defend,
But is captiv'd, and proves weake or untrue,
Yet dearly I love you, and would be lov'd faine,
But am betray'd unto your enemy,
Diyorce me, 'untie, or breake that knot againe,
Take me to you, imprison me, for I
Except you'enthral me, never shall be free,
Nor ever chaste, except you ravish me.

XV.

Wilt thou love God as he thee? then digest,
My Soul, this wholesome meditation,

How God the Spirit, by Angels waited on
 In heaven, doth make his Temple in thy brest,
 The Father having begot a Sonne most blest,
 And still begetting, (for he ne'r begun)
 Hath deign'd to chuse thee by adoption,
 Coheire to 'his glory, and Sabbaths endlesse rest,
 And as a robb'd man, which by search doth find
 His stolne stufte sold, must lose or buy 'it again:
 The Sunne of glory came downe, and was slaine,
 Us whom he 'had made, and Satan stole, to unbinde,
 'Twas much, that man was made like God before,
 But, that God should be made like man, much more.

XVI.

FATHER, part of his double interest
 Unto thy kingdome, thy Sonne gives to me,
 His joynture in the knottie Trinity
 He keeps, and gives to me his deaths conquest.
 This Lambe, whose death, with life the world hath
 Was from the worlds beginning slaine and he (blest,
 Hath made two Wils, which with the Legacie
 Of his and thy Kingdome, thy Sonnes invest:
 Yet such are these lawes, that men argue yet
 Whether a man those statutes can fulfill;
 None doth; but thy all-healing grace and Spirit
 Revive againe what law and letter kill.
 Thy lawes abridgement, and thy last command
 Is all but love; O let this last Will stand!

On the blessed Virgin Mary.

IN that, O Queene of Queenes, thy Birth was fit
 From that which others doth of grace bereave,

When

When in their mothers wombe they life receive,
God, as his sole-borne daughter loved thee,

To match thee like thy births nobilitie,
He thee his Spirit for his spouse did leave,
By whom thou didst his onely Sonne conceive,
And so wast link'd to all the Trinitie.

Cease then, ô Queenes, that earthly Crownes doe
To glory in the Pompe of earthly things; (weare
If men such high respects unto you beare,
Which daughters, wives, & mothers are of Kings;
What honour can unto that Queene be done
Who had your God for Father, Spouse and Sonne?

The Crosse.

Since Christ embrac'd the Crosse it selfe, dare I
His image, th' image of his Crosse deny?
Would I have profit by the Sacrifice,
And dare the chosen Altar to despise?
It bore all other sinnes, but is it fit
That it should beare the sinne of scorning it?
Who from the picture would avert his eye,
How would he flie his paines, who there did die?
From me, no Pulpit, nor misgrounded law,
Nor scandall taken shall this Crosse withdraw,
It shall not, for it cannot; for, the losse
Of this Crosse, were to me another Crosse;
Better were worse, for no affliction
No Crosse is so extreme, as to have none;
Who can blot out the Crosse, which th' instrument
Of God dew'd on me in the Sacrament?

Y 3

Who

Who can deny me power, and libertie
 To stretch mine armes, and mine own Crosse to be?
 Swimme, and at every stroke thou art thy crosse;
 The Mast and yard make one, where seas doe toss;
 Looke downe, thou spiest out crosses in small things;
 Looke up, thou seest birds rais'd on crossed wings;
 All the Globes frame, and spheares, is nothing else
 But the Meridians crossing Parallels.
 Materiall crosses then, good physick bee,
 But yet spirituall have chiefe dignitie
 These for extracted chymique medicine serve,
 And cure much better, and as well preserve;
 Then are you your owne Physick, or need none,
 When Still'd or purged by tribulation:
 For when that crosse ungrudg'd, unto you sticks,
 Then are you to your selfe, a Crucifixe.
 As perchance carvers doe not faces make,
 But that away which hid them there, doe take;
 Let Crosses, so, take what hid Christ in thee,
 And be his Image, or not his, but hee.
 But as oft, Alchymists doe Coyners prove,
 So may a selfe-despising, get selfe-love.
 And then, as worst suffers of best meates be,
 So is pride, issued from humilitie,
 For 'tis no childe, but monster; therefore Crosse
 Your joy in crosses, else, 'tis double losse,
 And crosse thy senses, else both they, and thou
 Must perish soone, and to destruction bow.
 For if the' eye see good objects and will take
 No crosse from bad, we cannot scape a snare.
 So with harsh, hard, fowre, stinking, crosse the rest,
 Make them indifferent; all, nothing best.

But

But most the eye needs crossing, that can rom
 And move: To th' others objects must come home,
 And crosse thy heart: for that in man alone
 Pants downwards, and hath palpitation.
 Crosse those detorsions, when it downward tends,
 And when it to forbidden heights pretends,
 And as the braine through bony wals doth vent
 By Sutures, which a Crosses forme present:
 So when thy braine workes, ere thou utter it,
 Crosse and correct concupiscence of wit.
 Be covetous of crosses, let none fall;
 Crosse no man else, but crosse thy selfe in all.
 Then doth the crosse of Christ worke faithfully
 Within our hearts, when we love harmlessly
 The Crosses pictures much, and with more care
 That Crosses children, which our crosses are.

Psalme 137.

I. V

BY Euphrates flowry side
 We did bide,
 From deare Iuda farre absented,
 Tearing the aire with our cries,
 And our eyes,
 With their streams his stream augmented,

II. IV

When poore Sions dolefull state,
 Desolate;
 Sacked, burned, and inthrall'd,
 And

And the Temple spoil'd, which we
Neere should see,
To our mirthlesse mindes we call'd see

III.

Our mute harpes, untun'd, unstrung,
Up we hung
On greene willowes neere beside us,
Where, we sitting all forlorne ;
Thus, in scorn, contemned
Our proud Spoylers gan deride us.

IV.

Come, sad Captives, leave your moanes,
And your groanes
Under Sions ruines burie ;
Tune your harps, and sing us layes
In the praise
Of your God, and let's be merry.

V.

Can, ah, can we leave our moanes ?
And our groanes
Under Sions ruines burie ?
Can we in this Land sing Layes
In the praise
Of our God, and heare be merry ?

VI.

No ; deare Sion, if I yet
Doe forget
Thine affliction miserable,

Let

Let my nimble joynts become
 Stiffe and numme,
 To touch warbling harpe unable.

VII.

Let my tongue lose singing skill,
 Let it still
 To my parched roose be glewed,
 If in either harpe or voyce
 I rejoyce,
 Till thy joyes shall be renewed.

VIII.

Lord, curse Edom's traiterous kinde,
 Beare in minde
 In our ruines how they revell'd,
Sack, kill, burne, they cry'd out still,
Sack, burne, kill,
 Downe with all, let all be levell'd.

IX.

And, thou Babel, when the tyde
 Of thy pride
 Now a flowing growes to turning;
 Victor now, shall then be thrall,
 And shall fall
 To as low an ebbe of mourning.

X.

Happy he who shall thee waste,
 As thou hast
 Us, without all mercy, wast'd,
 And

And shall make thee taste and see
 What poore we
 By thy meanes have seen and tasted.

XI.

Happy, who, thy tender barnes
 From the armes
 Of their wailing mothers tearing,
 'Gainst the wals shall dash their bones,
 Ruthlesse stones
 With their braines and blood be smearing.

Resurrection: Imperfect

Sleep, sleep old Sunne, thou canst not have repast
 As yet, the wound thou tookst on Friday last
 Sleep then, and rest: The world may beare thy stay,
 A better Sunne rose before thee to day,
 Who, not content to enlighten all that dwell
 On the earths face, as thou, enlightned hell,
 And made the darke fires languish in that vale,
 As at thy presence here, our fires grow pale,
 Whose body having walk'd on earth, and now
 Hastning to Heaven, would, that he might allow
 Himselfe unto all stations, and fill all,
 For these three dayes become a minerall;
 He was all gold when he lay downe, but rose
 All tincture, and doth not alone dispose
 Leaden and iron wils to good, but is
 Of power to make even sinfull flesh like his.
 Had one of those, whose credulous pietie
 Thought, that a Soul one might discern and see

Goe from a body, 'at this sepulcher been,
And, issuing from the sheet, this body seen,
Hee would have justly thought this body a soule,
If, not of any man, yet of the whole.

Desunt cat. ra.

To Sir Robert Carr.

SIR,

I Presume you rather trie what you can doe in me, than what I can doe in verse; you know my uttermost when it was best, and even then I did best when I had least truth for my subjects. In this present case there is so much truth as it deserves all Poetry. Call therefore this paper by what name you will, and if it be not worthy of him, nor of you, nor of me, smother it, and be that the sacrifice. If you had commanded me to have waited on his body to Scotland and preached there, I would have imbraced the obligation with more alacrity; But, I thanke you that you would command me that which I was loath to doe, for even that hath given a tincture of merit to the obedience of

Your poore friend and
servant in Christ Iesus

I. D.

*An hymne to the Saints, and to Marquesse
Hamylton.*

Whether that soule w^{ch} now comes up to you
Fill any former rank, or make a new,
Whether it take a name nam'd there before,
Or be a name it selfe, and order more
Than

Than was in heaven till now ; (for may not hee
 Be so, if every severall Angell be
 A *kinde* alone?) What ever order grow
 Greater by him in heaven, we doe not so;
 One of your orders growes by his accesse;
 But, by his losse grow all our orders lesse ;
 The name of *Father, Master, Friend*, the name
 Of *Subject* and of *Prince*, in one is lame ;
 Faire mirth is damp't, and conversation black,
 The *Honshold* widow'd, and the *Garter* slack ;
 The *Chappell* wants an eare, *Councell* a tongue ;
Story a theame ; and *Musicke* lacks a song.
 Blest *order* that hath him, the losse of him
 Gangreend all *Orders* here ; all lost a limbe :
 Never made body such hast to confesse
 What a soul was ; All former comelineſſe
 Fled, in a minute, when the soule was gone,
 And having lost that beautie, would have none :
 So sell our *Monasteries*, in an instant growne
 Not to lesse houses, but to heapes of stone ;
 So sent his body that faire forme it wore
 Unto the spheare of formes, and doth (before
 His soul shall fill up his sepulchrall stone,)
 Anticipate a Resurrection ;
 For, as it his fame, now his soul is here,
 So, in the forme thereof his bodie's there ;
 And if, faire soul, not with first *Innocents*
 Thy station be, but with the *Penitents*
 (And who shall dare to aske then when I am
 Dy'd scarlet in the blood of that pure Lambe,
 Whether that colour, which is scarlet then,
 Were black or white before in eyes of men?)

When

When thou remembreſt what finnes thou didſt find
 Amongſt thoſe many friends now left behind,
 And ſeeſt ſuch ſinners as they are, with thee
 Got thither by repentance, let it be
 Thy wiſh to wiſh all there, to wiſh them cleane;
 With *him a David, her a Magdalen.*

The Annuntiation and Paſſion.

TAmely fraile fleſh, abſtaine to day;
 My ſoul eates twice, Chriſt hither and away,
 She ſees him man, ſo like God made in this,
 That of them both a circle embleme is,
 Whoſe firſt and laſt concurre; this doubtfull day
 Of feaſt or faſt, Chriſt came, and went away.
 She ſees him nothing twice at once, who 'is all;
 She ſees a Cedar plant it ſelfe, and fall.
 Her Maker put to making, and the head
 Of life, at once, not yet alive, and dead;
 She ſees at once, the Virgin mother ſtay
 Reclus'd at home, Publique at Golgotha.
 Sad and rejoyc'd ſhee's ſcene at once, and ſeen
 At almoſt fiftie, and at ſcarce fifteen,
 At once a ſonne is promis'd her, and gone,
Gabriel gives Chriſt to her, He her to *Iohn*;
 Not fully a mother, ſhee's in Orbitie,
 At once Receiver and the Legacie;
 All this and all between, this day hath ſhowne;
 Th' Abridgement of Chriſts ſtory, which makes one
 (As in plaine Maps, the furtheſt Weſt is Eaſt)
 Of the Angels *Ave*, and *Conſummatum eſt*.
 How well the Church, Gods Court of Faculties,
 Deales in, ſometimes, and ſeldome joyning theſe.

As

As by the self-fix'd Pole we never doe
 Direct our course, but the next starre thereto,
 Which shoves where th' other is, and which we say
 (because it strays not farre) doth never stray:
 So God by his Church, nearest to him, we know,
 And stand firme, if we by her motion goe;
 His Spirit, and his fiery Pillar doth
 Leade, and his Church, as cloud to one end both.
 This Church by letting those feasts joyn, hath shown
 Death and conception in mankinde are one.
 Or 'twas in him the same humility,
 That he would be a man and leave to be:
 Or as creation he hath made, as God.
 With the last judgement, but one period,
 His imitating Spouse would joyne in one
 Manhoods extremes: he shall come, he is gone:
 Or as though one blood drop which thence did fall,
 Accepted, would have serv'd, he yet shed all;
 So though the least of his paines, deeds, or words,
 Would busie a life, she all this day affords.
 This treasure then, in grosse, my soul up-lay,
 And in my life retaile it every day.

Good Friday, 1613. riding westward.

LEt mans Soul be a Spheare, and then, in this,
 The intelligence that moves, devotion is,
 And as the other Spheares, by being growne
 Subject to forraigne motion, lose their owne,
 And being by others hurried every day,
 scarce in a yeare their naturall forme obey:
 Pleasure or businesse, so, our soules admit
 For their first mover, and are whirl'd by it.

Hence

Hence is't, that I am carried towards the West,
This day, when my soules forme bends to th' East,
There I should see a Sunne by rising set,
And by that setting endlesse day beget.
But that Christ on his Crosse, did rise and fall,
Sinne had eternally benighted all.
Yet dare I' almost be glad, I doe not see
That spectacle of two much weight for me.
Who sees Gods face, that is self-life, must die;
What a death were it then to see God die?
It made his owne Lieutenant Nature shrink,
It made his footstool crack, and the Sunne wink.
Could I behold those hands which span the Poles,
And tune all spears at once, pierc'd with those hols?
Could I behold that endlesse height which is
Zenith to us and our Antipodes,
Humbled below us? or that blood which is
The seat of all our soules, if not of his,
Made durt of dust, or that flesh which was worne
By God, for his apparell, ragg'd, and torne?
If on these things I durst not looke, durst I
On his distressed mother cast mine eye,
Who was Gods partner here, and furnish'd thus
Halfe of that sacrifice which ransom'd us?
Though these things as I ride be from mine eye,
They are present yet unto my memory,
For that looks towards them; and thou lookst to-
O Saviour, as thou hang'st upo the tree; (wards me,
I turne my back to thee, but to receive
Corrections all thy mercies bid thee leave.
O thinke me worth thine anger, punish me,
Burne off my rust, and my deformity,

Restore

Restore thine Image, so much, by thy grace,
That thou maist know me, and I'll turne my face.

THE LITANIE.

I.

The FATHER.

FATHER of Heaven, and him, by whom
It, and us for it, and all else, for us
Thou madest and govern'st ever, come
And re-create me, now growne ruinous:
My heart is by dejection clay,
And by selfe-murder, red.
From this red earth, O Father, purge away
All vicious tinctures, that new fashioned
I may rise up from death, before I am dead.

II.

The SONNE.

O Sonne of God, who seeing two things,
Sinne, and Death crept in, which were never made,
By bearing one tryedst with what stings
The other could thine heritage invade;
O be thou nail'd unto my heart,
And crucified againe,
Part not from it, though it from thee would part,
But let it be by applying so thy paine,
Drown'd in thy blood, and in thy passion flaine.

YII.

III.

The HOLY GHOST.

O Holy Ghost, whose temple I
Am, but of mud wals, and condensed dust,
And being sacrilegiously
Halfe wasted with youths fires, of pride and lust,
Must with new stormes be weather beate ;
Double in my heart thy flame,
Which let devoute sad teares intend; and let
(Though this glasse Lanthorne, flesh, do suffer
Fire, Sacrifice, Priest, Altar be the same. (maine,)

IV.

The TRINITY.

O Blessed glorious Trinity,
Dones to philosophy, but milke to faith,
Which, as wise serpents diversly
Most slipperinesse, yet most entanglings hath,
As you distinguish'd undistinct
By power, love, knowledge be,
Give me such selfe different instincts,
Of these let all me elemented be,
Of power, to love, to know, you unnumbered three:

V.

The Virgin MARY.

For that faire blessed Mother-maid,
Whose flesh redeem'd us, That the Cherubin,
Which unlock'd Paradise, and made
One claime for innocence, and disseiz'd sinne,
Z Whose

Whose wombe was a strange heav'n, for there
 God cloath'd himselfe, and grew,
 Our zealous thanks ~~we~~ ^{our} ~~poore~~ ^{As} her deeds were
 Our helps, so are her prayers; nor can she sue
 In vaine, who hath such titles unto you.

V I.

The Angels.

And since this life our nonage is,
 And we in Wardship to thine Angels be,
 Native in heavens Palaces,
 Where we shall be but deizen'd by thee,
 As th'earth conceiving by the Sunne,
 Yields faire diversitie,

Yet never knowes what course that light doth run:
 So let me study that mine actions be
 Worthy their sight, though blinde in how they see.

V I I.

The Patriarchs.

And let thy Patriarchs Desire
 (Those great Grandfathers of thy church, which saw
 More in the cloud, than we in fire,
 Whom Nature clear'd more, than us grace and law,

And now in heaven still pray, that we
 May use our new helps right,)
 Be satisfy'd and fructifie in me.
 Let not my mind be blinder by more light,
 Nor Faith by reason added, lose her sight.

V I I I.

VIII.

The Prophets.

Thy Eagle-sighted Prophets too,
(Which were thy Churches Organs, and did found
That harmony which made of two
One law, and did unite, but not confound ;
Those heavenly Poets which did see
Thy will, and it expresse
In rythmique feet,) in common pray for me,
That I by them excuse not my excess
In seeking secrets, or Poetiquenesse.

IX.

The Apostles.

And thy illustrious Zodiack
Of twelve Apostles, which ingirt this All,
(From whom whosoever doe not take
Their light, to dark deep pits, thrown down do fall)
As through their prayers thou hast let me know
That their bookes are divine ;
May they pray still, and be heard, that I goe
Th' old broad way in applying ; O decline
Me, when my comment would make thy word mine.

The Martyrs.

And since thou so desirously
Did'st long to die, that long before thou couldst,
And long since thou no more couldst die,
Thou in thy scatter'd mystique body wouldst

In *Abel* die, and ever since
 In thine ; let their blood come
 To beg for us, a discreet patience
 Of death, or of worse life : for oh, to some
 Not to be Martyrs, is a martyrdom.

XI.

The Confessors.

Therefore with thee triumpheth there
 A Virgin Squadron of white Confessors,
 Whose bloods betroth'd, not married were ;
 Tender'd, not taken by those Ravishers :
 They know, and pray, that we may know ;
 In every Christian
 Hourely tempestuous persecutions grow,
 Tentations martyr us alive ; A man
 Is to himselfe a Dioclesian.

XII.

The Virgins.

The cold white snowy Nunnery,
 Which, as thy Mother, their high Abbess, sent
 Their bodies back againe to thee,
 As thou hadst lent them, cleane and innocent,
 Though they have not obtain'd of thee,
 That or thy Church or I
 Should keep as they, our first integritie ;
 Divorce thou sinne in us, or bid us die,
 And call chaste widowhead Virginitie.

XIII.

XIII.

The Doctors.

The sacred Academ above
 Of Doctors, whose paines have unclasp'd, and taught
 Both bookes of life to us, (for love
 To know the Scriptures tels us, we are wrote
 In thy other booke) pray for us there,
 That what they have misdane
 Or mis-said, weto that may not adhere,
 Their zeale may be our sinne. Lord let us runne
 Mean wayes, and call them stars, but not the Sunne;

XIV.

And whil't this universall Quire,
 That Church in triumph, this in warfare here,
 Warm'd with one all-partaking fire
 Of love, that none be lost, which cost thee deare,
 Prayes ceaselesly, and thou hearken too
 (Since to be gracious
 Our taske is treble; to pray, beare, and doe)
 Heare this prayer Lord, o Lord deliver us
 From trusting in those prayers, though powr'd out
 (thus,

XV

From being anxious, or secure,
 Dead clouds of sadnesse, or light squibs of mirth,
 From thinking, that great courts immure
 All or no happinesse, or that this earth
 Is onely for our prison fram'd,
 Or that thou art covetous
 To them whom thou lovest or that they are maim'd

From reaching this worlds sweets, who seek thee thus,
With all their might, Good Lord deliver us.

XVI.

From needing danger, to be good,
From owing thee yeller dayes teares to day,
From trusting so much to thy blood,
That in that hope, we wound our soul away,
From bribing thee with Almes, to excuse
Some sinne more burdenous,
From light affecting, in religion, newes,
From thinking us all soul, neglecting thus
Our mutuall duties, Lord deliver us.

XVII.

From tempting Satan to tempt us,
By our cannivence, or slack company,
From measuring ill by vicious,
Neglecting to choake sinnes spawne, Vanitie,
From indiscreet humilitie
Which might be scandalous,
And cast reproach on Christiamitie;
From being spies, or to spies pervious,
From thirst, or scorne of fame, deliver us.

XVIII.

Deliver us through thy descent
Into the Virgin, whose wombe was a place
Of middle kind, and thou being sent
To ungracious us, staid st at her full of grace;
And through thy poor birth, where first thou
Glorified st Poverity,

And

And yet soone after riches didst allow,
By accepting Kings gifts in th' Epiphanie,
Deliver, and make us, to both wayes free,

X I X.

And through that bitter agony,
Which still is th' agony of pious wits,
Disputing what distorted thee,
And interrupted evennesse, with fits,

And through thy free confession,
Though thereby they were then
Made blinde, so that thou might'st from them have
Good Lord deliver us, and teach us when (gone)
We may nor, and we may blinde unjust men.

X X.

Through thy submitting all, to blowes
Thy face, thy robes to spoyle, thy fame to seorne,
All wayes, which rage, or justice knowes,
And by w^{ch} thou couldst shew, that thou wast borne,
And through thy gallant humblenesse
Which thou in death didst show,
Dying before thy soul they could expresse,
Deliver us from death, by dying so,
To this world, ere this world doe bid us goe.

X X I.

When senses, which thy souldiers are,
We arme against thee, and they fight for sinne,
When want, sent but to tame, doth warre,
And worke despaire a breach to enter in:
When plenty, Gods Image, and scale,

Makes us Idolatrous,
And love it, not him, whom it should reveale:
When we are moy'd to seem religious
Onely to vent wit, Lord deliver us.

XXII.

In Churches when th' infirmitie
Of him which speakes, diminishes the Word,
When Magistrates do mis-apply
To us, as we judge, lay or ghostly sword,
When plague, which is thine Angel, raignes,
Or warres, thy Champions, sway,
When Heresie, thy second deluge, gaine;
In th' houre of death, the Eve of last judgement day
Deliver us from the sinister way.

XXIII.

Hear us, O hear us Lord, to thee
A sinner is more musique when he prayes,
Then spheards, or Angels praises be,
In Panegyrique Allelujæs;
Hear us, for till thou hear us, Lord,
We know not what to say, (and word)
Thine care to our sighes, teares, thoughts gives voyce
O thou, who Satan heard't in *Jobs* sick day,
Hear thy selfe now, for thou in us dost pray.

XXIV.

That we may change to evenesse
This intermitting aguish Pietie,
That snatching cramps of wickednesse
And Apoplexies of fast sinne, may die;

That

That Musick of thy promises,
Not threats in Thunder may
Awaken us to our just offices;
What in thy booke, thou dost, or creatures say,
That we may heare, Lord heare us when we pray.

XXV.

That our eares sicknesse me may cure,
And rectifie those Labyrinths aight,
That we by hearkning, not procure
Our praise, nor others dispraise so invite,
That we get not a slipperinesse
And senselesly decline,
From hearing bold wits jeast at Kings excesse,
To'admit the like of majestie divine,
That we may lock our eares, Lord open thine.

XXVI.

That living law, the Magistrate,
Which to give us, and make us physick, doth
Our vices often aggravate,
That preachers taxing sinne, before her growth,
That Satan, and invenom'd men
Which will, if we starve, dine,
When they doe most accuse us, may see then
Us to amendment heare them; thee decline;
That we may open our eares, Lord lock thine.

XXVII.

That learning, thine Ambassadour,
From thine allegiance we never tempt,
That beauty, paradises flower
For Physick made, from poyson be exempt,
That

That wit, borne apt, high good to doe,
 By dwelling lazily
 On Natures nothing be not nothing too,
 That our affections kill us not, nor die,
 Heale us, weake echoes, & thou eare, and crie,

XXVIII.

Sonne of God heare us, and since thou
 By taking our blood, owest it us againe,
 Gaine to thy selfe and us allow;
 And let not both us and thy selfe be flaine;
 O Lambe of God, which tookst our sinne
 Which could not stick to thee,
 O let it not returne to us againe,
 But Patient and Physitian being free,
 As sin is nothing, let it no where be.

*Upon the translation of the Psalmes by
 Sir Philip Sydney, and the Countesse of
 Pembroke his Sister,*

ETernall God, (for whom who ever dare
 Seeke new expressions, do the Circle square,
 And thrust into strait corners of poore wit
 Thee, who art cornerlesse and infinite)
 I would but blisse thy Name, not name thee now;
 (And thy gifts are as infinite as thou:)
 Fixe we our prayes therefore on this one,
 That as thy blessed Spirit fell upon
 These Psalmes first Author in a cloyen tongue,
 (For 'twas a double power by which he sung
 The highest matter in the noblest forme;)
 So thou hast cleft that Spirit, to performe

That

That worke againe, and shed it, here, upon
 Two, by their bloods, and by thy Spirit one;
 A brother and a Sister, made by thee
 The Organ, where thou art the Harmony,
 Two that make one *John Baptists* holy voyce;
 And who that Psalme, *Now let the Isles rejoyce*,
 Have both translated, and apply'd it too,
 Both told us what, and taught us how to do,
 They shew us *Handers* our joy, our King,
 They tell us *why*, and teach us *how* to sing,
 Make all this All; 3 Quires, heaven, earth, & sphears;
 The first, *Heaven*, hath a song, but no man heare;
 The sphears have Musick, but they have no tongue,
 Their harmony is rather danc'd than sung;
 But our third Quire, to which the first gives care,
 (For, Angels learne by what the Church does heare)
 This Quire hath all. The Organist is he
 Who hath turn'd God and Man, the Organ we:
 The songs are these, which heavens high holy Muse
 Whisper'd to *David*, *David* to the Jewes;
 And *Dauids* Successors in holy zeale,
 In formes of joy and art do re-reveale
 To us so sweetly and sincerely too,
 That I must not rejoyce as I would doe
 When I behold that these Psalmes are become
 So well attyr'd abroad, so ill at home,
 So well in Chambers, in thy Church so ill,
 As I can scarce call that reform'd untill
 This be reform'd; Would a whole State present
 A lesser gift than some one man hath sent?
 And shall our Church, unto our Spouse and King
 More hoarse, more harsh than any other, sing

For

For *that* we pray, we praise thy name for *this*,
 Which, by thy *Moses* and this *Miriam*, is
 Already done; and as those Psalmes we call
 (Though some have other Authors) *Dauids* all:
 So though some have, some may some Psalmes
 We thy Sydaean Psalmes shall celebrate, (translate,
 And, till we come th' Extemporall song to sing,
 (Learn'd the first hower, that we see the King,
 Who hath translated those translators) may
 These their sweet learned labours, all the way
 Be as our tuning, that when hence we part
 We may fall in with them, and sing our part.

Ode.

1. **V**engeance will sit above our faults; but till
 She there do sit,
 We see her not, nor *them*. Thus, blinde, yet still
 We leade her way; and thus, whilst we do ill,
 We suffer it.
2. Unhappy he, whom youth makes not beware
 Of doing ill;
 Enough we labour under age, and care;
 In number, th' errors of the last place, are
 The greatest still.
3. Yet we, that should the ill we now begin
 As soone repent,
 (Strange thing!) perceive not, our faults are not seen,
 But past us, neither felt, but onely in
 The punishment.
4. But we know our selves least; Mere outward shews
 Our mindes in store.

That

That our soules, no more than our eyes disclose
 But forme and colour. Onely he who knowes
 Himselfe, knowes more. J. D.

To M^r Tilman after he had taken Orders.

THou, whose diviner soule hath caus'd thee now
 To put thy hand unto the holy Plough,
 Making Lay-scornings of the Ministry,
 Not an impediment, but victory;
 What bringst thou home with thee? how is thy mind
 Affected since the vintage? Dost thou finde
 New thoughts and stirrings in thee? and as Steel
 Toucht with a Loadstone, dost new motions feel?
 Or, as a ship after much paine and care,
 For Iron and Cloth brings home rich Indian ware,
 Hast thou thus traffiqu'd, but with farre more gaine
 Of noble goods, and with lesse time and paine?
 Thou art the same materials, as before,
 Onely the stamp is changed; but no more.
 And as new crowned Kings alter the face,
 But not the monies substance; so hath grace
 Chang'd onely Gods old Image by Creation,
 To Christs new stamp, at this thy Coronation;
 Or, as we paint Angels with wings, because
 They beare Gods message and proclaime his lawes,
 Since thou must doe the like, and so must move,
 Art thou new feather'd with coelestiall love?
 Deare, tell me where thy purchase lies, and shew
 What thy advantage is above, below;
 But if thy gainings do surmount expresseion,
 Why doth the foolish world scorne that profession,
 Whose

Whole joyes passe speech: Why do they think unfit
 That Gentry should joyne families with it?
 As if their day were onely to be spent
 In dressing, Mistressing and complement;
 Alas poore joyes, but poorer men, whose trust
 Seemes richly placed in sublimed dust (gay,
 (For, such are cloathes and beauty, which though
 Are, at the best, but of sublimed clay)
 Let then the world thy calling disrespect,
 But goe thou on, and pity their neglect.
 What function is so noble as to be
 Embassad our to God, and destinie?
 To open life, to give kingdomes to more
 Than Kings give dignities; to keep heavens doore?
 Maries prerogative was to beare Christ, so
 'Tis preachers to convey him; for they do
 As Angels out of clouds, from Pulpits speake;
 And blesse the poore beneath, the lame, the weak.
 If then th' Astronomers, whereas they spie
 A new-found Starre, their Opticks magnifie,
 How brave are those, who with their Engine, can
 Bring man to heaven, and heaven againe to man?
 These are thy titles and preheminences,
 In whom must meet Gods graces, mens offences,
 And so the heavens which beget all things here,
 And the earth our mother, which these things doth
 Both these in thee are in thy calling knit, (beare,
 And make thee now a blest Hermaphrodite,

A Hymne to Christ, at the Authors last going into Germany.

IN what torne ship so ever I embarke;
 That ship shall be my embleme of thy Arke;
 What

What sea soever swallow me, that flood
 Shall be to mee an embleme of thy blood;
 Though thou with clouds of anger doe disguise
 Thy face, yet through that maske I know those eyes,
 Which though they turne away sometimes,
 They never will despise.

I sacrifice this Iland unto thee,
 And all whom I love here, and who love me;
 When I have put this flood 'twixt them and me,
 Put thou thy blood betwixt my sins and thee.
 As the trees sap doth seeke the root below
 In winter; in my winter now I goe,
 Where none but thee, th' Eternall root
 Of true love I may know.

Nor thou nor thy religion dost controule
 The amorousnesse of an harmonious Soule,
 But thou wouldst have that love thy selfe: as thou
 Art jealous, Lord, so I am jealous now,
 Thou lov'st not, till from loving more, thou free
 My soule: Who ever gives, takes libertie:
 Oh, if thou car'st not whom I love,
 Alas, thou lov'st not me.

Seale then this bill of my D. vorce to All,
 On whom those fainter beames of love did fall;
 Marry those loves, which in youth scattered be
 On Face, Wit, Hopes (false mistresses) to thee.
 Churches are best for Prayer, that have least light:
 To see God onely, I goe out of sight:
 And to scape stormy dayes, I chuse
 An everlasting night.

On

On the Sacrament.

HE was the Word that spake it;
 He took the bread and brake it;
 And what that Word did make it,
 I doe beleewe and take it.

*The Lamentations of Ieremy, for the most part
 according to Tremellius.*

C H A P. I.

1. **H**OW fits this citie, late most populous,
 Thus solitary, and like a widow thus?
 Amplest of Nations, Queen of Provinces
 She was, who now thus tributary is.

2. Still in the night she weeps, and her teares fall
 Downe by her cheekes along, and none of all
 Her lovers comfort her; Perfidiously
 Her friends have dealt, and now are enemie.

3. Unto great bondage, and afflictions,
 Iuda is captive led; those Nations
 With whom she dwells, no place of rest afford;
 In straights she meets her Persecutors sword.

4. Emptie are the gates of Sion, and her wayes
 Mourne, because none come to her solemne dayes.
 Her Priests doe groane, her maids are comfortlesse,
 And shee's unto her selfe a bitternesse.

5. Her

5. Her foes are growne her head, and live at Peace,
Because when her transgressions did increase,
The Lord strooke her with sadnesse : Th' enimie
Doth drive her children to captivitie.

6. From Sions daughter is all beauty gone,
Like Harts which seeke for Pasture, and find none
Her princes are : and now before the foe
Which still pursues them, without strength they goe

7. Now in their days of Teares, Ierusalem
(Her men slaine by the foe, none succouring them)
Remembers what of old she esteemed most,
Whiles her foes laugh at her, for what she hath lost.

8. Ierusalem hath sinn'd, therefore is she
Remov'd, as women in uncleannesse be;
Who honour'd, scorne her, for her foulnesse they
Have seen ; her selfe doth groane, and turne away.

9. Her foulnesse in her skirts was seen, yet she
Remembred not her end ; miraculously
Therefore she fell, none comforting : Behold
O Lord my affliction, for the foe grows bold.

10. Upon all things where her delight hath been,
The foe hath stretch'd his hand, for she hath seen
Heathen, whom thou commandst, should not do so,
Into her holy Sanctuary goe.

11. And all her people groane and seeke for bread ;
And they have given, onely to be fed,
All precious things, wherein their pleasure lay :
How cheape I'am growne, O Lord, behold, & weigh.

A 2

12. All

12. All this concernes not you, who passe by me,
O see, and marke if any sorrow be
Like to my sorrow, which Ichova hath
Done to me in the day of his fierce wrath ?

13. That fire, which by himselfe is governed
He hath cast from heaven on my bones, and spread
A net before my feet, and me o'rthrowne,
And made me languish all the day alone.

14. His hands hath of my sinnes framed a yoke
Which wreath'd, and cast upon my neck, hath broke
My strength : The Lord unto those enemies
Hath given me, from whom I cannot rise.

15. He under foot hath troden in my sight
My strong men, he did company accite
To breake my young men, he the winepresse hath
Trod upon Iuda's daughter in his wrath.

16. For these things doe I weep, mine eye, mine eye
Casts water out ; For he which should be nigh
To comfort me, is now departed farre ;
The foe prevailes, forlorne my children are.

17. There's none, though *Sion* doe stretch out her
To comfort her, it is the Lords command (hand)
That *Jacobs* foes girt him, *Jerusalem*
Is as an uncleane woman amongst them.

18. But yet the Lord is just, and righteous still,
I have rebell'd against his holy will ;
O heare all people, and my sorrow see,
My maids, my young men in captivie.

19. I called for my *lovers* then, but they
Deceiv'd me, and my Priests, and Elders lay
Dead in the Citie, for, they sought for meat (get
Which should refresh their soules, and none could

20. Because I am in straights, *Jehova* see
My heart o'turn'd, my bowels muddy be,
Because I have rebell'd so much, as fast
The sword without, as death within doth wast.

21. Of all which here I mourne, none comforts me,
My foes have heard my griefe, and glad they be,
That thou hast done it; But thy promis'd day
Will come, when, as I suffer, so shall they.

22. Let all their wickednesse appeare to thee,
Doe unto them, as thou hast done to mee,
For all my sinnes: The fighes which I have had
Are very many, and my heart is sad.

CHAP. II.

1. **H**OW over Sions daughter hath God hung
His wraths thick cloud, and from heaven hath
To earth the beauty of Israel, and hath (flung
Forgot his foot-stoole in the day of wrath?

2 The Lord unsparingly hath swallowed
All *Jacobs* dwellings, and demolished
To ground the strength of *Juda*, and prophand
The Princes of the Kingdome, and the Land.

3. In heat of wrath the borne of Israel hee
Hath cleane cut off, and lest the enemy

Be hindred, his right hand he doth retire,
But is towards *Jacob*, All-devouring fire.

4. Like to an enemy he bent his bow,
His right hand was in posture of a foe,
To kill what *Sions* daughter did desire,
Gainst whom his wrath, he powred forth, like fire.

5. For like an enemy *Jehova* is,
Devouring *Israel*, and his Palaces,
Destroying holds, giving additions
To *Jude's* daughters lamentations.

6. Like to a garden hedge he hath cast downe
The place where was his congregation,
And *Sions* feasts and Sabbaths are forgot;
Her King, her Priest, his wrath regardeth not.

7. The Lord forsakes his Altar, and detests
His Sanctuary, and in the foes hands rests
His Palace, and the wals, in which their cries
Are heard, as in the true solemnities.

8. The Lord hath cast a line, so to confound
And level *Sions* walls unto the ground,
He drawes not back his hand, which doth oreturn
The wall, and Rampart, which together mourne.

9. The gates are sunke into the ground, and he
Hath broke the barre; their King and Princes be
Amongst the Heathen, without law, nor there
Unto their Prophets doth the Lord appeare.

10. There *Sions* Elders on the ground are plac'd,
And silence keep; Dust on their heads they cast,

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In sackcloth have they girt themselves, and low
The Virgins towards ground, their heads doe throw.

11. My bowels are growne muddy, and mine eyes
Are faint with weeping : and my liver lies
Pour'd out upon the ground, for misery,
That sucking children in the streets doe die.

12. When they had cryed unto their Mothers, where
Shall we have bread, and drinke; they fainted there,
And in the street like wounded persons lay,
Till 'twixt their mothers breasts they went away.

13. Daughter Jerusalem, Oh what may be
A witnesse, or comparison for thee?
Sion, to ease thee, what shall I name like thee?
Thy breach is like the sea, what help can be?

14. For thee vain foolish things thy Prophets sought,
Thee thine iniquities they have not taught,
Which might disturne thy bondage : but for thee
False burthens, and false causes they would see.

15. The passengers do clap their hands, and hisse,
And wag their head at thee, and say, Is this
That city, which so many men did call
Joy of the earth, and perfectest of all?

16. Thy foes doe gape upon thee, and they hisse,
And gnash their teeth, and say, Devour we this,
For this is certainly the day which we
Expected, and which now we finde, and see.

17. The Lord hath done that which he purposed,
Fullfill'd his word of old determined;

He hath throwne downe, and not spar'd, and thy foe
Made glad above thee, and advanc'd him so.

18. But now, their hearts unto the Lord do call,
Therefore, O wals of *Sion*, let teares fall
Downe like a river, day and night; take thee
No rest, but let thine eye incessant be.

19 Arise, cry in the night, powre out thy sinnes,
Thy heart, like water, when the watch begins;
Lift up thy hands to God, lest children die,
Which, faint for hunger, in the streets do lie.

20. Behold O Lord, consider unto whom
Thou hast done this; what shall the women come
To eate their children of a spanne? shall thy
Prophet and Priest be slaine in Sanctuary?

21. On ground in streets the young and old do lie,
My virgins and young men by sword do die;
Them in the day of thy wrath thou hast slaine,
Nothing did thee from killing them containe.

22. As to a solemne feast, all whom I fear'd
Thou call'st about me: when thy wrath appear'd,
None did remaine or scape, for those which I
Brought up, did perish by mineemie.

CHAP. III.

1. I Am the man which have affliction seen,
Under the rod of Gods wrath having been.
2. He hath led me to darknesse, not to light,
3. And against me all day, his hand doth fight.

4. He hath broke my bones, worn out my flesh and
5. Built up against me ; and hath girt me in (skin,
With hemlock, and with labour ; 6. and set me
In darke, as they who dead for ever be.

7. He hath hedg'd me lest I scape, and added more
To my steele fetters, heavier than before.

8. Whē I cry out he outshuts my prayer: 9. And hath
Stopp'd with hewn stone my way, & turn'd my path,

10. And like a Lion hid in secrecie,
Or Beare which lyes in waite, he was to me.

11. He stops my way, teares me, made desolate,

12. And he makes me the marke he shooteeth at,

13. He made the children of his Quiver passe
Into my reines. 14. I with my people was

All the day long, a song and mockery.

15. He hath fill'd me with bitternesse, and he

Hath made me drunk with wormwood. 16. He hath
My teeth with stones, & covered me with dust. (burst

17. And thus my soule farre off from peace was set,
And my prosperitie I did forget.

18. My strength, my hope (unto my selfe I said)
Which from the Lord should come, is perished,

19. But when my mournings I do thinke upon,
My wormwood, hemlock, and affliction,

20. My Soule is humbled in remembring this ;

21. My heart considers, therefore, hope there is,

22. 'Tis Gods great mercy we are not utterly
Consum'd, for his compassions doe not die ;

23. For every morning they renewed be,
For great, ô Lord, is thy fidelitie.

24. The Lord is, saith my Soule, my portion,
And therefore in him will I hope alone.

25. The Lord is good to them, who on him relie,
And to the Soule that seekes him earnestly.

26. It is both good to trust, and to attend
The Lords salvation unto the end.

27. 'Tis good for one his yoake in youth to beare ;

28. He sits alone, and doth all speech forbear,

Because he hath borne it. 29. And his mouth he laies

Deep in the dust, yet then in hope he staves.

30. He gives his cheekes to who so ever will
Strike him, and so he is reproched still.

31. For, not for ever doth the Lord forsake, (take

32. But when he hath struck with sadnelle, he doth

Compassion, as his mercy' is infinite ;

33. Nor is it with his heart, that he doth smite,

34. That underfoot the prisoners stamped be ;

35. That a mans right the Iudge himselfe doth see

To be wrung from him. 36. That he subverted is

In his just cause, the Lord allowes not this.

37. Who then will say, that ought doth come to passe,

But that which by the Lord commanded was

38. Both good and evill from his mouth proceeds ;

39. Why then grieves any man for his misdeeds ?

40. Turne we to God, by trying out our wayes ;

41. To him in heaven, our hands with hearts upraise.

42. We

42. We have rebell'd, and false away from thee;
Thou pardon'st not; 43. Usest no clemency;
Pursuest us, kill'st us, coverest us with wrath, (hath
44. Cover'st thy selfe with clouds, that our prayer
No power to passe, 45. And thou hast made us fall
As refuse, and off-scouring to them all.
46. All our foes gape at us. 47. Feare and a snare
With ruine, and with waste upon us are.

48. With watry rivers doth mine eye overflow
For ruine of my peoples daughters so;
49. Mine eye doth drop downe teares incessantly,
50. Untill the Lord looke down from heaven to see.

51. And for my city daughters sake, mine eye
Doth breake mine heart, 52. Causelesse mine enemy
Like a bird chas'd me. 53. In a dungeon
They have shut my life, and cast me on a stone.

54. Waters flow'd o'r my head, then thought I, I am
Destroy'd; 55. I called, Lord, upon thy name
Out of the pit. 56. And thou my voyce didst heare;
Oh from my fight, and crie, stop not thine eare.

57. Then when I call'd upon thee, thou drew'st neare
Unto me, and saidst unto me, Doe not feare.

58. Thou Lord my soules cause handled hast, & thou
Rescuest my life. 59. O Lord doe thou judge now.

(have wrought;
Thou heardst my wrong. 60. Their vengeance all they
61. How they reproch'd thou hast heard, and what
(they thought,
62. What

62. What their lips uttered, which against me rose,
And what was ever whisper'd by my foes.

63. I am their song, whether they rise or sit.

64. Give them rewards Lord, for their working fit,

65. Sorrow of heart, thy curse. 66. And with thy might
Follow, and from under heaven destroy them quite.

CHAP. I V.

1. **H**OW is the gold become so dimme ? How is
urest and finest gold thus chang'd to this ?
The stones which were stones of the Sanctuary,
Scattered in corners of each street do lie.

2. The precious Sommes of Sion, which should be
Valued as purest Gold, how do we see.

Low rated now, as earthen Pitchers, stand,
Which are the worke of a poore Potters hand.

3. Even the Sea-calfes draw their breasts, and give
Suck to their young ; my peoples daughters live,
By reason of the foes great cruelnesse,
As do the Owles in the vast wildernesse.

4. And when the sucking child doth strive to draw,
His tongue for thirst cleaves to his upper jaw.
And when for bread the little children crie,
There is no man that doth them satisfie.

5. They which before were delicately fed,
Now in the streets forlorne have perished:
And they which ever were in scarlet cloath'd,
Sit and embrace the dunghills which they loath'd.

6. The

6. The daughters of my people have sinned more,
Then did the towne of Sodome sinne before;
Which being at once destroy'd, there did remaine
No hands amongst them to vex them againe.

7. But heretofore purer her Nazarite
Was then the snow, and milke was not so white;
As carbuncles did their pure bodies shine,
And all their polish'dnesse was Saphirine.

8. They are darker now than blacknes none can know
Them by the face, as through the street they goe:
For now their skinne doth cleave unto their bone,
And withered, is like to drie wood growne.

9. Better by sword than famine 'tis to die;
And better through-pierc'd, than through penury.

10. Women by nature pitifull, have eate
Their children (drest with their own hand) for meat.

11. *Iehova* here fully accomplish'd hath
His indignation, and powr'd forth his wrath,
Kindled a fire in *Sion*, which hath power
To eate, and her foundations to devour.

12. Nor would the Kings of the earth, nor all which
In the inhabitable world beleeve, (live
That any adversarie, any foe
Into *Ierusalem* should enter so.

13. For the Priests sins, and Prophets, which have
Blood in the streets and the just murdered: (shed

14 Which when thosemen whom they made blind,
Thorough the streets, defiled by the way, (did stray
With blood, the which impossible it was

Their garment should scape touching, as they passe,

15. Would

15. Would cry aloud, Depart defiled men,
Depart, depart, and touch us not, and then

They fled, and straid, and with the Gentiles were,
Yet told their friends, they should not long dwell

16. For this they are scattered by Iehova's face (there
Who never will regard them more) No grace

Unto the old men shall their foe afford, (sword.
Nor, that they are Priests, redeeme them from the

17. And we as yet for all these miseries
Desiring our vaine help, consume our eyes:

And such a nation as cannot save,
We in desire and speculation have.

18. They hunt our steps, that in the streets we feare
To goe : our end is now approached neare.

Our dayes, accomplisht are, [this the last day,
Eagles of heaven are not so swift as they

19. Which follow us, o'r mountaines tops they flie
At us, and for us in the desert lie.

20. The annointed Lord, breath of our nostrils, he
Of whom we said, under his shadow, we
Shall with more ease under the Heathen dwell,
Into the pit which these men digged, fell.

21. Rejoyce o *Edoms daughter*, joyfull be
Thou that inhabit'st *Vz*, for unto thee
This cup shall passe, and thou with drupkenesse
Shalt fill thy selfe, and shew thy nakednesse.

22. And then thy finnes, o *Sion*, shall be spent;
The Lord will not leave thee in banishment:
Thy finnes o *Edoms daughter*, he will see,
And for them, pay thee with captivity.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

1. **R**emember, O Lord, what is false on us;
See and mark how we are reproached thus.
2. For unto strangers our possession
Is turn'd, our houses unto Aliens gone.
3. Our mothers are become as widows, we
As Orphans all, and without Fathers be;
4. Waters which are our owne, we drinke and pay;
And upon our owne wood a price they lay.
5. Our persecutors on our necks do sit,
They make us travaile and not intermit.
6. We stretch our hands unto the Egyptians
To get us bread; and to the Assyrians.
7. Our Fathers did these finnes, and are no more,
But we do beare the finnes they did before.
8. They are but servants, which doe rule us thus,
Yet from their hands none would deliver us.
9. With danger of our life our bread we gat;
For in the wilderness the sword did waite.
10. The tempests of this famine we liv'd in,
Black as an Oven colour'd had our skinn.
11. In *Juda's* cities they the maids abus'd
By force, and so women in *Sion* us'd.
12. The Princes with their hands they hung; no grace
Nor honour gave they to the Elders face.
13. Unto the mill our young men carried are,
And children fell under the wood they bare.
14. Elders the gates, youth did their songs forbear,
Gone was our joy; our dancings, mournings were.
15. Now

15. Now is the crowne false from our head; & woe
Be unto us, because we have sinned so.
16. For this our hearts do languish, and for this
Over our eyes a cloudy dimness is.
17. Because mount *Sion* desolate doth lie;
And foxes there doe goe at libertie :
18. But thou O Lord art ever, and thy throne
From generation, to generation.
19. Why shouldst thou forget us eternally ?
Or leave us thus long in this miserie ?
20. Restore us Lord to thee; that so we may
Returne, and as of old, renew our day.
21. For oughtest thou, O Lord, despise us thus;
22. And to be utterly inrag'd at us ?

On himselfe.

MY Fortune and my choice this custome break,
When we are speechlesse grown, to make stones
Though no stone tel thee what I was, yet thou speak:
In my graves inside see'st what thou art now :
Yet thou art not yet so good, till death us lay
To ripe and mellow here, we are stubborn Clay.
Parents make us earth, and soules dignifie
Us to be glasse ; here to grow gold we lie ;
Whilst in our soules sinne bred and pamper'd is,
Our soules become wormeaten carcases ;
So we our selves miraculously destroy,
Here bodies with lesse miracle enjoy
Such priviledges, enabled here to scale
Heaven, when the Trumpets ayre shall them exhale.
Heard

Heare this, and mend thy selfe, and thou mendst me,
 By making me being dead, do good for thee;
 And thinke me well compos'd, that I could now
 A last-sick houre to syllables allow.

Hymne to God my God, in my sicknesse.

Since I am comming to that Holy roome,
 Where, with the Quire of Saints for evermore,
 I shall be made thy Musique, As I come
 I tune the Instrument here at the dore,
 And what I must do then, thinke here before.
 Whilst my Physitians by their love are growne
 Cosmographers, and their Mapp, who lie
 Flat on this bed, that by them may be showne
 That this is my South West discoverie
Per fretum febris, by these straights to die.
 I joy, that in these straights, I see my West;
 For, though these currants yeeld returne to none,
 What shall my West hurt me? As West and East
 In all flat Maps (and I am one) are one,
 So death doth touch the Resurrection.
 Is the Pacifique Sea my home? Or are
 The Easterne riches? Is *Jerusalem*?
Anyan, and *Magellan*, and *Gibraltar*, &c. (them,
 All straights, and none but Straights are wayes to
 Whether where *Iaphet* dwelt, or *Cham* or *Sem*.
 We thinke that *Paradise* and *Calvarie*,
Christs Crosse, and *Adams tree*, stood in one place;
 Looke Lord and finde both *Adams* met in me;
 As the first *Adams* sweat surrounds my face,
 May the last *Adams* blood my soule embrace.

So, in his purple wrapp'd receive me Lord,
 By these his thornes give me his other Crowne;
 And as to others soules I preach'd thy word,
 Be this my Text, my sermon to mine owne,
 Therefore that he may raise the Lord throws down.

A Hymne to God the Father. 2

Wilt thou forgive that sinne where I begun,
 Which was my sin, though it were done before?
 Wilt thou forgive that sin, through which I runne,
 And do run still, though still I do deplore?
 When thou hast done, thou hast not done,
 For I have more.

II.

Wilt thou forgive that sinne which I have wonne?
 Others to sinne, and made my sinnes their doore?
 Wilt thou forgive that sinne which I did shun
 A yeare or two, but wallowed in, a score?
 When thou hast done, thou hast not done,
 For I have more.

III.

I have a sinne of feare, that when I have spunnē
 My last thred, I shall perish on the shore;
 But sweare by thy selfe, that at my death thy Sonne
 Shall shine as he shines now, and heretofore;
 And, having done That, thou hast done,
 I feare no more.

The end of the Divine Poems.

News from the very Countrey.

THat it is a Frippery of Courtiers, Merchants and others, which have been in fashion, and are very near worn out. That Justices of Peace have the selling of under-woods, but the Lords have the great falls. The Jesuits are like Apricockes, heretofore, here and there one succour'd in a great mans house, and cost dear; now you may have them for nothing in every cottage. That every great Vice is a Pike in a Pond, that devours vertues and lesse vices. That it is wholsomest getting a stomack by walking on your own ground: and the christiest laying of it at anothers Table. That debtors are in *London* close prisoners, and here have the liberty of the house. That *Atheists* in affliction, like blind beggers, are forced to aske, though they know not of whom. That there are (God be thanked) not two such Acres in all the Countrey, as the *Exchange* and *Westminster Hall*. That onely Christmaſſe Lords know their ends. That women are not so tender fruit, but that they doe as well, and beare as well upon beds, as plashed against walls. That our carts are never worse employed then when they are waited on by Coaches. That Sentences in Authors, like haire in horse taires, concur in one rooſe of beauty and strength; but being pluckt out one by one, serve only for sprindges and snares. That both want and abundance, equally advance a rectified

man from the world, as cotton and stones are both good casting for an Hawke. That I am sure there is none of the forbidden fruit left, because we doe not all eat thereof. That our best three-pil'd mischief comes from beyond the Sea, and rides post through the Countrey, but his errand is to Court. That next to no wife and children, your own are the best pastime, anothers wife and your children worse, your wife and anothers children worst. That Statesmen hunt their fortunes, and are often at default: Favorites course her, and are ever in view. That intemperance is not so unwholsome here; for none ever saw Sparrow sicke of the Pox: that here is no trechery nor fidelity, but it is because here are no secrets: that Court motions are up and down: ours circular: theirs like squibs cannot stay at the highest, nor return to the place which they rose from, but vanish and weare out in the way: Ours like Mill-wheels, busie without changing place; they have peremptory fortunes; we vicissitudes.

7. D.

Amicissimo, & meritissimo BEN. JONSON.

In Vulponem.

Quod arte ausus es bieta, Poeta.
 Si auderent hominum Deique juris
 Consulti, tuosque sequi amularetque,

O omnes sapere me ad salutem.
 His sed sunt veteres araneae;
 Tam nemo veterum est sequutor, ut tu
 Illos quod sequeris novator audis.
 Fac tamen quod agis; tuique primae
 Libri cauitio induantur hora:
 Nam chartis pueritia est neganda,
 Nascunturque senes, oportet, illi
 Libri, quae dare vis perennitatem.
 Priscis, ingenium facit, laborque
 Te parem; hos superes, ut & futuros,
 Ex nostra vicio sitate sumas,
 Quam priscos superamus, & futuros.

I. D.

AUum sortiti sumus quo plane indolis nihil turpius,
 plene doctis nihil rarius. Tam omnes in literis aliquid
 sciunt, tam nemo omnia. Media igitur plerumque
 itur via, & ad evitandum ignorantiae turpitudinem & le-
 gendi fastidium. Ars una est omnibus ut reliquas scire vi-
 deri possint. Inde Epitomis, paradoxis, & pruribus exor-
 bitantium ingeniorum delectantur. Hinc tam sunt in pretio
 Lullius, Gemma, Secundus, Empiricus, Trithemius, Agrip-
 pa, Erasmus, Ramus, & Haereticus. Satis enim sibi viden-
 tur scire ignava ingonia sibi aliorum scientiam imperfectam
 esse probabiliter possint demonstrare. Sed nimis invidia sub-
 est, & se prodit aerea haec, procax & tuberosa scientia. Ti-
 bi generosior, celerior, candidior, & minus spectaculosis
 literarum obnoxia via subeunda est. Et quia per occupati-
 ones Aula, quae degis, naturales, tibi vacare literis non li-
 cet (nam post somnum non nisi post decimam ex more excu-
 tiendum, post vestes dici, loco, affectibus proprias induta,

(a a 2)

post

post faciem speculo compositam, & quo quis carchinno, superciliibus excipiendus sit resolutionem, post epulas lususque, quota pars vite literis, animoque excolendo relinquitur? et tamen doctus videri non dedignaris, ut aliquando habeas quo eleganter et appositè canes Regios, conservos tuos possis laudare, et quamvis scire quæ alii sciunt non poteris, saltem scire valeas quæ illi nesciunt; hæc ex consilio meo viâ progredieris.

Relictis authoribus quos vocant *Classicos Academicos* et *pedagogis* terendis, emilere per omnes quibus ignorantiam fateri secure poteris libros aliis inventu difficiles exquirere. Nec in colloquiis quid ex autoribus vulgò notis afferas, sed ex istis; ut ita quæ dicis aut tua videri possint, si nomina taceas, aut si minus digna sint, et auctoritate egeant, novos auctores cum reverentiâ tui audiant illi, qui omnia scire sibi ante visi sunt. Hunc ergo catalogum ad usum tuum exaravi, ut his paratis libris, in omni penè scientiâ, si non magis, saltem aliter doctus, quàm ceteri, subitò proficias.

Catalogus Librorum.

1. **N**icolai Hill Angli, de sexu et Hermaphroditate dignoscendâ in Atomis: Idem de eorum Anatomia, et obstetricatione in partibus humanis, cui annexitur ars conficiendorum ignis vasorum, et instrumentorum ad hæc omnia propriorum, per conterraneum, et synchronon suum Magistrum Plat.

2. *Annulus Moysis*. ars conservandi vestimenta ultra quadraginta annos auctore Topelisso Anglic: possillata per Jac. Stonehouse, Anglic: qui eodem idiomate edidit tractatum, To keep clothes near the fashion.

3. *Ars excubendi omnia ea quæ verè ad idem dicuntur* in Joanne Foxe in ambitu denarii, auctore P. Bale.

4. *Chimeram*

4. *Chimaram prædicari de anticristo, autore Sorbonistæ anonymo.*

5. *Galatinus, Judæos ubiquitarios esse, quia nusquam sunt.*

6. *Librum Tobie esse canonicum. Ubi ex Rabbis et secretioribus Theologis numerantur pili caudæ ejus canis, ex quorum variâ retortione, et invicem conjunctione conficiuntur literæ, ex quibus mirifica verba consistunt. Autore Francisco Georgio Veneto.*

7. *Pax in Hierusalem, sive conciliatio flagrantissimi dissidij inter Rabbi Simeon Kimchi, et Onkelos, utrum caro humana ex carne suillâ comestâ (quod avertat deus) concreta in resurrectione removebitur, annihilabitur, ac purificabitur, per illuminatissimum Doctorem Reuchlinum.*

8. *Pythagoras Indæo-Christianus, Numerum 99 et 66 verso folio esse eundem, per super-seraphicum Io. Picum.*

9. *Quidlibet ex quolibet; Or the art of decyphering and finding some treason in any intercepted letter, by Philips.*

10. *Iob. Harringtoni Hercules, sive de modo quo evocabatur à facibus Arca Noë.*

11. *Credo quod habes et habes. Criterium Antiquitatum lib. magnus de minimis à Walt. Copo dictatus, et ab uxore exscriptus et ab amanuensi suo Ioban: Pory latinicæ donatus.*

12. *Subsalvator; in quo illuminatus, sed parum illuminans Hugo Brougheon incredibiliter docet linguam hebraicam esse de essentiâ salutis, et sua præcepta de essentia.*

13. *M. Lutherus de abbreviatione orationis Dominicæ.*

14. *Manipulus quercuum, sive ars comprehendendi transcendentiæ. Autore Raim. Sebundo.*

15. *Oceanus Aulicus, sive Pyramis sive colossus, sive Abyssus ingeniorum: ubi per 60000 literas à Milordis omnium nationum ad evitandam ostentationem vulgaribus semper linguis datas et acceptas, traditur quicquid tradi potest de*

Dentiscalpiis et unguibus reduit. Collecta sunt et in unum corpus redacta singulisque autoribus dedicata per Io: Florio Stalo Anglum, eorum quæ in hoc libro continentur capita habentur primis 70 paginis; Diplomata Regum cum eorum titulis et approbationes inquisitorum 107 sequentibus, poemata in laudes Autorum 97 libro proximo.

16. *Institia Anglia vacationis Ior Davis. De Arte Anagrammatum verisimiliter conficiendorum, et sententiolis annulis inscribendis.*

17. *Tractatuli aliquot adjectitii, libris Panairolli; libro de rebus perditis, additur de vivente, et de libertate populi quod à Capellano quodam Io: Cadi inchoatum à Buchanan perfectum est, libro de rebus inventis, additur de morbo multitudine per Tho: Therny Anglicè; & post latine per Tho: Campianum, & de uxoratione post vota per Carlostadium.*

18. *Bonaeventura de particula Non à decaloga adimendo, & Symbolo Apostolorum adjiciendo.*

19. *De militibus Apocryphis per Edw. Prinne lib: unus, per Edw: Chate paulo amplius factus.*

20. *De navigabilitate aquarum supercælestium, & utrum ibi an apud nos navis in firmamenta in judicio sit appulsura, Io. Dee Autore.*

21. *Manuale iusticiariorum, continens plurimas confessiones veneficarum Manwodo judici exhibitas, & ab illa abstergendis postea natibus, & evacuationibus adhibitas; nunc à servulis suis redemptæ, et in usum suum collectæ sunt à Io. Halo.*

22. *Aquilibrum. Tom. 2. Sive ars acquiescendi in controversiâ. Primus modus dicitur simplex, quia datâ controversiâ (utpote estne transubstantiatio) scribitur sic, et non, variis scilicet aequalibus charactibus, et trutinæ impendantur, et ponderosiori adhaerendum. Alius modus est composuit, quia datâ thesi ex unâ parte, datur etiam altera ex alterâ: ut Petrus sedet Roma, et Iohannes sedet Roma, et etiam si aequalibus*

qualibus literis scribuntur, &c. ponderosiori adhaerendum :
autore Erasmo Rotod.

23. Cardanus de nullibetate crepitūs.

24. Edmundi Nobis exustationes pomeridiana, sive de
univocis, utpote de prerogativa Regum, et chimera, morbo
Regio, et morbo Gallico &c.

25. Ars Spiritualis inescandi mulieres, sive conciones
subcingulares Egertoni.

26. De Pessario animato, et omnimorbio seminis danda per
Magistrum Butler Cantabr.

27. Caput anekm Fran : Baconi : de Roberto primo An-
glia rege.

28. Cepe advocatorum, sive ars plorandi in Iudiciis, per
eundem. Sesqui-barbarus, sive de medietate lingua.

29. De Gurgite diametrali à Polo ad Polum, per centrum na-
vigabile sine pyxide per And. Thvet.

30. Quintessentia inferni ; sive camera privata infernalis,
ubi tractatur de loco quinto ab Homero, Virgilio, Dante, ce-
terisque papisticis pratermisso, ubi Reges prater dampni po-
nas, et sensus, recordatione prateritorum cruciantur.

31. Encomium Doctoris Shavo Capellani Richardi 3. per
Doct. Barlow.

32. Quid non ? sive confutatio omnium errorum tam in
Theologia quam in aliis scientiis, artibusque mechanicis,
prateritorum, presentium et futurorum, omnium hominum
mortuorum, superstitum, nascentiumque ; una nocte post
cenam confecta per D. Sutcliffe.

33. De Episcopabilitate paritani. Dr. Robinson.

34. Tarltonus de privilegio Parliamenti.



In Sacram Anchoram Piscatoris
G. HERBERT.

Quod Crux nequibat fixa, Clavique additi,
(Tenere Christum scilicet, ne ascenderet)
Tuive Christum devocans facundia
Ultra loquendi tempus; addit Anchora:
Nec hoc abunde est tibi, nisi certa Anchora
Addas sigillum: nempe Symbolum sue
Tibi debet Vnda & Terra certitudinis.

Quondam fessus Amor loquens Amato,
Tot & tanta loquens amica, scripsit:
Tandem & fessa manus, dedit sigillum.

Suavis erat, qui scripta, dolens, lacerando recludi,
Sanctius in Regno Magni credebat Amoris
(In quo fas nihil est rumpi) donare sigillum.

Munde suas fugiasque licet, nos nostraque fixi:
Deridet motus sancta catena tuos.

Although

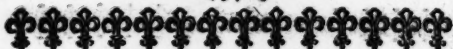
Although the Crosse could not Christ here detain,
 Though nail'd unto't, but he ascends again,
 Nor yet thy eloquence here keep him still,
 But onely while thou speak'st; This Anchor will,
 Nor canst thou be content, unless thou to
 This certain Anchor adde a Seal, and so
 The Water, and the Earth both unto thee
 Doe owe the symbole of their certainty.

When Love being weary made an end
 Of kinde Expressions to his friend,
 He writ; when's hand could write no more,
 He gave the Seale, and so left o're.

How sweet a friend was he, who being griev'd
 His letters were broke rudely up, believ'd
 'Twas more secure in great Loves Common-weal
 (Where nothing should be broke) to adde a Seal.

Let the world reel, we and all ours stand sure,
 This holy Cable's of all storms secure,

To



To M^r George Herbert, with one of my
Seal, of the Anchor and Christ.

Qui prius assuetus Serpentum fasce Tabellae
Signare, (hæc nostræ symbola parva Domus)
Adscitus domui Domini, patriæque relicto
Stemmata, nanciscor stemmata jure nova,
Hinc mihi Crux primo quæ fronte impressa lavacro,
Finibus extensis, anchora facta patet,
Anchoræ in effigiem, Crux tandem defuit ipsam,
Anchora sit tandem Crux tolerata diu.
Hoc tamen ut fiat, Christo vegetatur ab ipso
Crux, et ab affixo, est Anchora facta, Iesu.
Nec Natalitius penitus serpentibus orbor,
Non ita dat Deus, ut auferat ante data.
Quâ sapiens, Deus est; Quæ terram lambis et ambis;
Pestis; Acta nostra sit Medicina Cruce,
Serpens; fixa Cruci si sit Natura; Cruci quæ
A fixo, nobis, Gratiæ tota fluat.
Omnia cum Crux sunt, Crux Anchora fixa, sigillum
Non tam dicendum hoc, quam Catechismus erit,
Mitto, nec exigua, exigua sub imagine, dona,
Pignora amicitia, et munera; Vota, preces.
Plura tibi accumulet, sanctus cognominis, Ille
Regia qui flavo Dona sigillat Equo.

I.D.

A

A sheafe of Snakes used heretofore to be
my Seal, The Crest of our poore Family.

Adopted in Gods Family, and so
 Our old Coat lost, unto new armes I go.
 The Crosse (my seal at Baptism) spread below,
 Does, by that form, into an Anchor grow.
 Crosses grow Anchors; Bear, as thou shouldst do
 Thy Crosse, and that Crosse grows an Anchor too.
 But he that makes our Crosses Anchors thus,
 Is Christ, who there is crucifi'd for us.
 Yet may I, with this, my first Serpents hold,
 God gives new blessings, and yet leaves the old;
 The Serpent, may, as wise, my pattern be;
 My poison, as he feeds on dust, that's me.
 And as he rounds the Earth to murder sure,
 My death he is, but on the Crosse, my cure.
 Crucifie nature then, and then implore
 All Grace from him, crucified there before;
 When all is Crosse, and that Crosse Anchor grown,
 This Seal's a Catechism, not a Seal alone.
 Under that little Seal great gifts I send,
 Works, and prayers, pawns, and fruits of a friend.
 And may that Saint which rides in our great Seal,
 To you, who bear his name, great bounties deal.



UT primum per literas, eo quo solent Ordine,
 à vobis, Amplissime, eaque Amplitudine
 Dignissime Antistes, Reverendissimique Patres, ad
 nos dimanantes, nobis innotuit, Potentissimum,
 simul & consultissimum Regem, etsi à Spiritu san-
 cto, spiritu consilii, in semet abundè repletum,
 suorum tamen consilio, in solenni Ordinum Con-
 ventu uti non dedignatum esse; habui & ego, etsi
 in antro delitescens, nec in fulgore omnino, parum
 in aprico versatus, hujus tamen rosis guttulas me-
 as, & Gomerulum meum, (si ita diminuire liceat)
 hujus Mannæ; sensum partemque meam, ejus qua
 universum regnum perfusum est, lætitiæ. Verè
 enim mihi videre visus sum exemplar ipsum, quod
 vidit Patriarcha Jacob, Deum innixum scalæ &
 Angelos ascendentes, & descendentes, cum videam
 eum, qui inter eos summus est, de quibus Deus
 dixit, Vos Dii estis, non ita sui contentum esse, nec
 ita in semet acquiescere, (quo tamen uno contenti,
 & in quo solo acquiescimus libenter omnes) quin
 & in hanc scalam imitatur, in quâ illa quæ à vo-
 bis, Ecclesiæ proceribus, in nos descendit, influen-
 tia, & is qui à nobis, ad vos ascendit, Odor quie-
 tis, Descensum Ascensumque Angelorum possit
 imitari. Quid enim non licet nobis, nobis jam
 spon-

spondere, tam feliciter auspicatis. ut non ex aliis,
quàm ipsa cœlesti Columba, avibus, divinationem
statuamus, omnia harmonicè, summâque cum
concordiâ transigenda, cum videamus Deum cœ-
lestem, terrestremque Deum, ita in unum, coale-
scere, ut quemadmodum nec Deus ipse ita Unus
esse voluerit, ut non etiam sit Trinus, ita nec Rex
summus sibi ita voluit inniti, ut non & tres Ordi-
nes bona sua cum venia, accersitûque convenirent?
Vidit Deus opt. Max. in principio Lucem bonam,
& bonam terram, solem bonum, & bonum Mare,
singula bona, sed cum uno intuitu omnia comple-
xus est, vidit omnia valdè bona, Vidit & ille, qui
ejus apud nos vices gerit, quæ in Cordè suo dif-
fusa est, lucem bonam, quæ ab iis, qui ei à Consi-
liis sunt, & qui à Concionibus, insuntur, singula
bona; Et cum jam per eum coadunata sint omnia,
cum jam, sicut de exercitibus Israeliticis sæpe usur-
patum, Omnes sicut unus vir exiverunt, ita & nos
sicut os unum, una anima convenimus, viderit,
(precamur) videbit, (ominamur) omnia valde
bona. Hujus cum ego benigni roris guttulas meas,
& almæ hujus Mannæ Gomerulum meum mihi
met polliceret, ut aut in umbra familiari, ea quæ
hoc in loco transigenda essent, precibus promo-
vere, aut quæ acta erant, præsentia mea, suffra-
gióque testari possem, nec amplius memet inge-
rere, ingenua ista spe, & pollicitatione non injusta,
dejectum

dejectum me video; Oneri, viribus meis impari, & importuno, repente suppositum, & à litore, ubi omnibus adprecando, & sanioribus annuendo, satis officio meo fecisse putari possem, in arenam, in æstum maris jam protrusum, proloquendi & præloquendi, Conciliandi & Consulendi, Colligendi & Referendi, Argumentandi & Arguendi, aliæque peragendi, tot & tanta, ut sepositis, penitusque neglectis, quæ à corpore imbecilli, fractis viribus, & valetudine perquam incommoda, etiam in oculos vestros, catervatim se injiciunt, excusationibus & argumentis, (libens enim ea prætereo, cum misera sit eloquentia, quæ non ex aliis Topicis, quàm miseriâ ipsâ hauriatur) cum mihi ad eos qui in animi dotibus positi sunt, defectus, propalandos necessario deveniendum sit, in congerendis quæ in excusationem conferri possent, non longius discurrendum, non amplius discquirendum sit, quàm candidè profiteri, me ab hoc munere ritè præstando tam longè abesse, ut quantum abfuerim, ipse nesciam: Tam non valere, hoc in munere, aliis satisfacere, ut nec mihi mer dicere ipse valeam, in quibus versetur, præstare posset hæc satisfactio; Tam non spondere, facturum me quod exigit, ut & ignorem planè, penitus, quid exigit. Canos istos non dicent istæ excusationes? Sed & ipse Moyses, dierum jam plenus, totòque, quod ipse in psalmo statuit hu-

manz

manz vitæ studio, eoque longissimo, octoginta annorum, jam decurso, incircumcisa labia professus est. & urfit; nec infantilis ætatis erat, cum se puerum & infantem profiteretur Jeremias. Ideo autem eorum excusationes non admisit Deus, quia qui potis erat solus, omnia se refarturum, in se sumpsit. Si nec meas admitti fas sit, nec patiamur mos, & consuetudinis improba tyrannis, ut id fiat, quod fecit erga Molen, & Jeremiam Deus, faciat, Oro, quo valetis, modo, erga nos, RR. RRast id operetur in vobis patientia vestra, quod in illis operata est potentia Dei, ut benignitate vestra freti, ad omne opus quantumvis arduum, sancta fortitudine, & alacritate pia nos accingamus. Esi enim non egeant Davide tempora nostra, cum in nos nullus exurgat Goliah, (nec enim hæ reses à nobis debellandæ, nec schismata occurrunt refarcienda, quod vigilantia vestra, solitudinisque unice debet Ecclesia) & quamvis in hoc me soler, Deum qui numerosum Gedeonis exercitum, domum remisit, ut in paucioribus Victoriâ reportaret, posse etiam & in me, homine inexercito, exercitatis tot Athletis, strenuisque viris relictis, opus suum perficere: Tamen cum satis sciam, sicut & libri à capto lectorum, ita & opera ab animis recipientium, sua fata habere, rogandæ sunt Reverendissimæ Paternitates vestrae, ut meminisse dignentur, imbecilliores stellas, à benigno fortiorum aspectu, reddi

reddi fortiores, molitionesque nostras, à radiis
vestris vegetari. & in sinu vestro animari Embryo-
nes nostros. Et si intempestivum sit jam orare, ut
à me hoc eximatur Onus, oremus Patrem in filio
Jesu, ut per Spiritum sanctum, Onus commune
leve faciat. ut singulis nostrum panem suum que-
tidianum impertiat, ita ut, nec officiosè nimis
maturando, nec nimis scrupulosè retardando, ad
gloriam Dei, ad Ecclesiæ bonum, ad utilitatem
Reip. ad solamen pientissimi principis, opus diei
semper in die suo peragatur. Amen.

Transla-



Translated out of *Galenus* *Poeta Amico*
facta. fol. 180.

GOD grant thee thine own will, and grant thee
 Thou, who dost best friend, in best things outshines
 May thy soul, ever chearfull, nere know cares,
 Nor thy life, ever lively, know gray haire.
 Nor thy hand, ever open, know base holds,
 Nor thy purse, ever plump, know pleits, or folds.
 Nor thy tongue, ever true, know a false thing,
 Nor thy word, ever mild, know quarrelling.
 Nor thy works, ever equall, know disguise,
 Nor thy fame, ever pure, know contumelies,
 Nor thy prayers, know low objects, still Divine;
 God grant thee thine own will, & grant thee mine.

(bb)

To



TO LUCY, COUNTESS OF BEHFORD,
with M. DONNES Satyres.

LUCY, you brightnesse of our Spheare, who are
Life of the *Muses* day, their morning Starre
If works (not th' Authors) their own grace should
Whose poems would not wish to be your book? look
But these, desir'd by you, the makers ends
Crown with their own. Rare Poems ask rare friends;
Yet; *Satyres*, since the most of mankind bee
Their unavoyded subject, fewest see:
For none ere took that pleasure in sins sense,
But, when they heard it tax'd, took more offence.
They, then, that living where the matter is bred,
Dare for these Poems, yet, both ask, and read,
And like them too; must needfully, though few,
Be of the best: and 'mongst those best are you;
Lucy, you brightnesse of our Spheare, who are
The *Muses* evening, as their morning-Starre.

P. JON.

To



TO JOHN DONNE.

WHO shall doubt, *Donne*, where I a Poet bee,
 When I dare send my *Epigrammes* to thee?
 That so alone canst judge, so alone dost make:
 And, in thy censures, evenly, dost take
 As free simplicity, to dis-avow,
 As thou hast best authority, t'allow.
 Read all I send: and, if I finde but one
 Mark'd by thy hand, and with the better stone,
 My title's seal'd. Those that for claps doe write,
 Let punees, porters, players praise delight,
 And, till they burst, their backs, like asses load:
 A man should seek great glory, and not broad.

B. Jon.

(bb 2)

The



THe heavens rejoyce in motion why, should I
 Abjure my so much lov'd variety,
 And not with many youth and lov'd divide?
 Pleasure is none, if not diversifi'd
 The sun that sitting in the chaire of light
 Sheds flame into what else so ever doth seem bright,
 Is not contented at one signe to linn,
 But ends his year and with a new begins;
 All thinge doe willingly in change delight,
 The fruitfull mother of our appetire;
 Rivers the clearer and more pleasing are;
 Where their fair spreading streames run wide and cleare;
 And a dead lake that no strange bark doth greet,
 Corrupts it self and what doth live in it,
 Let no man tell me such a one is faire,
 And worthy all alone my love to share.
 Nature in her bath done the liberall part
 Of a kinde Mistresse, and imploy'd her art
 To make her love able, and I ever
 Him not humane that would turn back from her:
 I love her well, and would, if need were, dye
 To doe her service. But followes it that I
 Must serve her onely, when I may have choice:
 The law is hard, and shall not have my voice.
 The last I saw in all extreames is faire,
 And holds me in the Sun-beames of her haire;
 Her nymph-like features such agreements have
 That I could venture with her to the grave:
 Another's brown I like her not the worse,

Her

Her tongue is soft and takes me with discourse;
 Others, for that they well descended were,
 Doin my love obtain as large a share;
 And thought they be not fair, tis much with mee
 To win their love onely for their degree.
 And though I faile of my required ends,
 The attempt is glorious and it self commends.
 How happy were our Syres in ancient times,
 Who held plurality of loves no crime?
 With them it was accounted charity
 To stirre up race of all indifferently;
 Kindreds were not exempted from the bands;
 Which with the Persian still in usage stands.
 Women were then no sooner asked then won,
 And what they did was honest and well done.
 But since this little honour hath been us'd,
 Our weake credulity hath been abus'd;
 The golden laws of nature are repeald,
 Which our first Fathers in such reverence held;
 Our liberty revers'd and Charter's gone,
 And we made servants to opinion,
 A monster in no certain shape attir'd,
 And whose originall is much desir'd,
 Formlesse at first, but growing on its fashions,
 And doth prescribe manners and laws to nations.
 Here love receiv'd immedicable hirmes,
 And was dispoiled of his daring armes,
 A greater want then is his daring eyes,
 He lost those awfull wings with which he flies;
 His sinewy bow, and those immortal darts
Wherewith he's wont to bruise resisting hearts;
 Onely some few strong in themselves and free
 Retain the seeds of antient liberty,
 Following that part of love although deprest,
 And make a throne for him within their brest,

In spite of modern censures him avowing
 Their Sovereigne, all service him allowing.
 Amongst which troop although I am the least,
 Yet equall in perfection with the best,
 I glory in subjection of his hand,
 Nor ever did decline his least command:
 For in what ever forme the message came
 My heart did open and receive the same:
 But time will in his course a point differ
 When I this loved service must deny.
 For our allegiance temporary is,
 With firmer age returns our liberties.
 What time in years and judgement we repose,
 Shall not so easily be to change dispos'd
 Nor to the art of severall eyes obeying,
 But beauty with true worth securely weighing,
 Which being found assembled in some one
 Wee'l leave her ever, and love her alone.

He

HE that cannot chuse but love,
 And strives against it still,
 Never shall my fancy move,
 For he loves against his will;
 Nor he which is all his own,
 And cannot pleasure chuse,
 When I am caught he can be gone,
 And when he list refuse.
 Nor he that loves none but faire,
 For such by all are sought;
 Nor he that can for foul ones care,
 For his Judgement then is nought:
 Nor he that hath wit, for he
 Will make me his jest or slave
 Nor a fool for when others, - - -
 He can neither - - - - -
 Nor he that still his Mistresse prays,
 For she is thrall'd therefore:
 Nor he that payes, nor, for he sayes
 Within shee's worth no more,

Is there then no kinde of men
Whom I may freely prove ?
I will vent that humour then
In mine own selfe love.

H

To

T O
THE MEMORY OF MY
EVER DESIRED FRIEND
D^r DONNE.

TO have liv'd eminent, in a degree
Beyond our lofty'st flights, that is, like Thee,
Or t'have had too much merit, is not safe;
For, such excesses finde no Epitaph.
At common graves we have poetique eyes,
Can melt themselves in easie Elegies,
Each quill can drop his tributary verse,
And pin it, like the Hatchments to the Hearse:
But at Thine, Poem, or Inscription,
(Rich soul of wit, and language) we have none.
Indeed a silence does that tombe besit,
Where is no Herald left to blazon it.
Widow'd invention justly doth forbear
To come abroad, knowing thou art not here,
Late her great Patron; Whose Prerogative
Maintain'd and cloath'd her so, as none alive
Must now presume to keep her at thy rate,
Though he the Indies for her dowre estate.
Or else that awfull fire, which once did burne
In thy cleare Braine, now false into thy Urne
Lives there, to fright rude Empiricks from thence,
Which might prophane thee by their Ignorance.
Who ever writes of thee, and in a stile
Unworthy such a Theme, does but revile
Thy precious Dust, and wake a learned Spirit
Which may revenge his Rapes upon thy Merit.

Elegies upon the Author.

For, all a low pitcht fancie can devise,
Will prove, at best, but Hallow'd Injuries.
I hou like the dying Swan, didst lately sing His last Sermon at Court.
Thy mournfull Dirge, in audience of the Kings;
When pale lookes, and faint accents of thy breath
Presented so to life, *that peece of death*,
That it was fear'd and prophes'd by all,
Thou thither cam'st to preach thy Funerall.
O ! hadst Thou in an Elegizack Knell
Rung out unto the world thine owne farewell,
And in thy High Victorious Numbers beat
The solemne measure of thy griev'd Retreat;
Thou might'st the Poets service now have mist
As well as then thou didst prevent the Priest;
And never to the world beholding be.
So much, as for an Epitaph for thee.

I doe not like the office. Nor is't fit
Thou, who didst lend our Age such summes of wit,
Should'st now re-borrow from her bankrupt Mine,
That Ore to Bury Thee, which once was Thine :
Rather still leave us in thy debt; And know
(Exalted Soule) more glory 'tis to owe
Unto thy Hearse, what we can never pay,
Then, with embas'd Coyne those Rites, defray.

Commit we then Thee to thy selfe : Nor blame
Our drooping loves, which thus to thy owne Fame
Leave Thee Executour; Since, but thine owne,
No pen could do Thee iustice, nor payes crowne
Thy vast desert : Save that, we nothing can
Depute, to be thy Althes Guardian.

So Jewellers no Art, or Metall trust

To form the Diamond, but the Diamonds dust.

H. K.

In

In obitum venerabilis viri Johannis Donne, sacre
Theologiæ Doctoris, Ecclesiæ Cathedralis Divi Pauli,
nuper Decani: Illi honoris, tibi (multum mihi
colende Vir) observantiæ ergo Hæc ego.

Conquerer? Ignemque sequar tua funera planctu?
Sed lachryma clausisti iter: nec mihi querelæ
Lingua potest proferre pias: ignoscite manes
Defuncti, & tacito sinite indulgere dolore.

Sed scelus est tacuisse: cadant in mea litura
Verba. Tuis (docta umbra) tuis hæc accipe iussis
Cæpta, nec officii contemnens pignora nostri
Aversare tuâ non dignum laude Pontam.

O si Pythagoræ non vanum dogma fuisset:
Inque meum à vobis migraret pectore pectus
Musa, repentinis tua nasceret urna furax.
Sed frustra, heu frustra hæc votis puerilibus opta:
Tecum abis, summoque sedens jam monte Thaliæ
Ridet ambelantes, Patinassi & culmina vates
Disperare jubet. Verum hæc nolente coactos
Scribimus audaces iuvenes, & flebile carmen
Scribimus (et soli qui te dilexit) habendum.
Siccine perpetuus licentia lumina somnus
Clauis? & immerito merguntur superare virtus,
Et pietas? & quæ poterant fecisse beatum,
Cætera: sed nec te poterant servare beatum.

Quod mihi doctrinam? quorsum impalescere chartæ?
Nocturnis juvat? & totidem afcesisse lucernas?
Decolor & longos studiis dependere sales
Ut prius aggreddiar, longamque accessere famam.
Omnia sed frustra: mihi dum, cunctis que minatur
Exitium, crudele & inexorabile fatum.

Nam post te sperare nihil decet: hoc mihi restat
Ut moriar, tenues fugiatque obscurus in auras
Spiritus: & doctis saltem si cognita umbris,
Illic te (venerande), iterum (venerande) videbo,
Et dulces audire sonos, & verba disertæ

Elegies upon the Author.

Oris, & æternas dabitur mihi carpere voces.
 Quæ si serus inferna tacuisset Ianitor aula
 Auditis: Nil usque minus strepuisset: Arion
 Cederet, & sylvas qui post se traxerat Orpheus.
 Eloquio sic ille viros, sic ille movere
 Voce seros potuit: quis enim tam barbarus? aut tam
 Facundis nimis infestus non motus, ut illo
 Hortante, & blando victus sermone siceret?

Sic oculos, sic ille manus, sic ora ferebat;
 Singula sic decucere senem, sic omnia. Vidi,
 Audivi & stupui quoties orator in Æde
 Paulina stetit, & mira gravitate levans
 Corda, oculosque viros tenuit: dum Nestor is ille
 Fudit verba (omni quanto mox dulcia melle?)
 Nunc habet attentos, pandit mysteria plebi
 Non concessa prius, nodum intellecta: revolvunt
 Mirantes, tacitæque arctis auribus assant.

Mutat is mox ille modo, formæque loquendi
 Tristitia pertractat: satùmque & flebile mortis
 Tempus, & in cineres redeunt quod corpora primos.
 Tunc gemitum cunctos dare, tunc lugere videres,
 Forsitan à lachrymis aliquis non temperat, atque
 Ex oculis longum stillat rorem; ætheris illo
 Sic pater audito voluit succumbere turbam,
 Affectusque cedere suos, & ponere nota
 Vocis ad arbitrium, divinæ oracula mentis
 Dum narrat, nostrisque potens dominatur in aliis.

Quid seror? audaci & forsitan pietate nocenti
 In nimia ignoscas vati, qui vatibus olim
 Egregium decus, & tanto excellentior unus
 Omnibus; inferior quanto est, & pessimus, impar
 Laudibus hisce, tibi qui nunc facit ista Poeta.
 Et quid nos canimus? cur hæc tibi sacra? Poeta
 Desinite: en fati certus, sibi voce canor
 Inferias premisit olor, cum Carolus Albæ
 (Alcina volventem & Cygnia voce loquentem)

Elegies upon the Author.

Nuper eum, turba & magnatum audiret in Aula.

*Tunc Rex, tunc Proceres, Clerus, tunc assistit illi
Aula frequens. Solâ nunc in tellure recumbit,
Vermibus esca, pio malint nisi parcere: quidni
Incipiant & amare famem? Metuere Lepes
Sic olim; sacrosque artus violare Propheta,
Bellua non ausa est quanquam jejuna, sitimque
Optaret nimis humano satiare cruore.*

*At non hæc de te sperabimus; omnia carpit
Prædator vermis: nec talis contigit illi.
Præda diu; forsân metrico pede serpet ab inde:
Vescere, & exhausto satia te sanguine. Iam nos
Adsumus; & post te cupiet quis vivere? Post le
Quis volet, aut poterit? nam post te vivere mors est.*

*Et tamen ingratas ignavi ducimus auras:
Sustinet & tibi lingua vale, vale dicere: parce
Non festinanti æternum requiescere tibi.
Ipsa satis properat quæ nescit parca morari,
Nunc urgere colum, trahere atque occurrere videmus.
Quin nusquam (Venerande) Vale, vale: ordine nos te
Quo Deus & quo dura volet natura sequemur.*

*Deposito interea lapides servate fideles.
Fælices illâ quæis Adis parte locari
Quâ jacet iste datur. Forsan lapis inde loquetur,
Parturietque viro plenus restantia luctus
Verba: et carminibus quæ Donni suggeret illi
Spiritus, insolitos testari voce calores
Incipiet (non sic Pyrrhâ jactante calobat).*

*Mole sub hâc tegitur quicquid mortale relictum est
De tanto mortale vivo. Quia pr. fuit Adis huic,
Formosi pectoris pastor, formosior ipse.
Ita igitur, dignisque illum celebrate loquelis,
Et quæ demuntur vitæ date tempora fama.*

*Indignis tantorum meritorum Præco, virtutum
tuarum cultor religiosissimus,*

DANIEL DARNELLY.

Elegies upon the Ansham

On the death of Dr. D O N N E.

I Cannot blame those men, that knew thee well,
Yet dare not help the world, to sing thy knell
In tunefull *Elegies*; there's not language knowne
Fit for thy mention, but 'twas first thy owne
The *Epitaphs* thou writst have so bereft
Our tongue of wit there is no phantie left
Enough to weep thee; what henceforth we see
Of Art or Nature, must result from thee.
There may perchance some busie gathering friend
Steale from thy owne workes, and that varied lend,
Which thou bestowst on others, to thy Hearse,
And so thou shalt live still in thy owne verse;
He that shall venture farther, may commit
A pitied error, shew his zeale, not wit.
Fate hath done mankind wrong; vertue may aime
Reward of conscience, never can, of fame,
Since her great trumpet's broke, could onely give
Faith to the world, command it to believe.

He then must write, that would define thy parts:
Here lies the best Divine, All the Arts.

Edw. Hyde.

On Doctor Donne, by Doctor C. B. of O.

HEE that would write an Epitaph for thee,
And doe it well, must first begin to be
Such as thou wert, for none can truly know
Thy worth, thy life, but he that hath liv'd so,
He must have wit to spare and to hurle downe:
Enough

Elegies upon the Author.

Enough, to keepe the gallants of the towne.
He must have learning plenty; both the Lawes,
Civill, and Common, to judge any cause;
Divinitie great store, above the rest;
Not of the last Edition, but the best.
He must have language, travaile, all the Arts;
Judgement to use; or else he wants thy parts.
He must have friends the highest, able to do;
Such as *Maccius*, and *Augustus* too;
He must have such a sicknesse, such a death;
Or else his vaine descriptions come beneath,
Who then shall write an Epitaph for thee,
He must be dead first, let it alone for me.

An Elegie upon the incomparable Dr Donne,

ALL is not well when such a one as I
Dare peepe abroad, and write an *Elegie*;
When smaller *Starres* appeare, and give their light,
Phœbus is gone to bed: were it not night,
And the world witleffe now that *Donne* is dead,
You sooner should have broke, then seen my head.
Dead did I say: forgive this *Injurie*
I do him and his worthe *Infinite*,
To say he is but dead; I dare averre
It better may be term'd, a *Massacre*,
Then *Sleep* or *Death*: See how the *Muses* mourne
Upon their oaten *Reeds*, and from his *Urne*
Threaten the World with this *Calamitie*,
They shall have *Ballads*, but no *Poetry*.
Language lies speechlesse; and *Divinitie*
Lost such a *Trump* as even to *Extasie*.

Elegies upon the Author.

Could charme the Soul, and had an *Influence*
To teach best *judgements*, and please dullest *Sense*,
The *court*, the *church*, the *Vniversitie*,
Lost *Chaplain*, *Deane* and *Doctor*, All these, *Three*,
It was his *Merit*, that his *Funerall*
Could cause a losse so *great* and *generall*.

If there be any Spirit can answer give
Of such as hence depart to such as live ;
Speake, Doth his body there vermiculate,
Crumble to dust, and feele the lawes of Fate?
Me thinkes, *Corruption*, *Wormes*, what else is foule,
Should spare the *Temple* of so faire a *Soule*.
I could beleeeve they doe, but that I know
What inconvenience might hereafter grow ;
Succeeding ages would *Idolatrize*,
And as his *Numbers*, so his *Reliques* prize.

If that *Philosopher*, which did avow
The world to be but *Motes*, were living now,
He would affirme that ch' *Atomes* of his mould
Were they in severall bodies blended, would
Produce new worlds of *Travellers*, *Divines*,
Of *Linguists*, *Poets*, sith these severall *lines*
In him concentred were, and flowing thence
Might fill againe the worlds *circumference*.
I could beleeeve this too ; and yet my faith
Not want a *President*. The *Phoenix* hath
(And such was He) a power to animate
Her ashes, and her selfe perpetuate,
But, busie Soul, thou dost not well to pry
Into these *Secrets* ; *Griefe*, and *Jealousie*,
The more they know, the further still advance,

And

Elegies upon the Author.

And find no way so safe as *Ignorance*.
Let this suffice thee, that his *Soul* which flew
A pitch of all admir'd, knowne but of few,
(Save those of purer mould) is now translated
From Earth to Heaven, and there *Constellated*.
For, if each *Priest* of God shine as a *Starre*,
His *Glory* is as his *Gifts*, 'bove others farre.

Hen. Valentine.

An Elegie upon D^r Donne.

Our *Donne* is dead. England should mourne, may
We had a man where language chose to stay (say
And shew her gracefull power. I would not praise
That and his vast wit (which in these vaine dayes
Make many proud) but, as they serv'd to unlock
That Cabinet his mind; where such a stock
Of knowledge was repos'd, as all lament
(Or should) this generall cause of discontent.

And I rejoyce I am not so severe,
But (as I write a line) to weep a teare
For his decease; Such sad extremities
May make such men as I write *Elegies*.

And wonder not, for when a generall losse
Falls on a Nation, and they slight the crosse,
God hath rais'd Prophets to awaken them
From stupefaction; witnesse my mild pen,
Not us'd to upbraide the world, though now it must
Freely and boldly, for the cause is just.

Dull age, Oh I would spare thee, but thou art worse,
Thou art not onely dull, but hast a curse
Of black ingratitude; if not, couldst thou
Part with *miraculous Donne*, and make no vow

For

Elegies upon the Author.

For thee, and thine, successively to pay
A sad remembrance to his dying day?

Did his youth scatter *Poetry*, wherein
Was all *Philosophy*? was every sinne,
Character'd in his *Satyr*s? Made so soule
That some have fear'd their shapes, and kept their
safer by reading verse? did he give *dayes* (soule
Fast marble monuments, to those, whose praise
He would perpetuate? Did he (I feare
The dull will doubt) these at his twentieth yeare?

But, more matur'd: Did his full soule conceive,
And in harmonious-holy-numbers weave
A * crowne of sacred sonnets, fit to adorne * *Lacoma*
A dying Martyrs brow; or, to be worne
On that blest head of *Mary Magdalen*,
After the wip'd Christs feet, but not till then?
Did he (fit for such penitents as she
And he to use) leave us a *Liturgy*,
Which all devout men love, and sure, it shall,
As times grow better, grow more classically?
Did he write *Hymnes*, for piety, for wit,
Equall to those, great, grave *Prudentius* writ?
Spake he, all *Largages*: knew he, all *Lames*?
The grounds and use of *Physick*; but because
'twas mercenary, way'd it? Went to see
The blessed place of *Christs nativitie*?
Did he returne and preach him? preach him so
As since *S. Paul* none did, none could? Those know,
(Such as were blest to heare him) this is truth,
Did he confirme thy aged? convert thy youth?
Did he these wonders? And is this deare losse
Mourn'd by so few? (few for so great a losse.)

But

Elegies upon the Author.

But sure the silent are ambitious all
To be *Close Mourners* at his Funerall;
If not; in common pity they forbear
By repetitions to renew our care;
Or, knowing, griefe conceiv'd, conceal'd, consumes
Man irreparably, (as poyson'd fumes
Doe waste the braine) make silence a safe way
To enlarge the Soule from these wals, mud, and clay
(Materials of this body) to remaine
With *Donne* in heaven, where no promiscuous pain
Lessens the joy we have, for, with *him*, all
Are satisfy'd with *joyes essentia*l.
Dwell on this joy my thoughts; oh, doe not call
Griefe back, by thinking of his Funerall;
Forget he lov'd me; Waste not my sad yeares;
(Which hast to *David's* seventy,) fill'd with fears
And sorrow for his death;) Forget his parts,
Which find a living grave in good mens hearts;
And, (for, my first is dayly pay'd for sinne)
Forget to pay my second sigh for him:
Forget his powerfull preaching; and forget
I am his *Convert*. Oh my frisky! let
My flesh be no more heard, it will obtrude
This lethargy: so should my gratitude,
My flowes of gratitude should so be broke:
Which can no more be, than *Donnes* vertues spoke
By any but him selfe; for which cause, I,
Write no *Encomium*, but this *Elegie*.
Which, as a free-will-offring, I here give
Fame, and the world, and parting with it grieve,
I want abilities, fir to set forth
A monument, great as *Donnes* matchlesse worth.

J. W.

Elegie

Elegies upon the Author.

Elegie on D. D.

NOW, by one yeare, time and our frailty have
Lessened our first confusion, since the Grave
Clos'd thy deare Ashes, and the teares which flow
In these, have no springs, but of solid woe:
Or they are drops which cold amazement froze
At thy decease, and will not thaw in Prose:
All streames of verse which shall lament that day,
Doe truly to the Ocean tribute pay;
But they have lost their saltnesse, which the eye
In recompence of wit, strives to supply:
Passions excessse for thee we need not feare,
Since first by thee our passions hallowed were;
Thou mad'st our sorrowes, which before had bin
Onely for the Successe, sorrowes for sin,
We owe thee all those teares, now thou art dead,
Which we shed not, which for our selves we shed,
Nor didst thou onely consecrate our teares,
Give a religious tincture to our feares;
But even our joyes had learn'd an innocence,
Thou didst from gladaesse separate offence:
All mindes at once suckt grace from thee, as where
(The curse revok'd) the nations had one care,
Pious dissector; they one houre did treat
The thousand mazes of the hearts deceit.
Thou didst pursue our lov'd and subtle sinne,
Through all the foldings we had wrapt it in;
And in thine owne large mind finding the way
By which our selves we from our selves convey,
Didst in us, narrow models, know the same

Angels;

Elegies upon the Author.

Angels, though darker, in our meaner frame:
How short of praise is this? My Muse, alas,
Climes weakely to that truth which none can passe,
He that writes best, may onely hope to leave
A Character of all he could conceive;
But none of thee, and with me must confesse,
That fancie findes some check, from an excesse
Of merit most, of nothing, it hath spun,
And truth, as reasons task and theame, doth shun.
She makes a fairer flight in emptinesse,
Than when a bodied truth doth her oppresse.
Reason againe denies her scales, because
Hers are but scales; she judges by the lawes
Of weake comparison, thy vertue flights
Her feeble Beame, and her unequall Weights.
What prodigie of wit and pietie
Hath she else knowne, by which to measure thee?
Great soul: we can no more the worthinesse
Of what you were, then what you are, expresse.
Sidney Godolphin.

*On Dr. Iohn Donne, late Deane of S. Pauls,
London.*

Long since this taske of teares from you was due,
Long since, ô Poets, he did die to you,
Or left you dead, when wit and he tooke flight
On divine wings, and soar'd out of your sight.
Preachers, 'tis you must weep; The wit he taught
You do enjoy; the Rebels which he broug^{ht} he
From ancient discord, Giant faculties,
And now no more religions enemies;
Honest to knowing, unto vertuous sweet,

Witty

Elegies upon the Author.

Witty to good, and learned to forget,
He reconcil'd, and bid the Usurper goe;
Dulnesse to vice, religion ought to flow;
He kept his loves, but not his objects; wit
He did not banish, but transplanted it,
'Taught it his place and use, and brought it home
To Pietie, which it doth best become;
He shew'd us how for sinnes we ought to sigh,
And how to sing Christs Epithalamy:
The Altars had his fires, and there he spoke
Incense of loves, and fancies holy smoke:
Religion thus enrich'd, the people train'd,
And God from dull vice had the fashion gain'd,
The first effects sprung in the giddy minde
Of flashy youth, and thirst of women-kinde,
By colours lead, and drawne to a pursuit,
Not v once againe by beauty of the fruit,
As if their longings too must set us free,
And tempt us now to the commanded tree.
Tell me, had ever pleasure such a dresse,
Have you knowne crimes so shap'd? or lovelinesse
Such as his lips did cloth religion in?
Had not reproofe a beauty, passing sinne?
Corrupted nature sorrow'd when she stood
So neare the danger of becoming good,
And wih'd our so inconstant eares exempt
From pitty that had such power to tempt:
Did not his sacred flattery beguile
Man to amendment? The law, taught to smile,
Pension'd our vanitie, and man grew well
Through the same frailtie by the which he fell.
O the sick state of man! health doth not please

Our

Elegies upon the Author.

Our taste, but in the shape of the disease.
Thistlelesse is charitie, coward patience,
Iustice is cruell, mercy want of sense.
What meanes our Nature to barre verue place,
If she doe come in her owne cloaths and face?
Is good a pill, we dare not chaw to know,
Sense the soules servant, doth it keep us so
As we might starve for good, unlesse it first
Doe leave a pawne of relish in the gulf?
Or have we to salvation no tie
At all, but that of our infirmitie?
Who treats with us must our affections move
To th' good we flie by those sweets which we love,
Must seeke our palats, and with their delighe
To gaine our deeds, must bribe our appetite.
These traines he knew, and laying nets to save,
Tempringly sugred all the health he gave.
But, where is now that chime? that harmony
Hath left the World, now the loud organ may
Apppeare, the better voyce is fled to hate
A thousand times the sweetnesse which it gave:
I cannot say how many thousand spirits
The single happinesse this soule inherits,
Damnes in the other world, soules whom no crosse
O'th sense afflicts, but onely of the losse.
Whom ignorance would halfe save, all whose paine
Is not in what they feel, but others gaine,
Self-executing wretched spirits, who
Carrying their guilt, transport their envy too.
But those high joyes which his wits youngest flame,
Would hurt to chuse, shall not we hurt to name?
Verse statues, are all robbers, all we make

Of

Elegies upon the Author.

Of monument, thus doth not give but take;
As Sails which Seamen to a forewind fit,
By a resistance goe along with it,
So pens grow while they lessen fame so left;
A weak assistance is a kinde of theft.
Who hath not love to ground his teares upon,
Must weep here if he have ambition.

J. Chudleigh.

*An Elegie upon the death of the Deane of Pauls,
Dr. Iohn Donne, by M. Tho: Carie.*

CAN we not force from widowed Poetry,
Now thou art dead. (Great Donne) one Elegie
To crowne thy Hearse? Why yet dare we not trust
Though with unkneaded dowe-bak'd prose thy dust,
Such as the unciſor'd Churchman from the flowre
Of fading Rhetorique; short-liv'd as his houre,
Dry as the sand that measures it, should lay
Upon thy Ashes on the funerall day?
Have we no voyce, no tune? Didst thou dispense
Through all our language, both the words & sense?
'Tis a sad truth; The Pulpit may her plain
And sober Christian precepts still retain,
Doctrines it may, and wholesome uses frame,
Grave Homilies, and Lectures; But the flame
Of thy brave Soul, that shot such heat and light,
As burnt our earth, and made our darknesse bright,
Committed holy Rapes upon our Will,
Did through the eye the melting heart distill,
And the deep knowledge of darke truths so teach,
As sense might judge what phansie could not reach,
Must

Elegies upon the Author.

Must be desir'd for ever. So the fire,
That fills with spirit and heate the Delphique quire,
Which kindled first by thy Promethean breath,
Glow'd here a while, lies quencht now in thy death;
The Muses garden with Pedantique weeds
Or'spred, was purg'd by thee; The lazie seeds
Of servill imitation throwne away;
And fresh invention planted, Thou didst pay
The debts of our penurious bankrupt age,
Licentious thefts, that make Poetique rage
A Mimique fury, when our soules must be
Possess'd, or with Anacreons Extasie,
Or Pindars, not their owne; The subtle cheat
Of the Exchanges, and the jugling feat
Of two-edg'd words, or whatsoever wrong
By ours was done the Greeke or Latine tongue,
Thou hadst redeem'd, and open'd us a Mine
Of rich and pregnant phansie, drawne a line
Of masculine expression which had good
Old Orpheus scene, Or all the ancient brood
Our superstitious fooles admire, and hold
Their lead more precious, than thy burnish'd Gold,
Thou hadst been their Exchequer, and no more
They each in others dust, had rak'd for Ore.
Thou shalt yeeld no precedence, but of time,
And the blinde Fate of language, whose tun'd chime
More charmes the outward sense; yet thou maist
From so great disadvantage greater fame, (claime
Since to the awe of thy imperious wit,
Our stubborn language bends, made onely fit
With her tough-thick-rib'd hoopes to gird about
Thy Giant phansie, which had prov'd to stout

Elegies upon the Author.

For their soft melting Phrases; As in time
They had the start, so did they cull the prime
Buds of invention many a hundred yeare;
And left the rifled fields, besides the feare
To touch their Harvest, yet from those bare lands
Of what is purely thine, thy onely hands
(And that thy smallest worke) have gleaned more
Than all those times, and tongues could reap before.
But thou art gone, and thy strict lawes will be
Too hard for libertines in Poetry.
They will repeale the goodly exil'd traine
Of gods and goddesses, which in thy just raigne
Were banish'd nobler Poems, now, with these
The silenc'd tales to'th' Metamorphoses
Shall stuffe their lines, and swell the windy page,
Till Verse refin'd by thee, in this last Age,
Turne ballad rhyme; Or those old Idols be
Ador'd againe, with new Apostasie.
Oh, pardon me, that break with untun'd verse
The reverend silence that attends thy herse,
Whose awfull solemne murmures were to thee
More than these faint lines, A loud Elegie,
That did proclaime in a dumbe eloquence
The death of all the Arts, whose influence
Growne feeble, in these panting numbers lies
Gasping short-winded Accents; and so dies:
So doth the swiftly turning wheele not stand
In th' instant we withdraw the moving hand,
But some small time maintaines a faint weak course
By vertue of the first impulsive force:
And so whil'ft I cast on thy funerall pile:
Thy crowne of Bayes, Oh, let it crack a while,

And

Elegies upon the Author.

And spit disdain, till the devouring flames
Suck all the moisture up, then turne to ashes;
I will not draw the envie to engrosse
All thy perfections, or weep all our losse;
Those are too numerous for an Elegie,
And this too great, to be exprest by me.
Though every pen should share a distinct part,
Yet art thou theme enough to trie all Art:
Let others carve the rest, it shall suffice
I on thy Tombe this Epitaph incise.

*Here lies a King, that rul'd as he thought fit
The universall Monarchy of wit;
Here lie two Flamens, and both those, the best,
Apollo's first, at last, the true Gods Priest.*

An Elegie on Dr Donne: By Sir Lucius Cary.

Poets attend, the Elegie I sing
Both of a doubly named Priest and King:
In stead of Coates, and Pennons, bring your verse,
For you must be chiefe mourners at his Hearse,
A Tombe your Muse must to his Fame supply,
No other Monuments can never die;
And as he was a twofold Priest; in youth,
Apollo's; afterwards the voyce of Truth,
Gods Conduit pipe for grace, who chose him for
His extraordinary Embassador:
So let his Liegiers with the Poets joyne,
Both having shares, both must in griefe combine:
Whil'st *Johnson* forceth with his Elegie
Teares from a griefe-unknowing Scythians eye,
(Like *Moses* at whose stroke the waters gush
From forth the Rock, and like a Torrent rusht,)

Elegies upon the Author.

Let Lawd his Funerall Sermon preach, and show
Those vertues, dull eyes were not apt to know,
Nor leave that piercing Theme, till it appears
To be Goodfriday, by the Churches Teares:
Yet make not griefe too long oppresse our Powers,
Lest that his funerall Sermon should prove ours,
Nor yet forget that heavenly Eloquence,
With which he did the bread of life dispenſe,
Preacher and Orator discharg'd both parts,
With pleasure for our sense, health for our hearts,
And the first such (Though a long studied Art
Tell us our soule is all in every part,)
None was so marble, but whil'st him he heares,
His Soule so long dwelt onely in his eares,
And from thence (with the fiercenesse of a flood
Bearing downe vice) victual'd with that blest food
Their hearts; His seed in none could faile to grow,
Fertile he found them all, or made them so:
No Druggist of the Soul, bestow'd on all
So Catholically a curing Cordiall.
Nor onely in the Pulpit dwelt his store,
His words work'd much, but his example more,
That preach'd on worky dayes His Poetry
It selfe was oftentimes Divinitie,
Those Anthemes (almost second Psalmes) he writ
To make us know the Crosse, and value it,
(Although we owe that reverence to that name
We should not need warmth from an under flame.)
Creates a fire in us so neare extreame
That we would die for, and upon this theame.
Next, his so pious Litanie, which none can
But count Divine, except a Puritan,
And that but for the name, nor this, nor thole

Elegies upon the Author.

Want any thing of Sermons, but the Prose,
Experience makes us see, that many a one
Owes to his Countrey his Religion;
And in another, would as strongly grow,
Had but his nurse and mother taught him so:
Not he the ballast on his judgement hung;
Nor did his preconceit doe either wrong;
He labour'd to exclude what ever sinne
By time or carelesnesse had entred in;
Winnow'd the chaffe from wheat, but yet was loath
A too hot zeale should force him, burne them both;
Nor would allow of that so ignorant gall,
Which to save blotting often would blot all;
Nor did those barbarous opinions owne,
To thinke the Organs sinne, and faction, none.
Nor was there expectation to gaine grace
From forth his Sermons onely, but his face;
So primitive a looke, such gravitie
With humblenesse, and both with Pietie;
So mild was *Moses* countenance, when he pray'd
For them whose Satanisme his power gain'd;
And such his gravitie, when all Gods band
Receiv'd his word (through him) at second hand,
Which joyn'd, did flames of more devotion move
Then ever Argive Helens could of love.
Now to conclude, I must my reason bring,
Wherefore I call'd him in his title King,
That Kingdome the Philosophers beleev'd
To excell Alexanders, nor were griev'd
By feare of losse (that being such a Prey
No stronger then ones selfe can force away)
The Kingdome of ones selfe, this he enjoy'd,

Elegies upon the Author.

And his authoritie so well imploy'd,
That never any could before become
So great a Monarch in so smalla roome;
He conquer'd rebell passions, rul'd them so,
As under-spheares by the first Mover goe;
Banisht so farre their working, that we can
But know he had some, for we knew him man.
Then let his last excuse his first extreame: (dreams.
His age saw visions, though his youth dream'd

*On D^r Donnes death: by M. Mayne of Christ-
Church in Oxford.*

WHO shall presume to mourne thee, *Donne*, unlessse
He could his teares in thy expressions dresse,
And teach his griefe, that reverence of thy Hearse,
To weep lines learned, as thy Anniverse,
A Poem of that worth, whose every teare
Deserves the title of a severall yeare;
Indeed so farre above it's Reader, good,
That wee are thought wits, when 'tis understood,
There that blest maid to die, who now should grieve
After thy sorrow, 'twere her losse to live;
And her faire vertues in anothers line,
Would faintly drawn, which are made saints in thine
Hadst thou been shallower, and not writ so high,
Or lest some new way for our penne, or eye,
To shed a funerall teare, perchance thy Tombe
Had not been speechlesse, or our Muses dumbe;
But now we dare not write, but must conceale
Thy Epitaph, lest we be thought to steale;
For, who hath read thee, and discernes thy worth,
That

Elegies upon the Author.

That will not say, thy carelesse houres brought forth
Fancies beyond our studies, and thy play
Was happier, then our serious time of day ?
So learned was thy chance; thy haste had wit,
And matter from thy penne flow'd rashly fit,
What was thy recreation turnes our braine,
Our rack and palenesse, is thy weakest straine.
And when we most come neare thee, 'tis our blisse
To imitate thee, where thou dost amisse.
Here light your Muse, you that doe onely thinke,
And write, and are just Poets, as you drinke,
In whose weake fancies wit doth ebbe and flow,
Iust as your reckonings rise, that we may know
In your whole carriage of your worke, that here
This flash you wrote in Wine, and this in Beere,
This is to tapp you r Muse, which running long
Writes flat, and takes our care not halfe so strong;
Poore suburb wits, who, if you want your cup,
Or if a Lord recover, are blowne up,
Could you but reach this hight, you should not need
To make, each meale, a project ere you feed,
Nor walke in reliques, coathes so old and bare,
As if left off to you from *Ennius* were,
Nor should your love, in verse, call Mistris, those,
Who are mine hostesse, or your whores in prose;
From this Muse learne to Court, whose power could
A Cloystred coldnesse, or a Vestall love, (move
And would convey such errants to their eare,
That Ladies knew no odds to grant and heare.
But I do wrong thee, *Donne*, and this low praise
Is written onely for thy younger dayes.
I am not growne up, for thy riper parts,

Elegies upon the Author,

Then should I praise thee, through the Tongues and,
And have that deep Divinitie, to know, (Art
What mysteries did from thy preaching flow,
Who with thy words could charme thy audience,
That at thy Sermons, care was all our sense;
Yet have I seene thee in the Pulpit stand,
Where we might take notes from thy look, & hand;
And from thy speaking action beare away
More Sermon, then some teachers use to say.
Such was thy carriage, and thy gesture such,
As could divide the heart, and conscience touch.
Thy motion did confute, and we might see
An error vanquish'd by delivery,
Not like our Sonnes of Zeale, who to reforme
Their hearers, fiercely at the Pulpit storme,
And beat the Cushion into worse estate,
Then if they did conclude it reprobate,
Who can out-pray the glasse, then lay about
Till all predestination be runne out.
And from the point such tedious uses draw,
Their repetitions would make Gospell, Law.
No, In such temper would thy Sermons flow,
So well did Doctrine, and thy language shew,
And had that holy feare, as, hearing thee,
The Court would mend, and a good Christian be.
And Ladies though unhandsome, out of grace,
Would heare thee in their unbought looks & face.
More I could write, but let this crowne thine Urne;
We cannot hope the like, till thou returne.

Upon

Elegies upon the Author.

Upon Mr. I. Donne, and his Poems.

WHO dares say thou art dead, when he doth see
(Unburied yet) this living part of thee?
This part to thy being gives fresh flame,
And though th'art *Donne*, yet will preserve thy name.
Thy flesh (whose chanel's left their crimson hew
And Whey-like ranne at last (in a pale blew)
May shew thee mortall, a dead Palsie may
seise on't, and quickly turne it into clay;
Which like the Indian earth, shall rise refin'd:
But this great Spirit thou hast left behind,
This Soule of Verse, in it's first pure estate)
Shall live for all the world to imitate,
But not come neare; for in thy phansies flight,
Thou dost not stoope unto the vulgar sight,
But hovering highly in the ayre of Wit,
Hold'st such a pitch, that few can follow it;
Admire they may. Each object that the Spring
(Or a more piercing influence) doth bring
T'adorn Earths face, thou sweetly didst contrive
To beauties elements, and thence derive
Unspotted Lillies white; which thou didst set
Hand in hand with the vein-like Violer,
Making them soft, and warme; and by thy power,
Couldst give both life and sense unto a flower.
The Cheries thou hast made to speake, will bee
Sweeter unto the taste, than from the tree,

And

Elegies upon the Author.

And (spight of winter stormes) amidst the snow
Thou oft hast made the blushing Rose to grow.
The Sea nymphs, that the watry cavernes keep,
Have sent their Pearles and Rubies from the deep
To deck thy love, and plac'd by thee, they drew
More lustre to them, then where first they grew.
All minerals (that earths full wombe doth hold
Promiscuously) thou couldst convert to gold,
And with thy flaming raptures so refine,
That it was much more pure than in the Mine.
The lights that guild the night, if thou didst say,
They looke like eyes, those did out-shine the day;
For there would be more vertue in such spels,
Than in Meridians or crosse Parallels :
What ever was of worth in this great Frame,
That Art could comprehend, or Wit could name,
It was thy theam for Beauty ; Thou didst see,
Woman was this faire worlds Epitome.
Thy nimble *Satyrs* too, and every straine
(With nervy strength) that issued from thy braine,
Will lose the glory of their own cleare bayes,
If they admit of any others praise.
But thy diviner Poems (whose cleare fire
Purges all drosse away) shall by a Quire
Of Cherubims, with heavenly Notes be set
(Where flesh and blood could ne'r attaine to yet)
There purest Spirits sing such sacred Layes,
In Panegyrique Hallelujaes.

Arth. Wilson.

Epitaph

Elegies upon the Author.

Epitaph upon D^r Donne, by Endy. Porter.

THIS decent Urne a sad inscription weares,
Of *Donnes* departure from us, to the spheres;
And the dumbe stone with silence seems to tell
The changes of this life, wherein is well
Exprest, A cause to make all joy to cease,
And never let our sorrowes more take ease:
For now it is impossible to finde
One fraught with vertues, to enrich a minde,
But why should death, with a promiscuous hand
At one rude stroke impoverish a land?
Thou strict Attorney unto stricter Fate,
Didst thou confiscate his life out of hate
To his rare Parts? Or didst thou throw thy dart,
With envious hand; at some plebeian heart;
And he with pious vertue stept between
To save that stroke, and so was kill'd unseen
By thee? O 'twas his goodnesse so to do,
Which humane kindnesse never reacht unto.
Thus the hard lawes of death were satisf'd,
And he left us like Orphan friends and dy'd.
Now from the Pulpit to the peoples eares,
Whose speech shall send repentant sighes, & teares?
Or tell me, if a purer Virgin die,
Who shall hereafter write her Elegie?
Poets be silent, let your numbers sleep,
For he is gone that did all fancie keep;
Time hath no Soul, but his exalted verse;
Which with amazements, we may now rehearse,

In

Elegies upon the Author.

In memory of D^r Donne, by M^r R. B.

Donne dead ? 'Tis here reported true, though I
Ne'r yet so much desir'd to heare a lie,
'Tis too too true, for so we find it still,
Good newes are often false, but seldome, ill;
But must poore fame tell us his fatall day,
And shall we know his death the common way ?
Me thinkes some Comet bright should have foretold
The death of such a man, for though of old
'Tis held, that Comets Princes deaths foretell,
Why should not his have needed one as well ?
Who was the Prince of wits, 'mongst who he reign'd
High as a Prince, and as great state maintain'd ?
Yet wants he not his signe, for we have seen
A dearth, the like to which hath never been,
Treading on harvests heeles, which doth presage,
The dearth of wit and learning, which this age
Shall find, now he is gone ; for though there be
Much graine in shew, none brought it forth as he;
Or men are misets, or if true want raises (praises.
The dearth, than more that dearth *Donnes* plenty
Of learning, languages, of eloquence,
And poesie, (past ravishing of sense)
He had a magazine, wherein such store
Was laid up, as might hundreds serve of poore.

But he is gone, o how will his desire
Torture all those that warm'd them by his fire ?
Me thinkes I see him in the Pulpit standing,
Not eares or eyes, but all mens hearts commanding,
Where

Elegies upon the Author.

Where we that heard him, to our selves did faine
Golden Chrysoftome was alive againe;
And never were we weary'd, till we saw
His houre (and but an houre) to end did draw.
How did he shame the doctrine-men, and use,
With helps to boot, for men to beare th'abuse
Of their tir'd patience, and indure th'expence
Of time, & spent in hearkning to non-sense,
With markes also enough whereby to know,
The speaker is a zealous dunce, or so.
'Tis true, they quitted him, to their poore power,
They humm'd against him; and with face most sowe
Call'd him a strong lin'd man, a Macaroon,
And no way fit to speake to clouted shoone,
As fine words [truly] as you would desire,
But [verily,] but a bad edifier.
Thus did these beetles slight in him that good,
They could not see, and much lesse, understood.
But we may say, when we compare the stiffe
Both brought; He was a candle, they the snuffe.
Well Wildome's of her children justifi'd,
Let therefore these poore fellows stand aside;
Nor, though of learning he deserv'd so highly,
Would I his booke should save him; rather flily
I should advise his Clergie not to pray,
Though of the learnedst sort me thinkes that they
Of the same trade are Iudges not so fit,
There's no such emulation as of wit;
Of such, the Envy might as much perchance
Wrong him, and more, than th'others ignorance.
It was his Fate (I know't) to be envy'd
As much by Clerkes, as lay-men magnifi'd;

And

Elegies upon the Author.

And why? but 'cause he came late in the day,
And yet his penny earn'd, and had as they.
No more of this, lest some should say, that I
Am straid to Satyre, meaning Elegie.
No, no, had *Donne* need to be judg'd or try'd;
A Iury I would summon on his side,
That had no fides, nor factions; past the touch
Of all exceptions, freed from Passion, such
As not to feare nor flatter, e'r were bred,
These would I bring though called from the dead :
Southhāpton, Hambleto, Pembrook, Dorsets Earles,
Huntington, Bedfords Countesses (the Pearles
Once of each sexe,) If these suffice not, I
Ten *Decem* tales have of standers by :
All which, for *Donne*, would such a verdict give,
As can belong to none, that now doth live.

But what doe I? A diminution 'tis
To speake of him in verse, so short of his,
Whereof he was the master; All indeed
Compar'd with him, pip'd on an oaten Reed:
O that you had but one 'mongst all your brothers
Could write for him, as he hath done for others?
(Poets I speake to) When I see't, I'll say,
My eye-sight betters, as my eares decay;
Meane time a quarrell I shall ever have
Against these doughty keepers from the grave,
Who use, it seemes, their old Authoritie,
When (verses men immortall make) they crie:
Which had it been a Recipe true try'd,
Probatum esset, *DONNE* had never dy'd.

For me, if e'r I had least sparke at all
Of that which they Poetique fire do call,

Here

Elegies upon the Author.

Here I confesse it fetched from his hearth,
Which is gone out, now he is gone to earth.
This onely a poor flash, a lightning is
Before my Muses death, as after his.
Farewell (*faire soule*) and deigne receive from me
This Type of that devotion I owe thee,
From whom (while living) as by voice and penne
I learned more than from a thousand men :
So by thy death, am of one doubt releas'd,
And now beleeve that miracles are ceas'd,

Epitaph.

Here lies *deane Donne* ; Enough ; Those words
Shew him as fully, as if all the stone (alone
His Church of *Pauls* containes, were through in-
Or al the walkers there, to speak him, brib'd, (scrib'd,
None can mistake him, for one such as He
Donne, *Deane*, or *Man*, more none shall ever see.
Not man ? No, though unto a Sun each eye
Were turn'd, the whole earth so to over-spie.
A bold brave word ; Yet such brave Spirits as knew
His Spirit, will say, it is lesse bold than true.

The End.